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OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY



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EDITED BY FREDERIC GEORGE YOUNG

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VOLUME 2]

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[NUMBER 5

THE QUARTERLY

OF THE

OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

POLITICAL HISTORY OF OREGON FROM 1853 TO 1865.

(Prepared for the "Semi-Centennial History of Oregon." Read before the Legislative Assembly of Oregon on the occasion of its exercises commemorating the fortieth anniversary of the statehood of Oregon.)

On the fourteenth day of February, 1859, Oregon was admitted as a state into the Federal Union. To aid in the commemoration of that event I have been requested at this time and place to read a paper concerning the political affairs of Oregon from 1853, inclusive, to 1865, "all of which I saw and a part of which I was." Time has effaced from my memory many of the interesting incidents of those early days, and all I can hope to do is to state some facts of our early political history not easily accessible, and make a brief record of the names and some of the doings of the men most prominent in that history, which may revive the recollections of the old and be useful to those who have come upon the active stage of life since the above-named period.

Franklin Pierce was inaugurated President of the United States March 4, 1853, and his cabinet was made up as follows: William L. Marcy, of New York, Secre-

tary of State; James Guthrie, of Kentucky, Secretary of the Treasury; Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, Secretary of War; James C. Dobbins, of North Carolina, Secretary of the Navy; Robert McMillen, of Michigan, Secretary of the Interior; James Campbell, of Pennsylvania, Postmaster-General; Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts, Attorney-General. I believe this cabinet combined as much ability as any cabinet that has existed in our country since the formation of the government.

Very soon after President Pierce was inaugurated he nominated Hon: O. C. Pratt for Chief Justice of Oregon, but on account of the opposition of Senator Stephen A. Douglas, his nomination was rejected by the senate. Prior to this, Judge Pratt had been an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Oregon, and had become involved in a bitter controversy with Chief Justice Nelson and Judge William Strong on the question as to whether Oregon City or Salem was the seat of government for the territory. This, however, had nothing to do with his rejection by the senate. That was due, as it was understood, to some personal difficulty between the Senator and Judge Pratt. President Pierce early in his administration appointed Gen. Joseph Lane, Governor, and George L. Curry Secretary of the Territory, and they entered upon their official duties as such in May, 1853. Immediately after the senate refused to confirm the nomination of Judge Pratt, without my knowledge or consent, I was nominated for Chief Justice of Oregon upon the recommendation of Senator Douglas, of Illinois, and Senators Dodge and Jones, of Iowa, all of whom were my personal and political friends. I was then a resident of Iowa, and had canvassed the state as a Presidential Elector-at-Large for Franklin Pierce. I arrived in Oregon with my commission as Chief Justice in June, 1853. Judges Matthew P. Deady and Cyrus Olney, both

of whom were residents of Oregon, were my associates, appointed before my arrival. The officials of the Territorial Government of Oregon in 1853 were as follows :

Joseph Lane, Governor ; George L. Curry, Secretary ; George H. Williams, Chief Justice ; Matthew P. Deady, Associate Justice ; Cyrus Olney, Associate Justice ; Joel Palmer, Superintendent of Indian Affairs ; Benjamin F. Harding, United States Attorney ; James W. Nesmith, United States Marshal ; John Adair, Collector of Customs at Astoria ; Addison C. Gibbs, Collector of Customs at Umpqua ; A. L. Lovejoy, Postal Agent.

General Lane, within a few days after he assumed the duties of Governor, resigned to become the democratic candidate for delegate in congress. George L. Curry then became the acting governor. General Lane was nominated on the eleventh day of April, 1853. The resolutions of the convention affirmed the platform adopted by the democratic national convention, held at Baltimore in June, 1852, favored a branch of the Pacific railroad from San Francisco to Puget Sound, favored the annexation of the Sandwich Islands, and approved the course of General Lane in congress, he having been the delegate from Oregon after the death of Mr. Thurston, which occurred in April, 1851. A. A. Skinner, who had been a judge under the provisional government, was requested in a letter addressed to him by a large number of the citizens of Jackson County to become a candidate for delegate in opposition to General Lane. He accepted the invitation by letter, in which he assumed to be the candidate of the people, and claimed that the democratic party, or the "Durham faction," as he called that party, misgoverned the territory, misrepresented the people in congress, and otherwise was a very bad party. General Lane, in his canvass, appealed to the democrats for support upon party grounds, and was not too modest in

telling the people what he had done and what he could do for his constituents, if elected. Judge Skinner appealed to the people to ignore party considerations in his behalf, and amplified, as well as he could, the bad qualities of the "Durham faction," as indicated in his letter of acceptance. This designation of the democratic party as the Durham faction originated, as it is understood, in this way: Judge O. C. Pratt, who was a prominent member of the democratic party, purchased from John Durham, of Polk County, a band of Spanish cattle. Subsequently he sold this band, which he called "the Durham cattle," to a purchaser who supposed he was buying blooded stock, and paid the judge a correspondingly high price, and, of course, "was out and injured" in the trade. Thomas J. Dryer, then editor of the *Oregonian* and an ardent whig, availing himself of this circumstance, characterized the democrats of Oregon as "the Durham faction," and with tireless iteration hurled this epithet at them through the columns of his paper, and the appellation was generally accepted by the enemies of the democratic party. General Lane was elected, receiving four thousand five hundred and sixteen votes, to two thousand nine hundred and fifty-one for Judge Skinner. Some of the people voted according to their personal predilections, but the democrats generally supported General Lane and the whigs Judge Skinner.

The legislature of 1853 met at Salem, December 5. The council consisted of the following members: J. M. Fulkerson, of Polk and Tillamook; L. P. Powers, of Clatsop; John Richardson, of Yamhill; Ralph Wilcox, of Washington; L. Scott, of Umpqua; James K. Kelly, of Clackamas; B. Simpson, of Marion. Ralph Wilcox was elected president, and Samuel B. Garrett chief clerk. House—L. F. Cartee, J. C. Carson, B. B. Jackson, of Clackamas; L. F. Grover, J. C. Peebles, E. F. Colby,

of Marion ; Luther Elkins, I. N. Smith, of Linn ; Stephen Goff, H. G. Hadley, of Lane ; L. S. Thompson, of Umpqua ; John F. Miller, Chauncey Nye, G. H. Ambrose, of Jackson ; J. F. Burnett, B. F. Chapman, of Benton ; W. S. Gilliam, R. P. Boise, of Polk ; Andrew Shuck. A. B. Westerfall, of Yamhill ; O. Humason, of Wasco ; A. A. Durham, Z. C. Bishop, Robert Thompson, of Washington ; J. W. Moffit, of Clatsop. Z. C. Bishop was elected speaker, and John McCracken clerk.

John W. Davis, of Indiana, was appointed Governor to succeed General Lane, and arrived in Oregon in December, 1853. He had been a representative in congress from Indiana, and speaker of the house of representatives. He did not find his surroundings in Oregon congenial, and in August, 1854, resigned and returned to Indiana. George L. Curry again became acting Governor, and in November, 1854, succeeded Mr. Davis as Governor, and at the same time Benjamin F. Harding was appointed Secretary and William H. Farrar District Attorney.

According to the act establishing a territorial government for Oregon, which passed congress August 14, 1848, the territory was divided into three judicial districts, in each of which the district courts were to be held by one of the justices of the supreme court.

After my arrival, by mutual agreement between us, Judge Deady took the first district, consisting of the counties of Jackson, Douglas and Umpqua ; Judge Olney took the third district, consisting of Clatsop, Washington (of which Multnomah was then a part), Clackamas and Columbia, and I took the second district, consisting of Marion, Linn, Lane, Benton, Polk and Yamhill counties. These three judges together constituted the supreme court of the territory. Prior to my appointment a colored man, who with his wife and children were held

as slaves by Nathaniel Ford, of Polk County, sued out a writ of *habeas corpus*, claiming that he and his family were entitled to their freedom in Oregon. Whether or not slaveholders could carry their slaves into the territories and hold them there as property had become a burning question, and my predecessors in office, for reasons best known to themselves, had declined to hear the case. This was among the first cases I was called upon to decide. Mr. Ford contended that these colored people were his property in Missouri, from which he emigrated, and he had as much right to bring that kind of property into Oregon and hold it here as such as he had to bring his cattle or any other property here and hold it as such ; but my opinion was, and I so held, that without some positive legislative enactment establishing slavery here, it did not and could not exist in Oregon, and I awarded to the colored people their freedom. Judge Boise was the attorney for the petitioners. So far as I know, this was the last effort made to hold slaves in Oregon by force of law. There were a great many virulent proslavery men in the territory, and this decision, of course, was very distasteful to them.

According to the organic act, the legislative assembly was divided into two bodies, one, corresponding to the state senate, was called the council, and the other, corresponding to the house of representatives, was called the house. The power of the legislative assembly extended to all rightful subjects of legislation not inconsistent with the constitution and laws of the United States, so that as to local matters the power of the territorial was more unlimited than that of the state legislature. June 3, 1854, an election was held for members of the legislative assembly, which met at Salem December 4, and consisted of the following persons : Council—Dr. Cleveland, of Jackson ; James K. Kelly, of Clacka-

mas ; J. C. Peebles, of Marion ; S. W. Phelps, of Linn ; Dr. Greer, of Washington and Columbia ; J. M. Fulkerson, of Polk and Tillamook ; John Richardson, of Yamhill ; Levi Scott, of Umpqua. James K. Kelly was elected president, and B. Genois chief clerk. House—G. W. Coffenbury, E. S. Turner and David Logan, Washington ; A. G. Henry and A. J. Hembree, Yamhill ; H. N. V. Holmes, Polk and Tillamook ; I. F. M. Butler, Polk ; Wayman St. Clair and B. B. Hinton, Benton ; L. F. Cartee, W. A. Starkweather and A. L. Lovejoy, Clackamas ; C. P. Crandall, R. C. Geer and N. Ford, Marion ; Luther Elkins, Delazon Smith and Hugh Brown, Linn ; A. W. Patterson and Jacob Gillespie, Lane ; James F. Gazley, Douglas ; Patrick Dunn and Alexander McIntire, Jackson ; O. Humason, Wasco.

In 1854 the “know-nothing,” or, as it called itself, the American party, became a prominent factor in the politics of Oregon. It was a secret, oath-bound political organization. “Know-nothing” was a name applied to it because, as it was alleged, its members, when questioned as to such an organization, declared that they knew nothing about it. Democrats and whigs, and more especially the democrats, were alarmed at the inroads of this new and invisible enemy to the old political parties. So far as the principles of this party were known to the public, they proposed a repeal or modification of the naturalization laws ; repeal of all laws allowing unnaturalized foreigners to vote, or to receive grants of public lands ; resistance to what they called the aggressive policy and corrupting tendencies of the Roman Catholic church, and excluding from office all persons who directly or indirectly owed allegiance to any foreign power. Some time in the fall of 1854 the *Oregon Statesman*, then edited by Asahel Bush, published an exposure of the oaths, obligations and proceedings of the know-nothing lodge

in Salem, together with the names of the leading members. This publication produced no little excitement. Several gentlemen who had been named as members of the lodge called upon Mr. Bush and declared they would hold him personally responsible if he did not give them the name of his informant. This threat Mr. Bush ignored, and refused to give the makers of it any satisfaction, and it was expected for some days that he would be assaulted; but the expected did not happen. This exposure in the *Statesman* was a fatal blow to the know-nothing party in Oregon. Determined, however, to make the know-nothings show their hands, the legislature, at its December session, 1854, passed an act requiring all voters at the polls to vote *viva voce*, that is, to proclaim publicly the name of the candidate for whom they voted. This act, after it had accomplished its purpose, was repealed.

Much of the time of this session was devoted to a controversy about the location of the capitol. Finally a bill was passed locating the capitol at Corvallis and the State University at Jacksonville. A bill was also passed creating Multnomah County, and another submitting to the people the question as to the formation of a state government. Congress had made appropriations for a state house and other public buildings at Salem, and some of these buildings were partly constructed when the seat of government was changed to Corvallis, and thereupon the Controller of the Treasury refused to recognize the act changing the capitol, and held that moneys appropriated by congress for public buildings in Oregon could be expended only at Salem.

In the legislature of 1854 a proposition was made to exclude free negroes and Chinese from the territory, and a motion was made by a member from Jackson County to amend the bill so that slaveholders might bring and

hold their slaves in Oregon, but the bill did not pass. Incidental to the canvass in June, 1854, it may be mentioned that the whigs carried Washington, then including what is now Multnomah County, by an average majority of sixty. David Logan, whig, was elected to the legislature by a vote of six hundred and forty-eight to five hundred and ninety-two for D. H. Belknap, democrat. There were cast in the City of Portland at that election three hundred and five votes for Logan and two hundred and twenty-six for Belknap. Mr. Josiah Failing was mayor of Portland. The proposition to hold a convention to form a constitution was defeated by a vote of three thousand two hundred and ten for, to four thousand and seventy-nine against it. P. P. Prim was elected Prosecuting Attorney in the first district, R. P. Boise in the second, and Noah Huber in the third district.

Some time in the fall of 1853 O. B. McFadden was appointed an Associate Justice in Oregon upon the ground, as it was alleged, that in the commission of Judge Deady he was named Mordecai P. Deady instead of Matthew P. Deady. This, however, was soon rectified by a new commission in which he was correctly named, and Judge McFadden was transferred as a judge to the Territory of Washington. James A. Burnett was Territorial Auditor, Nathan H. Lane Treasurer, and Milton Shannon Librarian. John B. Preston was removed in 1853 from the office of Surveyor-General, and Colonel Gardner appointed in his place. It was in this year that the Indian outbreak occurred in Southern Oregon.

In June, 1855, an election was held for delegate to congress and members of the legislative assembly. Gen. Joseph Lane was the candidate of the democrats, Gov. John P. Gaines of the whig party. General Lane had the advantage of General Gaines in several respects. The democratic party was in the ascendant in the terri-

tory, and General Lane was a thorough-going party man. He was a born politician. He knew how to flatter and please the people. General Gaines had been Governor of Oregon under the Fillmore administration, and had more dignity than affability in his manners. Both candidates were officers in the Mexican War, and General Gaines had been in congress from the State of Kentucky. The whig convention adopted as a platform, "General Gaines against the world." The democratic platform was made up of the usual platitudes of a party platform. The canvass was somewhat exciting and the candidates indulged in some unpleasant personalities, but the *Oregon Statesman*, the organ of the democrats, and *The Oregonian*, the organ of the whigs, exhausted the vocabulary of invective and abuse in speaking of their opponents. The chief speakers for the democrats in this campaign were General Lane, Delazon Smith and Judge O. C. Pratt. Those for the whigs were General Gaines and T. J. Dryer. General Lane was elected, receiving six thousand one hundred and thirty five votes to three thousand nine hundred and eighty-six for General Gaines. Jackson County cast the largest vote of any county in the territory, giving to Lane eight hundred and nineteen and Gaines six hundred and seventy-seven. Marion was next, with a vote of seven hundred and forty-two for Lane and four hundred and seventy-one for Gaines, and Linn next, with a vote of seven hundred and eighty-three for Lane and three hundred and ninety-nine for Gaines. Multnomah at that election gave Lane three hundred and forty, and Gaines two hundred and sixty-seven votes. The proposition for a state government was defeated by a vote of four thousand four hundred and twenty-two for to four thousand eight hundred and thirty-five against it. On the tenth of February, 1855, John McCracken was appointed marshal of the territory.

December 3, the legislature assembled at Corvallis, and consisted of the following members: Council—Polk, James M. Fulkerson; Linn, Charles Drain; Douglas and Coos, Hugh D. O'Bryant; Marion, J. C. Peebles; Benton, Avery A. Smith; Clackamas, James K. Kelly; Multnomah, Washington, and Columbia, A. P. Dennison; Clatsop and Yamhill, N. Huber. A. P. Dennison was elected president. House—Waymire and Boise, of Polk; Robinson and Buckingham, of Benton; Moores and Mc-Alexander, of Lane; Hudson, of Douglas; Smith, Brown and Grant, of Linn; Grover, Harpole and Harrison, of Marion; Risley and Officer, of Clackamas; Shuck and Burbank, of Yamhill; Harris, of Columbia; Callender, of Clatsop; Tichner, of Coos; Gates, of Wasco; Brown, of Multnomah; Johnson, of Washington; Jackson, of Multnomah and Washington; Cozad, of Umpqua; Smith, Barkwell and Briggs, of Jackson. Delazon Smith was elected speaker, and Thomas W. Beale chief clerk.

These members met in session at Corvallis. Consequent upon the ruling of the Controller of the Treasury as to the expenditure of money for public buildings, a bill was soon passed relocating the capital at Salem, followed by an immediate adjournment of the legislature to meet at that place. On December 22, 1855, the state house at Salem, with all its contents, was destroyed by fire, supposed to be the work of an incendiary. Another bill to submit the question of a state government to the people was passed by this legislature. The proposition was again defeated at the June election in 1856 by a vote of four thousand and ninety-seven for, to four thousand three hundred and forty-six against it. The following were elected members of the legislature at this election: Council—Washington, T. R. Cornelius, F. R. Bayley; Marion, Nat. Ford; Linn, Charles Drain; Douglas, Hugh D. O'Bryant; Marion, J. C. Peebles; Benton, A.

A. Smith ; Jackson, John Rose ; Clackamas, James K. Kelly. James K. Kelly was elected president, and A. S. Watt chief clerk. House—John F. Miller, Thomas Smith, Jackson ; A. M. Berry, Jackson and Josephine ; Aaron Rose, Douglas, Coos and Curry ; A. E. Rogers, D. C. Underwood, Umpqua ; James Monroe and Robert Cochran, Lane ; A. J. Matthews, Josephine ; Delazon Smith, H. L. Brown and William Ray, Linn ; J. C. Avery and James A. Bennett, Benton ; A. J. Welch, Walter M. Walker, Polk and Tillamook ; L. F. Grover, William P. Harpole and Jacob Conser, Marion ; A. L. Lovejoy, Felix M. Collard and William A. Starkweather, Clackamas ; William Allen, Yamhill ; George W. Brown, Multnomah ; H. N. V. Johnson, Washington ; Samuel E. Barr, Columbia ; James Taylor, Clatsop. L. F. Grover was elected speaker, and D. C. Dade chief clerk.

An event occurred in Washington in 1856 which had some influence upon the political future of General Lane. Senator Brooks, of South Carolina, as it will be remembered, made a personal assault upon Senator Sumner, of Massachusetts, in the senate. Wilson, the colleague of Sumner, denounced the assault as an outrage in unmeasured terms. Brooks challenged Wilson on account of the language he used in reference to the matter, and General Lane, as the friend of Brooks, was the bearer of the challenge. This created an impression in the public mind to some extent that Lane favored the conduct of Brooks.

Nominations for President and Vice-President, preparatory to the November election of 1856, were made as follows : Democratic—James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, for President ; J. C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, for Vice-President. Republican—John C. Fremont, the western explorer, for President ; W. L. Dayton, of New Jersey, for Vice-President. Know-Nothing—Milliard

Fillmore, of New York, for President; A. J. Donnelson, of Tennessee, for Vice-President. Buchanan and Breckinridge were elected.

In August, 1856, a convention was held at Albany to organize a republican party in Oregon. James Hogue was president and Origin Thompson secretary of the convention. Among those present were Messrs. Conner, Whitson, Gallagher, Condon and George. Their platform consisted of this resolution: "*Resolved*, That we fling our banner to the breeze inscribed, free speech, free labor, a free press, a free state, and Freemont." Oregon at this time, of course, had no vote in the presidential election. George L. Curry was reappointed Governor, and Benjamin F. Harding Secretary of the Territory in October of this year. The legislature elected in June assembled in Salem December 2, 1856. Governor Curry's message reviewed the events of the Indian war, opposed the removal of the capital and favored the formation of a state government. A bill was passed at this session of the legislature providing that at the June election, 1857, the people should vote for and against a convention to form a state constitution, and at the same time vote for delegates to the convention. In case the convention carried, the delegates elected should meet at Salem on the third Monday in August, 1857, to form a state constitution. Convention carried by a vote of seven thousand two hundred and nine for, to one thousand six hundred and sixteen against it, and the following delegates were elected to the constitutional convention: Benton, Henry B. Nichols, William Matzger, Haman C. Lewis, John Kelsey; Clackamas, J. K. Kelly, A. L. Lovejoy, William A. Starkweather, Hector Campbell, Nathaniel Robbins; Clatsop, Cyrus Olney; Curry, William H. Packwood; Columbia, John W. Watts; Coos, Perry B. Marple; Douglas, Matthew P. Deady, Stephen F. Chadwick, Solo-

mon Fitzhugh, Thomas Whitted ; Jackson, L. J. C. Duncan, John H. Reed, Daniel Newcomb, P. P. Prim ; Josephine, L. B. Hendershott, William H. Watkins ; Linn, Delazon Smith, Luther Elkins, Reuben S. Coyle, John T. Brooks, James Shields, J. Brattain ; Lane, Paul Brattain, I. R. Moores, A. J. Campbell, Jesse Cox, W. W. Bristow, E. Houlst ; Marion, L. F. Grover, George H. Williams, Davis Shannon, Nicholas Shrum, Joseph Cox, Richard Miller, John C. Peebles ; Multnomah, S. J. McCormick, William H. Farrar, David Logan ; Multnomah and Washington, Thomas J. Dryer ; Polk, Reuben P. Boise, Benjamin F. Burch, F. Waymire ; Polk and Tillamook, A. D. Babcock ; Umpqua, Jesse Applegate, Levi Scott ; Washington, E. D. Shattuck, John S. White, Levi Anderson ; Wasco, C. R. Meigs ; Yamhill, J. R. McBride, R. V. Short, R. C. Kinney, M. Olds.

General Lane was again the candidate of the democratic party for delegate in congress, and G. W. Lawson, of Yamhill, was an independent candidate against him. Slavery, like Aaron's rod, swallowed up all other questions at that time. Lawson was a somewhat eccentric individual, but a pretty good speaker, and made a vigorous canvass, but Lane was the war horse of the democracy, and invincible. Lane was elected by a vote of five thousand six hundred and sixty-two to three thousand four hundred and seventy-one for Lawson. Based upon the possibility that the state government might be again defeated, the following persons were elected to a territorial legislature, which, with its unimportant session in December, were the closing scenes of Oregon as a territory : Council—Benton and Lane, Avery A. Smith ; Jackson and Josephine, A. M. Berry ; Linn, Charles Drain ; Multnomah, Edward Shiel ; Polk and Tillamook, Nathaniel Ford ; Umpqua, Douglas, Coos and Curry, Hugh D. O'Bryant ; Washington, Multnomah and Columbia,

Thomas R. Cornelius; Wasco and Clackamas, Aaron E. Wait; Yamhill and Clatsop, Thomas Scott. House—Benton, Reuben C. Hill, James H. Slater; Clackamas, George Reese, F. A. Collard, S. P. Gilliland; Clatsop, Joseph Jeffries; Coos and Curry, T. J. Kirkpatrick; Columbia, Francis M. Warren; Douglas, Albert A. Matthew; Jackson, H. H. Brown, William M. Hughes; Josephine, J. G. Spear; Jackson and Josephine, R. S. Belknap; Linn, Anderson Cox, A. H. Cranor, H. M. Brown; Lane, John Whiteaker, J. W. Mack; Marion, Jacob Woodsides, George M. Able, Eli C. Cooley; Multnomah, William M. King; Polk and Tillamook, Benjamin Hayden; Polk, Ira F. M. Butler; Umpqua, James Cole; Washington and Multnomah, Thomas J. Dryer; Washington, H. V. N. Johnson; Wasco, N. H. Gates; Yamhill, Andrew Shuck, William Allen.

James Buchanan was inaugurated March 4, 1857. His message to congress was largely devoted to the absorbing slavery question, the fugitive slave law, and the government of Kansas. His cabinet was as follows: Lewis Cass, of Michigan, Secretary of State; R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, Secretary of the Treasury; John Appleton, of Maine, Secretary of the Interior; Howell Cobb, of Georgia, Secretary of the Navy; James A. Bayard, of Delaware, Secretary of War; James D. Bright, of Indiana, Postmaster-General.

I was reappointed Chief Justice of Oregon by Mr. Buchanan, but soon after resigned. Buchanan's appointments for Oregon, under the new state government, were as follows: M. P. Deady, United States District Judge; A. J. Thayer, United States District Attorney; D. B. Hannah, United States Marshal. James W. Nesmith was Superintendent of Indian affairs in 1857.

In February, 1857, there was a free state convention at Albany, of which W. T. Matlock was president, and

L. Holmes secretary. All those who attended this convention were republicans. Whether Oregon should be a free or slave state, had now become the paramount issue in our local politics. A paper had been started at Corvallis, called *The Messenger*, to advocate the establishment of slavery in Oregon. I was a democrat, but in early life imbibed prejudices against slavery that to some extent diluted my democracy. Many of the most influential democrats, with General Lane at their head, were active for slavery, and there was little or nothing said or done among the democrats on the other side of the question. I prepared and published in the *Oregon Statesman* an address to the people, filling one page of that paper, in which I enforced, with all the arguments at my command, the inexpediency of establishing slavery in Oregon. I am not aware that any public speech or address was made on that question by any other democrat in the territory. Many democrats in private conversation expressed their opposition to slavery, but they spoke with "bated breath and whispering humbleness," for the dominating spirit in the democratic party was favorable to slavery. I flattered myself, vainly perhaps, that I had a fair chance to be one of the first United States senators from Oregon, but with this address that chance vanished like the pictures of a morning dream. I was unsound on the slavery question. On the third Monday of August, 1857, the constitutional convention assembled at Salem. Matthew P. Deady was elected president, Chester N. Terry secretary, John Baker, sergeant-at-arms, and Asahel Bush printer. The standing committees were as follows: Legislative department—Boise, chairman, Lovejoy, Babcock, Chadwick, Watkins, Elkins. Executive department—Kelly, chairman, Farrar, Reed, Kelsey, Brattain of Lane, Dryer, McBride. Judicial department—Williams, chairman, Olney, Boise, Kelly, Grover, Logan,

Prim. Military affairs—Kelsey, chairman, Whitted, Burch, Moores, Scott, Coyle, Matzger. Education and school lands—Peebles, chairman, Boise, Lockhart, Shattuck, Starkweather, Kinney, Robbins. Seat of government and public buildings—Boise, chairman, Campbell of Lane, Prim, Lewis, Olney, Chadwick, Shannon. Corporations and internal improvements—Meigs, chairman, Williams, Elkins, Hendershott, Campbell of Clackamas, Bristow, Miller. State boundaries—Lovejoy, chairman, Meigs, Olney, Newcomb, Applegate, Anderson, Watts. Suffrage and elections—Smith, chairman, Babcock, Brat-tain of Linn, Cox of Marion, Dryer, Olds, White. Bill of rights—Grover, chairman, Reed, McCormick, Way-mire, Brooks, Shrum, Fitzhugh.

The chief speakers in the convention were Smith, Dryer, Boise, Kelly, Grover, Deady, Logan, Olney, Farrar and Waymire. I also took some part in the debates. All the different provisions of the constitution were quite thoroughly discussed, and, on the part of some of the speakers, with no little ability. The constitution as a whole was adopted by the convention on the eighteenth day of September, 1857, by a vote of thirty-five for, to ten against it. Those voting against it were: Anderson, Dryer, Farrar, Hendershott, Kinney, Logan, Olds, White, Watts and Watkins. Those absent and not voting were: Applegate, Bristow, Campbell of Lane, Chadwick, Lewis, McBride, Meigs, Nichols, Olney, Prim, Reed, Short, Shrum, Shattuck and Scott. Mr. Applegate, at an early day, became dissatisfied with the proceedings of the convention and left it. The schedule of the constitution provided that the question as to whether or not Oregon should be a slave state should be submitted to the people at the time they voted upon the constitution, and it also provided for a vote by

the people at the same time as to whether or not free negroes should be allowed to come into and reside within the state. The constitution was adopted by a vote of seven thousand one hundred and ninety-five for, to three thousand one hundred and ninety-five against it. Slavery was defeated by a vote of two thousand six hundred and forty-five for, to seven thousand seven hundred and twenty-seven against it, and the exclusion of free negroes carried by a vote of eight thousand six hundred and forty for, to one thousand and eighty-one against it. Many of those who voted for the exclusion of free negroes were at heart opposed to the policy, but it was considered necessary to throw this tub to the whale of the proslavery party to secure the success of the free state clause of the constitution.

On the sixteenth of March, 1858, a democratic state convention assembled at Salem to nominate candidates for office under the new state government. James W. Nesmith was chairman, and Shubrick Norris secretary. L. F. Grover was nominated for Representative in Congress, John Whiteaker for Governor, L. Heath for Secretary of State, John D. Boon for Treasurer, Asahel Bush for State Printer, M. P. Deady for judge of the first district, R. E. Stratton for judge of the second district, R. P. Boise for judge of the third district, A. E. Wait for judge of the fourth district, A. C. Gibbs prosecuting attorney for the first district, J. N. Smith for the second, H. Jackson for the third, C. R. Meigs for the fourth. April 2, 1858, a republican convention assembled at Salem and nominated John Denny for Governor, John R. McBride for Representative in Congress, Leander Holmes for Secretary of State, E. L. Applegate for State Treasurer, and D. W. Craig for State Printer. Their resolutions declared that slavery was a state and not a national institution; denounced

the Dred Scott decision, and the Kansas policy of the Buchanan administration; antagonized the democratic state platform and the *viva voce* mode of voting, and favored a Pacific railroad. April 8, a national democratic convention, as it called itself, assembled at Salem and nominated James K. Kelly for Representative in Congress, E. M. Barnum for Governor, A. E. Rice for Secretary of State, Joseph L. Bromley for Treasurer, and James O'Meara for State Printer. Their resolutions approved the national democratic platform of 1856, and extolled President Buchanan and Gen. Joseph Lane. On May 21 Denny and McBride published a card declining to be candidates.

The split in the democratic party was due to several causes, some personal and some political. Mr. Bush, as editor of the *Oregon Statesman*, wielded a vigorous and caustic pen, and any democratic laggard or recusant was pretty sure to feel the lash of that paper. This made a considerable number of soreheads in the party. Then, there was an antagonism in the party to what was called the "Salem clique." This clique was understood to consist of the following persons: Asahel Bush, J. W. Nesmith, B. F. Harding, R. P. Boise, L. F. Grover, and their close adherents. It was claimed that these gentlemen were using the party for themselves and their friends, and, as they were all free state men, it was thought by some that they were not as friendly to General Lane as they might be. Last, but not least, there were more aspirants for office than there were offices to fill. All the elements of opposition to the "Salem clique" fused in support of the ticket headed by Colonel Kelly. The chief canvassers for that ticket were Colonel Kelly and James O'Meara, and the chief canvassers for the Grover and Whiteaker ticket were L. F. Grover and Delazon Smith. I made some speeches in different

parts of the state for the Grover and Whiteaker ticket. One of the chief topics of discussion in this canvass was the fifth and sixth resolutions of the state democratic platform. These resolutions were iron-clad as to the duty of democrats to support the nominations of the convention and caucuses of the party. Colonel Kelly and O'Meara vigorously attacked these resolutions and claimed that they were intended to subjugate the democratic party to the dictation of the "Salem clique." The supporters of the Grover and Whiteaker ticket claimed that they were necessary to the integrity of the party. The contest was characterized by bitter personalities, and among the party newspapers the "maddening wheels of fury raged." Grover and Whiteaker were elected; Grover receiving five thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine votes to four thousand one hundred and ninety for Kelly, and Whiteaker five thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight votes to four thousand one hundred and fourteen for Barnum. The following constituted the membership of the legislature of 1858: Senate—Jackson, A. M. Berry; Lane, W. W. Bristow and A. B. Florence; Washington, Clatsop, Columbia and Tillamook, T. R. Cornelius; Marion, E. L. Colby and J. W. Grimm; Linn, C. Drain and L. Elkins; Douglas, J. F. Gazley; Yamhill, J. Lamson; Benton, J. S. McItteeny; Wasco, J. S. Ruckel; Josephine, S. R. Scott; Umpqua, Coos and Curry, —. Wells; Multnomah, J. A. Williams; Polk, F. Waymire. House—D. B. Hannah, of Clackamas; Robert Morrison, of Clatsop and Tillamook; Nelson Hoyt, of Columbia and Washington; William Tichner, of Coos and Curry; L. Norris and A. J. McGee, of Douglas; James H. Slater and Henry B. Nichols, of Benton; John W. McCauley, Daniel Newcomb and W. G. T'Vault, of Jackson; D. S. Holton, of ¹Josephine; A. J. Cruzan, ¹R. B. Cochran

and A. S. Patterson, of Lane; L. H. Cranor, J. T. Crooks, E. E. McMich and T. T. Thomas, of Linn; B. F. Bonham, B. F. Harding, J. H. Lasater and John Stevens, of Marion; T. J. Dryer and A. D. Shelby, of Multnomah; B. F. Burch and J. K. Wait, of Polk; J. M. Cozad, of Umpqua; Wilson Bowlby, of Washington; Vic. Trevett, of Wasco; Andrew Shuck, of Yamhill. These members assembled at Salem July 5, 1858. Luther Elkins was elected president of the senate, and E. Carpenter secretary. W. G. T'Vault was chosen speaker of the house, and C. N. Terry chief clerk. Most of the time of this session was spent in discussion about the removal of the capital. On the seventh day of July Joseph Lane was elected United States Senator in congress by a vote of forty-five to four blank votes, and Delazon Smith by a vote of thirty-nine to eight for David Logan.

In April, 1859, a democratic convention was held at Salem by which Lansing Stout was nominated for congress. The resolutions approved the democratic national platform of 1856, endorsed the Dred Scott decision, and the administration of James Buchanan. In the same month a republican convention was held at the same place by which David Logan was nominated for congress. A. G. Hovey, W. Warren and Leander Holmes were chosen as delegates to the national republican convention, and instructed to vote for William H. Seward as the republican candidate for president. The resolutions were against slavery in the territory, favored a Pacific railroad, internal improvements and a protective tariff. Stout was elected over Logan by a majority of sixteen. Logan and Stout were both young men of fine abilities and good lawyers, but their unfortunate habits blasted their bright prospects for future usefulness and distinction.

Governor Whiteaker called a special session of the legislature in May, 1859, and stated in his message that the object of the session was to adapt the existing laws to the new state government, and elect a United States Senator in place of Delazon Smith, whose term had expired. General Lane had drawn the long term which ended March 3, 1861, and Smith the short term which ended March 3, 1859. On the fourteenth day of February, 1859, Senators Lane and Smith and Representative Grover took their seats in congress. This special session, after a good deal of wrangling, adjourned without any election.

Preparatory to the June election in 1860, a republican state convention was held at Salem, at which David Logan was again nominated for congress. The resolutions were similar to those of 1859, with a strong protest against the Dred Scott decision. A democratic convention was held at Eugene City, at which there was a serious disagreement among the delegates. Several counties had decided that the state democratic convention had not given them the number of delegates to which they were entitled, and as the convention decided to adhere to the apportionment made by the committee, several delegates withdrew from the convention, after which George K. Shiel was nominated for congress, and Joseph Lane, M. P. Deady and Lansing Stout were chosen delegates to the national democratic convention, and instructed to vote for General Lane as the democratic candidate for president. Shiel was elected with seventy-six majority over Logan. The agitation of the slavery question had now reached a crisis. The good Lord and good devil style of politics had become disgusting. I made up my mind that, as far as my opportunities allowed, I would resist the further aggression of the slave power and oppose the election to office of those who favored it. Accordingly, in the month

of March, 1860, I went into Linn County, to the residence of Delazon Smith, and said to him: "Delazon, I have come here to beard the lion in his den (Smith's friends called him the 'Lion of Linn'); I am going to canvass Linn County, and my object is to beat you and General Lane for the senate. Come on and make your fight." He good-naturedly accepted the challenge, and we traveled on horseback to all parts of Linn County, through the rain and mud, speaking every day, sometimes in the afternoon and sometimes in the evening, and, as the accommodations in those days were somewhat limited, we generally occupied the same bed at night. When I go back in my thoughts to that campaign, I do not think of the rain, mud and hard work, but I think of the solid comfort I experienced when, hungry, wet and weary, I was welcomed to the warm hospitalities of the pioneer families of Linn County. Colonel Baker came to Oregon some time in the winter of 1859, and he and Dryer made speeches for the republican ticket, but I believe I was the only democrat who made a general canvass, especially against the election of Lane and Smith.

On September 11, 1860, the legislature convened at Salem, and consisted of the following members: Senate—Thomas R. Cornelius, of Washington; William Tichner, of Umpqua, Coos and Curry; William Taylor, of Polk; Solomon Fitzhugh, of Douglas; D. S. Holton, of Josephine; John R. McBride, of Yamhill; James Monroe, of Lane; John A. Williams, of Multnomah; Luther Elkins and H. L. Brown, of Linn; A. B. Florence, of Lane; J. W. Grimm and E. F. Colby, of Marion; J. S. McHeeney, of Benton; A. M. Berry, of Jackson. Luther Elkins was elected president. House—S. E. Martin, of Coos and Curry; C. J. Trenchard, of Clatsop and Tillamook; Reuben Hill and M. H. Walker, of Benton; R. A. Cowles and James F. Gazley, of Douglas; J. Q. A.

Worth, Bartlett Curl, Asa McCully and James P. Tate, of Linn; Joseph Bayley, John Duval and R. B. Cochran, of Lane; G. W. Keeler, J. B. White and J. N. T. Miller, of Jackson; Ira F. M. Butler and C. C. Cram, of Polk; Robert Mays, of Wasco; B. Stark and A. C. Gibbs, of Multnomah; A. Holbrook, W. A. Starkweather and H. W. Eddy, of Clackamas; Samuel Parker, Robert Newell, C. P. Crandall and B. F. Harding, of Marion; M. Crawford and S. M. Gilmore, of Yamhill; Wilson Bowlby, E. W. Conger, of Washington; J. W. Huntington, of Umpqua; and George T. Vining, of Josephine. B. F. Harding was elected speaker of the house.

Soon after the legislature assembled it became apparent that there was to be a fusion between the Douglas democrats, as they were called, and the republicans, in consequence of which Senators Berry, Brown, Florence, Fitzhugh, Monroe and McIteeney, friends of Lane and Smith, vacated their seats, and, as the saying was then, "took to the woods." This left the senate without a quorum. Warrants were issued for their arrest, but they were not found. Governor Whiteaker made an earnest and patriotic appeal to the absentees to return, and after an absence of ten or twelve days they resumed their seats in the senate. Soon after, a joint convention was held for the election of United States senators. There were fourteen ballots, and the votes, with some scattering, were about equally divided between J. W. Nesmith, E. D. Baker and George H. Williams. On the fourteenth ballot some of my supporters, under the pressure of the Salem clique, went over to Nesmith, and he was elected. The vote on the final ballot stood: For the long term, twenty-seven for Nesmith to twenty-two for Deady. For the short term, twenty-six for Baker to twenty for George H. Williams.

James W. Nesmith for many years was a conspicuous figure in the politics of Oregon. He was a man of keen and ready wit, without much cultivation or refinement. He had a wonderful faculty of seeing the ridiculous side of things, and this faculty sometimes worked to his personal disadvantage. He was my colleague in the senate for two years. He was an ardent friend of Andrew Johnson, and I was his determined enemy. He secured nominations from the President, and I defeated them in the senate. This exasperated Nesmith and he became and for many years was my malignant enemy, and as a representative in congress did what he could with the help of some prominent republicans of Oregon to prevent my confirmation by the senate when I was nominated for Chief Justice by General Grant. But I am happy to say that before his last illness our friendly relations were re-established, and while he was sick he wrote me a pathetic letter begging me to help him out of his imaginary troubles. He stood nobly by the administration of Mr. Lincoln in the prosecution of the war, and of the democrats in the senate voted alone for the constitutional amendment to abolish slavery, for which he deserves to be remembered with praise by the people of Oregon.

When the democratic national convention assembled at Charleston, on account of the resolutions adopted by the convention, the delegates from the slave-holding states withdrew and organized a convention of their own. Oregon and California went with them. They nominated John C. Breckinridge for President, and Joseph Lane for Vice-President. Their resolutions affirmed that the Constitution of the United States carried slavery into the territories, and protected it there irrespective of any legislation by congress or the people of a territory, denounced opposition to the fugitive slave law, favored the acquisition of Cuba, and a Pacific railroad. The other delegates

adjourned to Baltimore, where they nominated Stephen A. Douglas for President, and Herschel V. Johnson for Vice-President. Their resolutions affirmed the democratic platform of 1856, and recognized the rightfulness and validity of the fugitive slave law. The republican convention at Chicago nominated Abraham Lincoln for President, and Hannibal Hamlin for Vice-President. Their platform opposed the extension of slavery into the territories, but was quite conservative in other respects. A convention was held at Nashville at which John Bell was nominated for President, and Edward Everett for Vice-President. Though their platforms were somewhat different, there was in fact no essential difference between the republicans and Douglas democrats upon the slavery question. The Breckinridge and Lane party affirmed in effect that the constitution established and protected slavery in the territories of the United States. This the Douglas democrats denied. This was the real issue of the campaign.

Dryer in *The Oregonian* stigmatized the Douglas democrats as the abolition wing of the democratic party. The Presidential Electors for Lincoln were Thomas J. Dryer, B. J. Pengra and William Watkins. For Breckenridge, James O'Meara, D. W. Douthit and Dalazon Smith. For Douglas, Benjamin F. Hayden, William Farrar and Bruce. For Bell, John Ross, S. Elsworth and Greer. There were numerous speakers in the field. Baker, Dryer, Woods and others for Lincoln; Smith, O'Meara and others for Breckenridge; Hayden, Farrar, Garfield and others for Douglas. I supported Douglas and canvassed for him, not so much to defeat Mr. Lincoln, whose election seemed altogether probable, as to persuade as many democrats as I could to withhold their votes from Breckenridge and Lane. Lincoln carried the state, and was elected President. The vote stood in Ore-

gon, five thousand two hundred and seventy for Lincoln, five thousand and six for Breckenridge, three thousand, nine hundred and fifty-one for Douglas, and one hundred and eighty-three for Bell.

President Lincoln organized an able cabinet as follows: William H. Seward, Secretary of State; Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury; Simon Cameron, Secretary of War; Gideon Wells, Secretary of the Navy; Caleb B. Smith, Secretary of the Interior; Montgomery Blair, Postmaster-General, and Edward Bates, Attorney-General.

Mr. Lincoln's appointments for Oregon were as follows: District Attorneys—E. D. Shattuck, April 2, 1862; E. W. McGraw, January 26, 1863; Joseph N. Dolph, January 30, 1865; United States Marshal, William H. Bennett; Surveyor-General, B. J. Pengra; Superintendent of Indian Affairs, W. H. Rector; Collector of Customs at Astoria, William L. Adams; William Matlock, receiver, and W. A. Starkweather, register of the land office at Oregon City.

The defeat of General Lane for Vice-President closed his political career. I was quite well acquainted, though not intimate, with General Lane. I have never known a man in Oregon to whom the Latin maxim, *Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re* (gentle in manners, brave in deed), could with more propriety be applied. He had all the essential qualifications of a successful politician, and if he had not been so imbued with a desire to extend slavery, might, in all human probability, have represented Oregon in the senate as long as he lived. He was intensely southern in all his feelings and sympathies, a devoted friend to Jefferson Davis, and opposed to coercive measures to preserve the union. I sincerely believe he was wrong and opposed him upon that ground, but it is due to his memory to say that he had, what many shifty

politicians have not, the courage of his convictions, and he stood by them to the bitter end. Delazon Smith, having identified himself with the fortunes of General Lane, went down with them. I knew Delazon Smith in Iowa as an infidel lecturer, a democratic politician and a Methodist preacher. He was a man of generous impulses and many intellectual gifts; socially a charming and most companionable man, and personally I liked him very much. As a stump orator, with the exception of Colonel Baker, there has never been his equal in the State of Oregon, but he lacked stability and strength of character. He was better fitted to follow than to lead men.

In Oregon, as well as elsewhere, 1861 was a year of excitement. The war and anti-war feeling was at fever heat. Every hill and valley found a tongue, and fiery speeches were made for and against the government.

Colonel Baker was killed at Ball's Bluff in 1861. He canvassed Iowa in 1848 for Taylor. I was then judge of the first judicial district of that state, and had an opportunity to hear him at several places where I was holding court. I also heard him in this state. I have heard a good many men make speeches who were distinguished for their oratory, but the most eloquent man I ever heard was Edward D. Baker. He was admirable in form and features, had a clear, ringing, silvery voice, and could soar into the regions of imagination with more brilliancy and come down to the solid facts of a speech with a better grace than any man I ever knew. His death was a great loss to the country. Governor Whiteaker appointed Benjamin F. Stark to succeed Colonel Baker in the senate. Stark was a disciple of General Lane. Affidavits were forwarded to the senate from Oregon to show his disloyalty, but after considerable hesitation over the matter he was admitted to his seat. I can say of Senator

Stark what Judge Black said of Justice Hunt, of the supreme court: "He was a very lady-like personage."

In January, 1862, a call was issued for a union state convention to be held at Eugene City on the ninth of April. This call was signed by H. W. Corbett, E. D. Shattuck and W. C. Johnson, republican state committee, and by Samuel Hanna, claiming to be chairman of the democratic state committee, and by the following persons, most of whom had been classed as democrats: J. J. Hoffman, A. C. Gibbs, W. S. Ladd, A. M. Starr, S. G. Reed, S. J. McCormack, Alonzo Leland, John McCracken, R. J. Ladd, A. C. R. Shaw, H. J. Geer, David Powell, W. H. Farrar, A. Dodge, Lucien Heath, Joseph Cox, R. C. Geer, A. B. Hallock, James H. Lappeus, George H. Williams, B. F. Harding, E. Williams, B. Simpson, I. R. Moores, E. N. Cooke, H. M. Thatcher, David McCully, L. E. Pratt, H. Rickey, James Shaw, Joseph Magone, A. C. Daniels, J. W. McCully, Thomas Strang, H. Zanklosskey, T. B. Rickey, William Graves, E. N. Terry, A. L. Lovejoy, J. S. Rinearson, R. P. Boise, D. P. Thompson, F. L. Cartee, C. P. Crandall, A. F. Waller.

J. J. Hoffman, whose name heads this list, was a clerk in my office, and A. C. Gibbs, whose name stands second, was my law partner. Pursuant to the above-named call, a convention was held at Eugene consisting of the following delegates: Benton—A. J. Thayer, J. R. Bayley, W. B. Spencer, M. Woodcock, A. G. Hovey. Clackamas—A. L. Lovejoy, W. Carey Johnson, M. C. Ramsby, S. Huelet, W. S. Dement, J. T. Kerns. Clatsop—William L. Adams. Columbia—E. W. Conyers. Douglas—T. B. King, W. T. Baker, T. R. Hill, E. A. Lathrop, J. Kelly, S. B. Briggs, James F. Watson, R. Reil. Jackson—L. A. Rice, James Burpee, S. Reddick, W. W. Fowler, W. S. Hayden, J. B. Wrisley, O. Jacobs,

J. C. Davenport, E. S. Morgan, C. Heppner. Josephine—H. L. Preston, D. S. Holton, Jacob Mendenhall, Thomas Floyd, J. S. Dunlap, W. Mulvaney. Lane—W. W. Bristow, R. E. Stratton, B. J. Pengra, E. L. Applegate, J. M. Gale, N. Humphrey, G. H. Murch, J. McFarland. Linn—Hiram Smith, Daniel Froman, William McCoy, L. Fanning, J. M. Elliott, D. B. Randall, John Smith, A. Hannen, O. W. Richardson, T. A. Riggs. Marion—A. Bush, I. R. Moores, E. N. Cooke, S. Brown, B. F. Harding, E. Williams, George A. Edes, Joseph Magone, J. W. Grimm, P. A. Davis, W. Shannon, William Chase. Multnomah—A. M. Starr, T. H. Pearne, H. W. Corbett, A. C. R. Shaw, S. M. Smith, David Powell, William H. Watkins, George H. Williams. Polk—J. D. Holman, W. C. Warren, J. D. Collins, B. Simpson, S. J. Gardner. Umpqua—Jesse Applegate, R. H. Lord. Wasco—William Logan, James H. O'Dell, J. H. Wilbur, Z. M. Donnell. Washington—Wilson Bowlby, A. Hindman, W. B. Adcock, I. Hall. Yamhill—Joel Palmer, W. B. Breyman, Joseph Sanders, J. R. Bean, J. B. Condon, W. B. Daniels. Coos and Curry—William Tichner, T. D. Winchester. A. L. Lovejoy was president and C. N. Terry secretary.

The convention made the following nominations :

John R. McBride for congress ; A. C. Gibbs for Governor ; Samuel May for Secretary of State ; Harvey Gordon for State Printer ; Edwin N. Cooke for State Treasurer ; E. D. Shattuck for Judge of the Fourth District ; James F. Gazley for Prosecuting Attorney, First District ; A. J. Thayer for Second District ; J. G. Wilson, Third District, and W. C. Johnson for the Fourth District. The convention appointed the following as an executive committee for the campaign : Henry Failing, B. F. Harding, Hiram Smith, George H. Williams and S. Huelet.

A democratic convention at Eugene on the sixteenth of April, 1862, nominated for congress, A. E. Wait; for Governor, John F. Miller; for State Printer, A. Noltner.

The campaign was conducted with great spirit and much ill-feeling. War was in the hearts of our people as much as it was elsewhere, but we fought it out with ballots and not with armed forces and bloodshed. Ex-Governor Curry conducted a paper in Portland called the *Advertiser*, which vehemently opposed the war and the administration of Lincoln, and W. L. Adams conducted a red-hot republican paper at Oregon City called the *Oregon Argus*, in which he hammered his political opponents with merciless severity. The *Statesman* and the *Oregonian* were on the same side in this fight. The whole union ticket was elected by an average majority of three thousand. The total vote in Portland was six hundred and seventy—four hundred and sixty for McBride and two hundred and ten for Wait.

The legislature elected in June assembled in Salem, September 8, 1862, and consisted of the following members:

Senate—Benton, A. G. Hovey; Linn, Bartlett Curl, D. W. Ballard; Marion, J. W. Grim, William Greenwood; Washington, Columbia, Clatsop and Tillamook, Wilson Bowlby; Lane, Campbell E. Chrisman; Multnomah, John H. Mitchell; Coos, Curry and Umpqua, Joseph W. Drew; Jackson, Jacob Wagner; Clackamas and Wasco, James K. Kelly; Yamhill, John R. McBride; Polk, William Tayler; Lane, James Monroe; Josephine, D. S. Holton. Wilson Bowlby was elected president, and Samuel Clarke chief clerk.

House—Jackson, E. L. Applegate, J. D. Haines, S. D. Van Dyke; Josephine, J. D. Fay; Douglas, R. Mallory, James Watson; Umpqua, W. H. Wilson; Coos and Curry, Archibald Stevenson; Lane, S. V. McClure,

A. A. Hemingway, M. Wilkins ; Benton, A. N. Withan, C. P. Blair ; Linn, H. D. Brown, John Smith, William McCoy, A. A. McCully ; Marion, I. R. Moores, Joseph Engle, C. A. Reed, John Minto ; Polk, B. Simpson, G. W. Richardson ; Yamhill, Joel Palmer, John Cummings ; Washington, R. Wilcox ; Washington and Columbia, E. W. Conyers ; Clackamas, F. A. Collard, M. Ramsby, J. T. Kean ; Multnomah, A. J. Dufur, P. Wasserman ; Clatsop and Tillamook, P. W. Gillette ; Wasco, O. Humason. Joel Palmer was elected speaker, and S. T. Church chief clerk.

A joint convention was held for the election of a senator to fill the unexpired term of Colonel Baker. The vote for a long time was about equally divided between B. F. Harding and George H. Williams, with a few votes for the Rev. Thomas H. Pearne, but the Salem clique was too much for me again, and on the thirtieth ballot Harding was elected.

Public attention was absorbed by the war in 1863, and there were no political movements of any note in Oregon in that year. In March, 1864, a union convention was held at Albany, of which Wilson Bowlby was president and W. C. Whitson secretary. J. H. D. Henderson was nominated for congress ; George L. Woods, N. H. George and J. F. Gazley for presidential electors. Delegates to the national convention were Thomas H. Pearne, J. W. Souther, M. Hirsch, Josiah Failing, H. Smith and T. Charman. They were instructed to vote for the renomination of Abraham Lincoln. R. E. Stratton was nominated for Judge of the Second Judicial District and James F. Watson for District Attorney. In the third district, R. P. Boise was named for Judge and Rufus Mallory for District Attorney, and in the fifth district, J. G. Wilson for Judge and C. R. Meigs for District Attorney.

In April a democratic convention was held at Salem. James K. Kelly was nominated for congress ; A. E. Wait, S. F. Chadwick and Benjamin F. Hayden for presidential electors. Delegates to the national convention were Benjamin Stark, William Higbee, William McMillen, Jefferson Howell, John Whiteaker, N. T. Caton. S. Ellsworth was nominated for Judge of the Second District, J. S. Smith for the third and J. H. Slater for the fifth. The union ticket was elected by an average majority of two thousand five hundred. Some of those who were in the ranks in 1862 fell out in 1864 on account of the emancipation proclamation of Mr. Lincoln.

The republican national convention nominated Abraham Lincoln for President and Andrew Johnson for Vice-President. The resolutions approved the administration of Lincoln, and favored a vigorous prosecution of the war. The democratic national convention nominated George B. McClellan for President and George H. Pendleton for Vice-President. The resolutions declared the war a failure, demanded the cessation of hostilities and a convention of the states to settle the pending difficulties.

On September 12, 1864, the legislature elected in June assembled at Salem, and consisted of the following members :

Senate—Douglas, Coos and Curry, G. S. Hinsdale ; Washington, Columbia, Clatsop and Tillamook, Thomas R. Cornelius ; Baker and Umatilla, James M. Pyle ; Wasco, Z. Donnell ; Yamhill, Joel Palmer ; Polk, John A. Fraser ; Clackamas, H. W. Eddy ; Douglas, James Watson ; Josephine, C. M. Cardwell ; Marion, John W. Grim and William Greenwood ; Linn, Bartlett Curl and D. W. Ballard ; Lane, S. B. Crabsten and C. E. Chrisman ; Multnomah, John H. Mitchell ; Jackson, Jacob Wagner. John H. Mitchell was elected president, and E. P. Henderson chief clerk.

House—Baker, Daniel Chaplin, Samuel Colt; Benton, J. Quinn Thornton, J. Gingles; Clackamas, Owen Wade, E. T. T. Fisher, H. W. Shipley; Columbia, Clatsop and Tillamook, P. W. Gillette; Coos and Curry, Isaac Hacker; Douglas, Alpheus Ireland, E. W. Otey, P. C. Parker; Jackson, James D. Fay, W. F. Songer, Thomas F. Beale; Josephine, Isaac Cox; Lane, J. B. Underwood, G. Callison, A. McCormack; Linn, J. P. Tate, J. N. Parker, P. A. McCartney, Robert Glass; Marion, I. R. Moores, J. J. Murphy, H. L. Turner, J. C. Cartwright; Multnomah, P. Wasserman, L. H. Wakefield; Polk, C. LaFollett; Umatilla, Lafayette Lane; Washington, Wilson Bowlby, D. O. Quick; Wasco, A. J. Borland; Yamhill, G. W. Lawson, Henry Warner. I. R. Moores was elected speaker, and J. L. Collins chief clerk.

Circumstances seemed to indicate that Thomas H. Pearne or George H. Williams would be elected to the senate by this legislature, and with this in view we canvassed the state together, both of us advocating the election of Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Pearne was an able man and a fine speaker. I found in him a formidable competitor for the office. I was elected on the third ballot, the vote standing thirty-one for Williams, sixteen for Pearne, six for John F. Miller, and two for Watkins. Bush, Nesmith, Harding, and many others who had been identified with the union party, supported McClellan. Mr. Lincoln carried the state by about one thousand four hundred majority. On the fourth of March, 1865, I took my seat in the Senate of the United States.

My task ends here. Many, and indeed a large majority, of those I have named in this paper have finished their earthly career, and the evening shadows are rapidly closing around those who survive. I trust those who come forward to take our places will think kindly of what we have done, and strive to improve upon our work.

I have had my full share of the ups and downs incident to political life, but there are no sore places in my memory. I am grateful to the Giver of All Good and the people of Oregon for the honor and good things I have enjoyed here, and my earnest desire is that God will bless this beautiful state in all its years and in all its borders with plenteousness and peace, and that righteousness, justice and truth may characterize and exalt its future history.

GEORGE H. WILLIAMS.

FLOTSOM AND JETSOM OF THE PACIFIC. ---THE OWYHEE, THE SULTANA, AND THE MAY DACRE.

One July day, a dozen or more years ago, sitting upon the Oregon side of the Columbia, with Mount St. Helens in front of me on the Washington side, a wall of pentagonal columns of basalt garlanded with the vines and flowering shrubs with which Nature in this region adorns even the rocks, at my back, and at my feet the grandest of rivers "making haste slowly" to the sea, I listened to some significant tales of ocean life told by that pioneer of pioneers, Captain Francis A. Lemont.

There are pioneers and pioneers, but when you come to a man who was on this coast in 1829, you listen for something different from the now familiar story of crossing the plains with an ox team. Not but that was a narrative full of interest, but we know it too well to have much curiosity about it, the overlanders having made their history for all time. The tales related by the retired sea captain just named furnish some very interesting links in Oregon history, and have more than an ordinary value. The history of the man himself incident to his connection with that of Oregon has in it a great deal of romance, as will be seen from the brief and simple rendering here given. It goes without saying that a mere land lubber of a scribbler could never put into a narrative of sea life the proper nautical

phrases, therefore I must leave out these lingual decorations of the captain's story, and give it in plain ordinary prose.

F. A. Lemont was born in Bath, Maine, that nursery of seamen. The founder of the family in America was John Lemont, who settled in Bath in 1722, and took a tract of land from New Meadows River to the Kennebec, and built a fort on it. The land was subsequently divided into four farms among his children, who enjoyed an unusual longevity, one daughter living to one hundred years, another to ninety-nine, and his sons from seventy-six to ninety-six years. His great-great grandson, Captain F. A. Lemont, at eighty-three was not by any means feeble.

On the wall of the captain's sitting-room hung the family coat-of-arms. It was manifestly French, and indicated high lineage, but its history was lost on a voyage to Oregon, when, in a severe gale, the vessel was swept clean by the overwhelming seas, and the cabin so drenched that the legend of the Lemont coat-of-arms, which was pasted on the back of the frame, became loosened by the moisture and was destroyed by the cabin boy as waste paper. The captain believed that the American family was of Huguenot ancestry, and probably banished from France. They continued to reside in Bath, engaged in ship-building and trading, Frank, as he was called by his associates, at the age of eighteen being a clerk in his father's store. Standing in the doorway one day in the autumn of 1828 the young man watched a party of sailors tramping merrily down the street, singing their sea songs, and a sudden impulse came over him to try a life of adventure.

Learning that the ship *Owyhee* was to sail from Boston for the Columbia River to trade with the Indians, he went to that place, and in September was articulated as an

apprentice on board the Owyhee. The vessel belonged to Bryant and Sturges, of Boston, and was commanded by Captain Dominis, a well-known sailing master who had his home in the vicinity of that town. He seems to have been a commander who was cheerfully obeyed, for although several of his crew were, like Lemont, lads from Bath who had never been to sea, before they reached Cape Horn they could all "take their tricks at the wheel," and go aloft and reef like old sailors. In a gale off Rio de la Plata Lemont fell from the mast, but was caught in the rigging and saved. With this exception the voyage to the Straits of Magellan was fair, and after getting through that stormy passage the ship had good weather to the Chilean convict island of San Juan Fernandez, where she took water and provisions, as was the custom in those days.

A continuance of favorable winds brought the Owyhee off the Columbia, in April, 1829, though she could not enter until soundings had been taken, and the channel buoyed out. This survey occupied two weeks, the buoys being made of stovewood, anchored with cordage made by ravelling condemned cables and twisting three strands into one, making what was called "spun yarn," which was wound on a wheel and payed out from small boats. This work being completed, the vessel came safely in by the north channel, and felt her way up the river as far as Deer Island, a few miles below Saint Helens, where she ran aground, being compelled to send a boat to Fort Vancouver, the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company in the Oregon Territory, for aid. Chief factor Dr. John McLoughlin not only sent down a crew of kanakas with a mackinaw boat to help the vessel off, but with them a present of potatoes, and a quarter of fresh beef, as a mark of peculiar favor—beef cattle being too few and too precious at that period to be slaughtered except upon rare

occasions, and regarded as a luxury even by the gentlemen of the company, who commonly lived upon salmon. Wishing to make some return for Doctor McLoughlin's hospitality, Lemont, with boyish pleasure, presented him soon after three young peach trees which he had brought from San Juan Fernandez, and which being planted at Vancouver, bore the first peaches ever grown on the Columbia River.

The Owyhee remained at Deer Island through the summer trading with the natives and fishing, the young sailors enjoying the wild strawberries which reddened the fir-bordered prairies where they were at liberty to roam occasionally, running away from a black bear, which "beastie" was very plentiful in this neighborhood. The winter of 1829-30 was spent in Scappoose Bay, just above Saint Helens, whence in the spring she returned to her former position and again traded through the summer, leaving in the autumn for the Sandwich Islands.

It was while the Owyhee was lying in the river in 1829 that a devastating epidemic broke out amongst the Oregon Indians, and spread down the coast as far as the bay of San Francisco. It seemed to originate with the Indians about the ship, and it was Captain Lemont's opinion that it was simply at first an intermittent, occasioned by some mischievous Indians getting their canoes filled with water while pulling up the stakes set in the island by the fishermen. The sickness, however, became epidemical and malignant, so that whole villages died, and there were not enough well persons to care for the sick. This state of affairs was, by the superstitious savages, believed to be intentionally brought about by Captain Dominis, who, they said, had emptied a vial of bad "medicine" into the Columbia River with the design to destroy them; and it probably would have gone hard with the Owyhee's crew but for the influence

of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the attentions of Doctor McLoughlin, who labored faithfully, but in vain, to arrest the disease. It is stated that this epidemic, extending even to the Bay of San Francisco, carried off about thirty thousand Indians on the Pacific Coast.

During the two fishing seasons passed on the Columbia, Captain Dominis put up fifty hogsheads of salmon, which sold in Boston at ten cents per pound in April, 1831. The home voyage was made by the way of the Sandwich Islands, and among the passengers picked up was Captain Hallowell, master of the first missionary packet to the islands, who returned in the Owyhee to Boston.

I suggested to the narrator of these reminiscences connected with the noble river at our feet, that for a first voyage he must have felt himself a long time and a long way from home. "Yes," said he, raising his head to snuff anew the sea air blowing up the stream, "I didn't know I was homesick; until I happened at the islands to recognize the brig Diana, which was built in Bath. Then my heart jumped up in my mouth and I wanted to get home."

The homeward voyage was without noteworthy incident, except that the vessel was becalmed off Rio Janeiro for forty days. At the end of the thirtieth day Captain Dominis announced to his crew that the winds of heaven were all blown out; but that night it "came on to rain," as in Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, giving them fresh water, of which they were greatly in need, and in another ten days the ship was going before a favorable breeze, arriving at her berth in April.

Captain Dominis, in later years, returned to settle at the Sandwich Islands and purchased the brig Diana. At length he took a voyage in her, from which he never returned; nor was he ever afterward heard of,

although the government sent a vessel to search for him upon information being given that white men had been said to be in the mountain districts of one of the South Sea islands. He left a young son at Otaheite, who, on coming to manhood, married Lydia Paarkii, a native princess of Hawaii, who has since enjoyed royal honors, but he died in middle life.*

Our young sailor, after a few months at home, joined the brig *Sultana*, formerly a Smyrna packet, owned by Joseph Baker & Sons, of Boston, but now bound for a voyage to the Columbia River. Her captain was James L. Lambert, and the goods she carried belonged to Nathaniel Wyeth and associates, and were destined for the Indian trade to compete with the Hudson's Bay Company.

In passing through the Straits of Magellan, having on one occasion anchored to speak with the natives, a white man was discovered among them and rescued. He had been abandoned by his captain several months previous, and looked upon his deliverance from life and death in Patagonia as a special providence.

After getting clear of the straits the run to San Juan Fernandez was pleasant. But on arriving Captain Lambert found such a condition of affairs existing as impelled him to get to sea again in haste. The convicts on the island had risen, and seizing the officers of the Chilean

*Some explanation is due here as to names used by nautical men seventy years ago, and those in use at a later date. Otaheite is the Fiji of the present, and must be so read in this article. Which of the South Pacific or Society Islands was called Bow Island, I do not know, and can only conjecture from the latitude and longitude given me by Lemont. From this information I am led to think that it was one of the group now known as Borim Island, 26° 30' S. E. from Japan, distant five hundred miles.

The following information concerning Captain Dominis was furnished me by a resident of Honolulu, and a member of the new government. Dominis was a native of Massachusetts, but of Italian descent. He married a Miss Holt of Massachusetts. The princess his son married, Lydia Paarkii, was a low chief in Kamehameha's train, whose name was Kapakaa. The ex-queen of Hawaii, or Mrs. John O. Dominis, better known as Queen Liliuokalani, came to the queenly rank through factional politics as other sovereigns have done, and has lost her rank in the same manner, but by foreign politicians.

government had incarcerated them in the prison cells, and going on board the *Annie Warren*, of Stonington, Connecticut, which was lying in the offing—for there was no harbor—had compelled the captain to carry them to the Chili Coast. He was then permitted to return to his anchorage at the island, where he ascertained that the wives of the convicts had released the officers, who, in turn, being alarmed at the demeanor of the women, had enticed them into the prison and locked them up. Such was the state of affairs when the *Sultana* came to anchor, and having no authority to interfere, Captain Lambert took on some water and fruit and proceeded on his course to Bow Island, where he arrived in little over a month from San Juan Fernandez, intending to land for fresh water and provisions, but was deterred by the threatening appearance of the natives, who were armed and assembled in large numbers upon the beach. Continuing his voyage, at 2 o'clock on the morning of the twenty-ninth of February, the *Sultana* ran onto the then undiscovered reef which has since borne her name, and being on the weather side rapidly filled with water. Preparations were immediately made for landing and getting provisions ashore before the heavy swells of a few hours later should render it impossible. By noon, after a hard battle with the surf and the suction from the wreck, all were safely landed with such necessary articles as the men could carry ashore by sinking under the great rollers and coming up on the tail end of them. Tents were erected and the ship's company went into camp.

So here, after a long voyage, were the *Sultana's* crew and Captain Nathaniel Wyeth's Indian goods, with which he expected to enter into a competition with the Hudson's Bay Company and the American Fur Com-

pany in the Oregon Territory. Wyeth himself was en route to the Columbia overland, with a company of thirty-two men.

A huge kite of cotton cloth was hoisted for a signal to passing vessels, and for several days the Sultana's men were busied in saving the goods coming ashore from the wreck. Exploration of the reef was next in order. It proved to be a lagoon island about thirty-five miles in circumference, with a reef extending around it from twenty to one hundred feet in width, enclosing the lagoon. There was no fresh water on the island and only one kind of edible fruit, about the size of a walnut and having one seed in the center. Fish were plentiful of several species, the little pools on the reef, which were filled by the nightly high tide, containing so many that the bare toes of the sailors were nibbled by them as they waded about in the water. One fish in particular, about nine inches long and three in width—an excellent pan fish—was of a green color. It was very shy and when the sailors tried to catch it it jumped out on the rocks and by repeated saltations reached the sea. The method of the natives in taking these was with the spear, which they threw from a distance of twenty-five or thirty feet. But the sailors impounded them by building around the basins a wall just too high for them to vault over, when enough of them could be taken any morning for the day's supply.

For a table delicacy the castaways had "geography," which is ship biscuit charred and soaked in a pot of water. They had tea also, but its flavor was not very good, having been wet with salt water and dried, and finally steeped in water that was brackish. But these privations were the least of their troubles; and really their predicament did not seem as serious to these young adventure-seeking souls as it did to their captain, who

at the end of two weeks started for a four hundred mile voyage to Otaheite in the Sultana's launch, with the supercargo, Mr. Curtis Clapp, and four of his best seamen, leaving the six remaining sailors on the reef in charge of George Sweetland, the mate.

Before Captain Lambert left he allowanced the thirty gallons of fresh water remaining after taking a supply for the launch, in the proportion of one-half pint of water to three quarts of Maderia wine daily. A heavy rainfall occurring soon after, sixty gallons of rain water were caught by spreading the ship's studding sail, and saved in casks. A well which was dug in the sand, but which for two or three weeks furnished only brackish water, finally became fresh, and thus one serious discomfort was done away with.

For some time after the wreck of the Sultana no native inhabitants of the island were discovered, but Lemont one morning reported that he had seen two men down the reef, when four sailors were sent to bring them in. They were detained some time, and named Typee and Bobby Sheely. Bobby had a wife and children quite fifteen miles away, whom he was asked to bring to visit the strangers, and who came. Their unblushing nakedness proving disagreeable to the young New Englanders, they hastily converted some of Wyeth's cotton goods into dresses, in which the women were clothed. (This incident raises the question whether the "Mother Hubbard" style of dress prevailing in the Pacific islands did not originate in the improvised feminine garment manufactured by untutored masculine hands?) The men were also clothed in a manner becoming their sex, which garments, however, they wore in such fashion as the designers had never contemplated. They had intelligence enough to compare the white men curiously with themselves by feeling of their limbs and examining their

beards and hair. But when a box of looking glasses came ashore, and they beheld themselves "as others see us" for the first time, their excitement was very great, and they were disposed some to fight their mirrored selves, while some would have run away. A pet canary, spreading its wings and opening its bill before its reflection in a mirror has as much comprehension of the radiation or reflection of light as the people on this coral island. This family proved to be the only one on the reef, and very inoffensive people they were.

The signal kite by day nor the lantern by night had brought any vessel to the assistance of the crew of the *Sultana*, but her floating wreckage had been seen by the natives of a neighboring island soon after Captain Lambert left for Otaheite, and a visit was received from a canoe load of thirty of them, who were not permitted to land until they had sent their spears ashore. Friendly relations were soon established with the visitors, who remained a week on the reef, at the end of which time, to the joy of the castaways, a vessel appeared on the northwest side of the island, and sent a boat ashore.

This vessel proved to be an English bark, commanded by Capt. John Clarke, which had been lying on the opposite side of Bow Island when the *Sultana* was deterred from landing by the war-like appearance of the natives at that place. She carried at that time fifteen men, was from Valparaiso, and had on board the Danish consul and a linguist, or interpreter. The natives of Bow Island had afterwards looted her, and made prisoners of the captain and all the crew, except the linguist, and four sailors who were left to navigate her. The missionaries at Otaheite fitted out their little brig, *Abell*, master, and dispatched her to the rescue of Captain Clarke. When two days out on this errand, the brig encountered a gale which so damaged her that she

was compelled to return ; but it happened very opportunely that she arrived back on the same day that Captain Lambert in his launch came into port. The two captains then entered into an arrangement by which the brig was to go to the relief of Captain Clarke and his crew on Bow Island, and thence to the reef to bring away Lambert's men, and such of the Sultana's cargo as had been saved.

Harbor there was none at the reef, only an entrance about sixty feet in width into the lagoon, and although a small vessel might get in with the trade wind, she could not get out, but would be wind-bound. Communication was, however, established between the brig and the reef by means of a small boat saved from the Sultana, and Captain Clarke made a visit to Camp Castaway with a part of his crew in a whaleboat. It was agreed between Mate Sweetland and Captain Clarke that the crew of the brig should assist in removing the Sultana's cargo to the leeward side of the reef, where they, with the goods, could be taken on board the vessel, the removal to be effected by means of a raft. A number of Clarke's men were therefore sent ashore, and a raft constructed of spars, casks, or whatever would float, but being very unweildly and heavily laden, was extremely difficult to move, and a whole week was consumed in making the journey with the first load to the place of embarkation. To add to the hardships of the men, it rained for five days continuously. On arriving at its destination, no vessel was found waiting, and spreading the goods out to dry, the men returned to camp to bring away the remainder of the cargo. Making another raft, they loaded on it all that was of any value, except the tents, and started again for the leeward landing ; but their unusual hardships and the discomforts of the rainy season had rendered them nearly helpless, and

after proceeding a few miles, they tied up the raft and returned in the small boat to camp, resolved to secure a night's rest under the cover of tents. To their surprise and disappointment, every vestige of their late home had disappeared, and they were compelled to shelter themselves under tents made of their blankets stretched over oars for ridge poles. By the light of the next morning a bottle was discovered tied to a shrub, containing a letter from Captain Abell, stating that he had been to the designated landing, and finding no one there, had loaded the goods left there onto the brig and sailed around the island, discovering the camp, which was also deserted, from which he inferred that the men had found some means of getting away from the island.

Nothing was now left to do but to wait for Captain Lambert to send another vessel for them, and again erecting some tents the castaways submitted with such patience as they could command to the inevitable. Bread began to run low, but one day a cask was seen floating around outside the reef which on being brought to shore was found to contain bread in good condition, and soon after a cask of wine was picked up. This fortunate flotsom added to their fish diet the variety necessary to health. Although the menu was limited, a certain amount of ceremony was observed on Saturdays when they dined in state, and drank, standing, the regular toast of the sailor, "To sweethearts and wives."

To amuse themselves the younger men searched the reef for corals of fanciful shapes and various colors, finding many beautiful forms, among which were some that resembled young fir trees in their manner of growth, and were red, blue, black and white. But excepting these ocean curios there was little to admire upon this unfinished scrap of earth, and when at length, after four months residence on the reef, the schooner Pomare from

Otaheite arrived at the island to take them off, the feeling of relief was truly unutterable. The remainder of the Sultana's cargo, with her boats, were taken on board, the natives assisting in getting the Sultana's heavy chain cable to the Pomare. Her whaleboat was taken in tow, but was lost in a squall the second night out.

It was about the last of June when Captains Lambert and Clarke were rejoined by their men. To fittingly celebrate their reunion Captain Lambert gave a Fourth of July dinner; and to be made presentable for the occasion it became necessary to laundry certain articles of clothing, the "doing-up" of a white shirt being accomplished with arrow-root for starch, and a bottle of hot water for a smoothing iron. At the dinner some of the guests, including one of the missionaries and the native queen, indiscreetly took too much wine and furnished much amusement to the young sailors by their hilarity. The following day the queen sent some glassware to replace that which had been fractured in the social skirmish of "the day we celebrate" by her own dusky hand. The missionary, poor man, was being conducted home, when on attempting to walk a foot-log across a slough he fell into the morass, together with his guide, and on reaching home created, by his unusual appearance, the greatest consternation.

At Otaheite Lemont learned that the English bark of which Clarke had been master was taken in charge by the Danish consul, as part owner, who had departed in her, leaving Captain Clarke without a vessel. The departure of the bark also left Captain Lambert without the means to continue his voyage to the Columbia as he had hoped to do, and with no resort except to sell the goods in his charge at auction where he was, and return to the United States. An opportunity soon offered, passage being secured for himself, his mate and the super-

cargo in the whaling vessel *Meridian*, Captain Benjamin Worth, of New Bedford. But neither patriotism nor pecuniary considerations could induce the whaler to take any more passengers, and Captain Clarke as well as the sailors remained captives of fortune, living in a native house and employing a native cook, while they discussed their chances of escape.

The first plan attempted was to get to sea in some sort of a boat, with a possibility of being picked up by a passing vessel. Accordingly a native boat, sloop-rigged, twenty-two feet long and six feet wide was purchased, hauled up and examined, but finally rejected by Captain Clarke as too hazardous. After this failure Lemont and one of his companions determined to settle on the island, and purchased a piece of land with an orange grove on it, commencing to build a house. They had the sides wattled with willows, the thatched roof partly on, and were having the walls plastered with a mortar made with lime from burnt coral and cocoanut oil, when they were seized with an incurable homesickness, sitting one night on the beach and talking of Bath. The next morning the house and land were sold, and the two lads were reviewing the discarded boat.

The mortar made with the coral lime and oil was discovered to be impervious to water. With this they decided to plaster the boat, after renailing it and before sheathing it with a soft wood. This it was decided would make it safe; and so it did, for when it was launched it was found to be perfectly tight. The next care was for rigging and provisions. Wild pork bought from the natives in the mountains, boned and salted down, cocoanuts, plantains, bananas and arrow-root constituted their prospective bill of fare, to which several barrels of water were added. All was now ready for a

start, but the day before that appointed for sailing a ship hove in sight, which proved to be the United States frigate Portsmouth, Captain Downs, which had been on the coast of Sumatra chasing the natives for outrages perpetrated on the crew of a pepper ship. Captain Downs, on learning from the harbor master that some American boys and an English captain designed going to sea in so small a boat, intended to have stopped them. However, they knew nothing of this, and being eager to be off, were several miles on their voyage before they were observed from the frigate and a whaleboat sent to overtake them. Mistaking it for a native fruit boat, and having a fair wind, the adventurers sailed away from the only opportunity which had yet offered of a comfortable voyage home.

It was not a too happy voyage on which a company of seven had set out—four boys, two men, and Captain Clarke. For two weeks they were scudding under a bob jib with the roughest of weather, after which the wind moderated, and at the end of forty days they made the Island of Massafuro, about thirty degrees west of Valparaiso, their destined port, but were unable to land. The whole distance to Valparaiso was four thousand nine hundred miles, and was overcome in sixty-eight days. But what days! What suffering and weariness were compressed into a voyage of that length in a small boat! The most fertile imagination fails to adequately picture it.

“Our cutter,” says my interlocutor, “rounded the head at sunrise, going in. The lookout on the mole reported a strange craft. As soon as the signal was seen on the Portsmouth, which was lying there, the commodore ordered his gig and pulled off alongside of us. His first words were, ‘You young devils, you ought to be thrashed, every one of you, for risking your lives

in that tub.' He knew our story down to the time we left Otaheite, and had brought off the rest of the men. He said he had crossed the Atlantic many times without encountering so much bad weather as in the forty-seven days between Otaheite and Valparaiso."

The little cutter which had performed so wonderful a voyage was the object of much interest at the mole, where many curious people came to view her. She was eventually sold and her crew separated. No more was seen of Captain Clarke for many years, when Lemont, then a captain himself, put into Valparaiso, and on walking up the mole met and recognized him by a peculiar way he had of wiping his nose by an upward move of his forefinger.

It might well be supposed that Lemont had now exhausted adventure for one year, yet it was not so. A vessel having come in which needed recalking, having been damaged off Cape Horn, the ship chandler employed him to make some purchase-block straps, which could not be had in Valparaiso, to strap the vessel, offering \$10 per day and board for his services. On the third day, while sitting at dinner with the chandler, the captain of the vessel, whose name was Paddock, entered and was invited to partake of the meal, but declined, and went to the desk of the American Consul, where he exchanged a few words, then advanced to the desk of his deputy and stabbed him to the heart. Quickly turning to Captain Brown of the coasting vessel Fourth of July, he stabbed him also fatally, and before he was finally knocked down by a stone hurled at him by a native, had killed three other persons and wounded seven, all of which tragedy was witnessed by Lemont.

Paddock being an American, the murders created a strong feeling against the nation, making it dangerous for United States citizens to be upon the streets at any

time, but especially at night. Paddock was undoubtedly insane, but he was tried and convicted of murder. The American Consul refusing to sign the decree, his execution did not take place immediately, although after a month or so he was publicly shot on the mole. These events did not tend to make a residence in the country seem desirable.

Three months had passed without offering any opportunity of leaving it, except to go to China, which country the young sailors did not desire to visit at that time, when there arrived in port the Baltimore-built clipper *Central America*, Louis Chastro, master, a privateer, bound for Cadiz in Spain, and carrying a cargo of indigo, cochineal, silver and gold, the latter chiefly in gold plate robbed from the lower coast of Chili. Captain Chastro was prevailed upon to permit Lemont to work his passage to Cadiz, where the clipper arrived in quick time without accident. Her crew, however, were not permitted to land, this being a cholera season, and vessels being ordered into quarantine at Mahone. Meantime the board of health examined the *Central America's* crew every morning by counting them from a boat alongside!

To avoid this fresh trial of his patience, our adventurer, before the vessel left for quarantine, deserted to the American brig *Andes*, Captain Lorenson, loaded with salt, and by keeping in hiding a couple of days was able to escape and return to Boston, where he arrived with scurvy in his feet in the spring of 1833, and, going to Bath, experienced that blow to his self-love, and check to the love of others, which all young souls receive on their home-comings after long absences, when they find to their discomfiture that the world has moved on without them and they have not been greatly missed.

Captain Lambert, on his arrival in Boston, was placed in charge of the brig *May Dacre*, with a second cargo of goods for the Columbia River trade, making a successful voyage to the Hawaiian Islands, wintering there in 1833-1834, and entering the Columbia safely April 16, 1834, where he met Wyeth, who had arrived overland in the month of September preceding. The venture did not prove profitable, and in 1836 Wyeth sold out to the Hudson's Bay Company. Before this time the *May Dacre* had left the river. Captain Lambert commanded at different times the *Talma* from Boston, the *Girard*, *Diadem*, *Glasgow*, *Elizabeth* and *Huntress*. His last voyage was from the Sandwich Islands to New Bedford. He ended his days in the Sailors' Snug Harbor on Staten Island.

Lemont, in September, 1833, obtained a berth as mate of the ship *Ceylon*, from Boston to Liverpool, but was taken ill and sent home. He was next mate of the *Henry Tolman*, running between New York and Apalachicola, and subsequently sailing master of the steamer *Marmora*, owned by Rufus K. Page of Hollowell, the first steamer into Liverpool. Afterwards he went to the Mediterranean, and had many adventures in various ports, besides finding a wife in London.

About 1849 he took an interest in a brig, the *John Davis*, loaded with goods, lumber and house frames for the Pacific Coast. While lying waiting at Parker's Flat, fifteen miles below Bath, for the Captain, who was ill, the crew went ashore and took a cannon from Cox Head Fort, which act was unknown to Captain Lemont until the vessel was past Cape de Verde Islands. It came to Oregon and was finally landed on the strand at Saint Helens, but was burst in firing on the Fourth of July some years after arriving.

The *John Davis* brought seventy-five passengers from San Francisco to Portland in 1849, and returned to Cali-

fornia with a load of piles, where they were discharged and the vessel sold. Captain Lemont then returned to Oregon with his wife, landing at Saint Helens, and erecting a residence on the bluff just below the town—a rarely beautiful location—and abjured sea-going forever, content to dwell in the presence of those majestic beauties of river and mountain which twenty years before had captured his boyish fancy. It was here I found him, and here, in the July sun and breeze, I listened to the narrative of his adventures, of which the discovery of Sultana Reef is but a fragment.

FRANCES FULLER VICTOR.

AN HISTORICAL SURVEY OF PUBLIC EDUCATION IN EUGENE, OREGON.

• The school history of Eugene possesses several features of great interest to the student of education in Oregon. In the first place it extends over a sufficient period, almost half a century, to make its study significant. Secondly, we find here the influence of two distinct ideas, the private school idea and the public school idea, working side by side for many years; and thirdly, there is traceable the evolution of a dominant public school sentiment which results in unifying the educational effort of the town, and placing it definitely in the highway of progress.

PRIVATE SCHOOLS.

In Eugene the private school idea had an exceedingly firm hold, owing doubtless to the fact that so large a proportion of the early settlers came from states where public education was not as yet much developed. In fact, too many of these people who were of good families in the southwestern states, Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri, it seemed a trifle degrading to send their children to a public school, which as so often happened both north and south, was looked upon as a "poor folks'" school.

It is not surprising, therefore, to find in Eugene, during the first twenty years of her history, a great number and variety of private schools, ranging all the way from a college to a kindergarten, or school for very young children, kept by a good woman in her own home. The scope of this paper does not contemplate an extended ac-

count of the private schools, many of which were excellent institutions of their kind ; but a few of them demand a brief notice.

In 1856 the Cumberland Presbyterian Church of Oregon established at Eugene the so-called Columbia College. About the time that the first school was kept in the new district schoolhouse on Eleventh Street, this institution on College Hill also opened its doors for the reception of students. Rev. E. P. Henderson, a graduate of the Cumberland Presbyterian College at Waynesburg, Pennsylvania, was its head. Under his direction the school was carried successfully to the conclusion of its third year in spite of the great misfortunes which it suffered.¹ In 1859 Mr. Henderson resigned the principalship, and a Mr. Ryan of Virginia was secured to take his place. But the times were troubled, and in the bitter political struggle of the following year the life of Columbia College was sacrificed.²

But its work was not lost ; its influence can be traced far beyond the crucial time in which the institution perished. The school had enjoyed a very respectable patronage from all sections of Oregon, and to some extent from California. It turned out a number of men who have left their impress upon the state, and at least one whose fame has become world-wide, the "Poet of the Sierras," Joaquin Miller.

¹The building was burned to the ground a few days after the school was opened November, 1856; another structure erected to take its place was in turn destroyed before the close of the third year.

²The board of control being divided on the slavery question, were unable to work harmoniously together. The principal was a strong pro-slavery man. He wrote several articles for the *Pacific Herald* in which he took occasion to sear the anti-slavery party rather vigorously. He signed the communications "Vindex." Mr. H. R. Kineaid, then one of Ryan's students, replied to him in the *People's Press* over the signature "Anti-Vindex." Ryan, not suspecting Kineaid, and assuming that B. J. Pengra, the editor of the *People's Press* was himself the author of the replies, made an attack upon the latter with a revolver. After this tragie episode, although he failed to slay his would be vietim, this militant schoolmaster fled from the state. The board, in their state of faetional disintegration could evolve no positive policy. Therefore, when the *People's Press*, in October, 1860, propounded the question, "Is Columbia College Dead?" it was stating in this form an accomplished faet.

Standing as it does at the very beginning of Eugene's educational development, Columbia College has exerted a profound influence upon the later school history of the town. The people here, many of whom had been its students, never forgot in the struggles of latter years that this place had once been an important center of learning. To this fact I believe may be attributed much of the ardor shown a decade and more later in the pursuit of the university object. On the other hand it seems not unlikely that the influence of the college was to retard, temporarily, the development of the public school. It was difficult for people accustomed to patronize the more pretentious institution to be satisfied with the humble district school, while the town was not ready to supply at once the kind of secondary school demanded. In other words, the college had made it impossible, for the time, to concentrate educational effort upon the public school, which might have resulted in gradually extending its scope so as to embrace a high school department.

Instead of such a normal development, which the policy of very many towns in the United States was readily securing at that time, the people of Eugene fell back upon the private school idea. Institutions of every grade, kind and description, rose, flourished or languished, and decayed. There were grammar schools, select schools, academies, high schools, juvenile schools, writing schools, singing schools, even sewing schools. Only one or two had any sort of permanency. It is slanderous, of course, to assert, as a minister of the gospel once did, that whenever a young woman of Eugene wanted a new bonnet, she would advertise to keep a private school; but the libel is at least suggestive of the condition of things here from 1860 to 1872. Some of these private schools were worthy institutions, conducted by able teachers who served the community faithfully in the days when with-

out them a good education could not be had. Such was the private high school kept by Bernard Cornelius, whose advertisements appear in the *State Republican* for the years 1862-1863. Mr. Cornelius wrote several articles for the paper in the form of letters to Governor Gibbs. In one of these, October 18, 1862, he considers the probable influence on education of the proposed Agricultural College. He argues that it ought to fix certain requirements, taking students who have been prepared at other schools, and not become a rival of these schools by bidding for the class of pupils who form their support. The discussion suggests, what is undoubtedly the fact, that the so-called academies, high schools, graded schools, even colleges of that time, took in practically everybody who offered. There was no such system of grading as we now look upon as a matter of course. In fact, there is a close correspondence between these schools and the ungraded New Hampshire academy of the preceding decade.

We obtain a glimpse into the private school of the time from some of the advertisements. Mr. J. S. Gilbert offered to give instruction in "all English branches usually taught in schools and academies." His charges were: For primary, \$4.50; common English, \$5.00; higher English, \$7.00; bookkeeping, extra, \$2.00. At the same time, Mrs. Odell opened a select school in the Cornelius building. Aside from English branches, she offered work in plain and ornamental needle-work. The charges ranged from \$5.00 to \$7.00. Instrumental music was taught by her for \$10. The prices are always for a quarter, unless otherwise stated.³

In the fall of 1866 Rev. E. P. Henderson opened what proved to be the most important school of the decade. He was assisted by Mrs. W. H. Odell, a lady

³ *Journal*, October 9, 1864.

who is spoken of by all her former pupils as a "fine teacher."⁴ She ostensibly had charge of "the female department," but in reality taught both girls and boys in certain subjects, while Mr. Henderson taught certain other subjects to all taking them.

On November 10 the *Journal* reports seventy-five pupils in attendance, and says that the prosperity of the school "indicates a return of the palmy days when Lane County boys and girls received an education without being shipped to Salem or Portland. Eugene City at one time enjoyed an enviable reputation on account of her educational facilities, and students came from adjoining counties and from distant parts of the state to attend our schools."

At the close of the first term there were one hundred and thirteen names on the roll, and about one hundred in regular attendance. Of this number it was stated about forty were "young men and large boys, many of whom have started in for a two or three years' siege." The next term the attendance fell off "slightly." The following by Professor Henderson⁵ may not fully indicate the reason for the decline, but it affords us the best view we have yet had of the internal economy of the private high school of a generation ago. He says: "I desire, by your permission, to correct some false and malicious reports which some unscrupulous persons have put in circulation concerning our school.

"First—I assure the public our school is intended to be a permanent institution, both summer and winter.

"Second—It is open to all grades of students, large and small, male and female.

⁴ Letter of Callison; interview with R. M. Veatch.

⁵ *Journal*, January 5, 1867.

“Third—Party politics are not taught in the school, neither directly nor indirectly, and all reports to the contrary are utterly false.

“We have seats and desks for one hundred or more pupils. We have a pair of excellent globes and some twenty-four nice charts for the use of the school in the different departments; we have also several fine maps which we shall soon place in the schoolrooms. Now it is for the citizens of Eugene and the surrounding country to determine whether they will patronize and build up a good permanent school, or whether they will continue to run after something new. ‘I speak as unto wise men; judge ye what I say.’ ” He styles himself “Principal of the Eugene City Graded School.”

No one, after reading the above, need be in the dark as to what a “graded school” of that day was. It was simply a mixed school, in which higher studies were taught but which took in everybody. It was, for all its specific excellencies, exactly the kind of school whose presence most seriously cripples the public school, and which, in many of the eastern states was a regular target for the shafts of educational reformers.⁶ They argued that the ungraded academy, without entrance requirements, not only thwarted the growth of the public high school, but destroyed the efficiency of the elementary school by withdrawing from it the interest and support of an important class in the community, and also by promoting the tendency to look askance upon it as a “poor school”, *i. e.*, poor people’s school. The problem was solved in New England by transforming many of the academies into the high school departments of the town systems.

⁶See Vermont School Report, 1860, pp. 120-124.

When we reflect that during the 60's and early 70's there were always several of these private schools in operation in Eugene, it is not surprising that the public school advanced with such slow and painful steps. The lack of unity in educational effort was deplored by the thoughtful, but the true remedy was not applied. Instead of bending every effort to the advancement of the public school, the people were advised to promote unity by supporting one private school as against all other schools. The *Journal* says, March 9, 1867, "There are at this present time in operation in Eugene City no less than five schools, employing six teachers. The average attendance to all of them is only about one hundred and thirty-five scholars, a little over twenty to each teacher, not too many for half the number of teachers if properly arranged in classes in a well regulated school. It would seem that one or two schools well sustained would accomplish more for pupils and teachers than half a dozen doing only a starving business. The experience of the past should suffice to convince us that the policy of thus scattering our patronage must be fatal to the project of ever building up in our midst a permanent institution of learning." At this time the *Journal* was earnestly favoring the Henderson school.

This institution closed its first year June 28, 1867. In the fall it resumed, now with Miss Kate Andrew as assistant. On October 31 they had "fifty-nine pupils, ranging from scholars in the sciences to those just beginning with the elementary branches." All the later notices go to confirm the suspicion that the school was not as successful as in the preceding year. When the first term closed in December it had "seventy-five or eighty pupils." The second term is reported as "well attended," and highly successful. But at the close of the year Professor Henderson arranged to take charge of Philomath

College, in Benton County, in preference to continuing the high school. On his return to Eugene in 1868, he again advertised his school and actually opened it, but with so little encouragement that it was discontinued at the close of the first term.

Thus ended the most pretentious, and in many ways the most successful effort, since the fall of Columbia College, to concentrate the educational effort of the town largely at a point outside of the public school. But we cannot leave this period without making one more quotation, taken from the *Journal* of January 9, 1869.

“The schools of Eugene are now in a very prosperous condition. Mr. and Mrs. Odell, at the schoolhouse formerly occupied by Professor Henderson, have a large attendance, and the parents and pupils are well pleased. Miss Kate Andrew, at the district schoolhouse, has quite a number of pupils under her charge, who appear to be making good progress. Mrs. Ritchie, who lately came to this place, has opened a school at her residence, on Eleventh Street, and has about twenty scholars. She is spoken of as being a good teacher. Mr. Chapman’s school, at the seminary on the butte, has closed for the present. Whether he will resume or some one else take his place, we are not informed. We understand that another school will be opened next Monday with an attendance of about twenty-five scholars. The total number of scholars at all the public schools cannot be far from two hundred.”

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

At the opening of the year 1869, therefore, the old condition of many schools competing with one another for pupils, still exists. But the town by this time has become so large that mere physical necessity must soon

lead to some expansion of the public school. Let us now trace, as well as we can with our scanty materials, the course of its history to this point.

In September, 1849, the territorial legislature passed the first general school law providing for a system of common schools.⁷ This act was elaborated by the acts of January 31, 1853, and January 12, 1854.⁸ Under this revised school law education began in Eugene. The counties of the state were to be districted by the school superintendents,⁹ and a tax of two mills levied by the commissioners of each county for the support of the schools. Such tax was to be collected in the same manner as other taxes, and to be distributed among the districts (together with the proceeds of a prospective state fund) in proportion to the number of children between four and twenty-one years.

In 1854 or 1855 (the exact date cannot be determined because all of the early records, both of the school district and of the county superintendent are lost), Eugene was organized as School District No. 4, Lane County. The first school in the village was kept in a small frame house erected by Fielden McMurray upon his farm. The teacher was Miss Sarah Ann Moore.¹⁰ But this was purely private, the teacher being paid in tuition fees. From testimony of persons who were here at that period it is pretty certain that a school was held every year after that. Since the county commissioners levied the two mill tax

⁷Session Laws, Oregon Territory, session of 1850, pp. 66-76.

⁸These acts are summarized by Rev. Geo. H. Atkinson in *Early History of the Public School System of Oregon, with a General Outline of its Legal Aspects*; biennial report of Superintendent of Public Instruction, 1876, pp. 7-8.

⁹Rev. Robert Robe, now of Brownsville, Linn County, was the first superintendent, and districted the county. He thinks No. 4 was laid out in 1854 or 1855. (Letter from R. Robe.) Here signed on or before September 6, 1855. (Court records, 1852-1860, p. 138.)

¹⁰Interview with Milt. McMurray, a pupil of Miss Moore; and Mrs. Hampton, sister of Miss Sarah Ann Moore.

in 1855, and since a school was held in that year, it seems probable that the district was organized by that time.

In April, 1856, the county court passed an order transferring to the directors of the school district two lots (No. 2 and fractional No. 3), in block 21 of the townsite.¹¹ The conditions were that they pay to the county treasurer \$10, and erect a school building on the lots within two years.¹² The building was erected during that summer, and the deed executed September 9.¹³

The teacher who opened the school in the new building was Mr. J. H. Rogers. He was from Connecticut, and was apparently a type of the proverbial "Yankee school-master." As indicated above, the public school under Mr. Rogers opened about the same time as Columbia College. These two institutions were the types of two distinct, and in a sense, antagonistic educational ideas; their relative pretentiousness marks roughly the relative levels attained by the two ideas at that time. What changes time and the evolutionary process would bring about in this relation was a subject upon which no one at that time thought to speculate. To us, however, it is exactly these changes in the relative positions of the private and public schools as educational agents, which constitute the vital interest of the study. The former we have already traced briefly to the year 1869. As to the public school, Rogers was the teacher for a number of terms, possibly till 1869. He was followed by J. L. Gilbert who likewise remained several years.¹⁴

During this early time, and indeed till well into the seventies, the support of the school rested almost wholly

¹¹ Court records, 1852-1860, pp. 157, 158.

¹² Court records, 1852-1860, p. 165.

¹³ Deed book "A," 216.

¹⁴ Letter of Rufus G. Callison, January 22, 1901.

upon the county and the district.¹⁵ The state school fund appears to have contributed very little till 1874. We have no means of knowing how much the district received from the county fund before 1860, but in that year the sum was \$440.39.¹⁶ With the salary usually about \$75 per month, and the school year six months, this amount would nearly pay the teacher. Probably the rate bill was insignificant at this time.

Some evidence is available as to the character of these early schools. Rogers was a college man and is said to have taught Latin in addition to the common branches. Pupils came to him from the country about, making his school something of a rival to Columbia College. Mr. Gilbert is likewise remembered as a popular, capable schoolmaster, although lacking the scholarly training of his predecessor.¹⁷

From the year 1862 we are assisted in our researches by files of the various city newspapers.¹⁸ The first teacher whose name we meet with in their columns is Miss Elizabeth Boise. She closed a term of the district school January 28, 1862, and immediately opened a select school for the summer at the same place.¹⁹ This illustrates a general

¹⁵ Report Superintendent Public Instruction, 1874, p. 5: "Our State School Fund, commonly called, by a kind of pleasant fiction, the 'Irreducible School Fund,' has, until quite recently, contributed very little to the support of the public schools of this state."

¹⁶ Superintendent's orders on treasurer for 1860, county clerk's vault.

¹⁷ Letters of R. G. Callison; interviews with J. H. McClung and others.

¹⁸ The earliest of these files is a volume of *The State Republican*, complete, January 1, 1862,–April 11, 1863, owned by H. R. Kincaid. Next comes the *Oregon State Journal*, March, 1864, to date, complete files owned by Mr. Kincaid, the editor. Third, *The Eugene Guard*, November, 1868, to date. There are two divisions of these files; the earlier portion, from the initial number to the last number of 1875, is now in possession of the University of Oregon, being recently received as a gift from Mrs. George J. Buys, of Walla Walla, Washington. This portion is complete in five volumes. The latter files, January, 1876, to date, are in possession of the present publishers of the *Guard*, the Messrs. John and Ira Campbell. All of the above have been at the disposition of the writer, the two first-mentioned by the courtesy of Mr. Kincaid, the last by courtesy of the Messrs. Campbell.

Mr. Rogers, the schoolmaster, was the editor, I am told, of a paper called *The Pacific Herald*, published in Eugene in 1860, and perhaps for a year or two prior. A few numbers of this paper are believed to be in existence, but they have not yet been secured.

The "Anti-Vindex" articles, referred to in note above as having appeared in *The People's Press*, are preserved in the form of clippings by Mr. Kincaid.

¹⁹ *State Republican*, June 28, 1862.

custom. The public school was held about six months in the year. Usually there was a term in the spring and another in the fall. During the long intermissions the teacher in charge during the preceding term would be allowed to continue in the building with a private school.

The first notice of a school tax occurs in 1864. At the annual school meeting the directors were authorized "to procure and fit up a suitable building for school purposes of sufficient size to accommodate the children of the district, and were empowered to levy a tax to pay the expenses incident thereto."²⁰ The vote is suggestive of a wave of public sentiment in Eugene, but it seems not to have been carried into effect, for no action was taken on building until 1869.²¹

For the year 1865 we have the clerk's report.²² It shows that the district has one hundred and fifty-nine voters, one hundred and ten females and one hundred and twenty-four males over four and under twenty years of age, and that the school has an average attendance of eighty pupils.²³

For the fiscal year 1866-1867, District No. 4 received \$329.94 in coin, and \$238.84 in currency.²⁴

In 1867, apparently for the first time, we find two teachers employed. They are Mr. R. G. Callison and Miss Kincaid during one term, and Mr. Callison and Miss Emma Reese during the other.

At this time there seems to have been a decided interest in the public school. How far this was stimulated by the rival efforts of Professor Henderson's school, and how far by the rapid increase in population, it would be

²⁰*Journal*, April 9 and April 16.

²¹Letter of R. G. Callison, January 22, 1901.

²²*Journal*, February 18, 1865.

²³Letter of Callison.

²⁴Superintendent's book, boundaries of districts and accounts with district clerks, apparently begun in 1866. These are the earliest records found in the superintendent's office. The clerks' reports are available only from the year 1874.

difficult to say. The latter was probably the more potent cause.²⁵ However that may be, the school meeting of April, 1868, was a very exciting event. The attendance was large and the contest over the choice of director an exceedingly close and sharp one.²⁶ It is clear that a party was forming in the town which favored the development of the public school as a policy. From this time on we meet with suggestions that indicate strong dissatisfaction with the existing state of things. In the spring term of 1868 "the school was too well attended for the accommodation of so many scholars, or the remuneration of the teachers." "We believe," says the *Journal*, "that more pupils were put into that school during the last quarter than ever were in attendance there before." The school was taught by Miss Kate Andrew and Miss Leana Iles. The attendance during the first week was reported as ranging from one hundred to one hundred and twenty.²⁷

Before the election of 1869 the *Journal* said editorially: "Let all interested in having our schools conducted as they should be come out and elect such men as will carry out the wishes of those who feel an interest in the education of our youth."²⁸

The result of the meeting was highly significant. Mr. E. L. Bristow was chosen director. A vote prevailed in favor of levying a five-mill tax "for the purpose of repairing the present building and putting on an addition."²⁹ This time there was no delay. The directors immediately advertised for bids, and had the

²⁵Callison's letter. By the census of 1860 Eugene had a population of one thousand one hundred and eighty-three; in 1870 the number was one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two.

²⁶*Journal*, April 11, 1868.

²⁷*Journal*, May 9, 1868.

²⁸*Journal*, March 27, 1869.

²⁹It is almost certain that both wings were built at this time. Callison says: "Both wings of the house were built as late as 1868." This goes to show that the vote of 1861 had been disregarded. It would be interesting to know why. Henderson tried to revive Columbia College in 1864. Was the expectation that this institution or a similar one would take care of a part of the school children the deterring cause?

two wings put onto the building.³⁰ Here, then, was an opportunity to see what would come of the effort to provide more nearly adequate facilities for the school children of the district. During the winter term following, for the first time, the attendance "was so large as to make it necessary to have three teachers."³¹

We have now traced the school history of Eugene to a point where we are able to observe the drawing together of forces rendering inevitable the rapid development of the public school. The decade opening with 1870 and closing with the year 1878 is to witness the great transformation. For convenience we will subdivide this period as follows: (*a*) 1870-1872, a period of transition, during which the public school clearly became the most important school in the town; (*b*) 1872-1874, a period marked by intense educational agitation, owing to the struggle for the university; (*c*) 1874-1879, in which the Central schoolhouse was built, the school graded, and private schools rendered unnecessary.

THE PERIOD OF TRANSITION.

We have seen that Professor Henderson abandoned his school enterprise in 1869. This did not end the rivalry of private and public schools, but it marks the beginning of the end. Only one other venture of the kind deserves to be recorded, and the importance of this turns largely upon its relations with the public school.

In the fall of 1870 John C. Arnold, a graduate of Willamette University, and Robert Veatch, a graduate of the State Agricultural College, opened a private school in the Skinner Butte Academy. They met with fair success, having an honor roll of twenty-nine names

³⁰*Journal*, second number of April, 1869.

³¹*Journal*, February 26, 1870.

at the end of their first term, and forty-eight names at the end of the second term. But on the financial side they were not fully satisfied. Many of the pupils were poor and tuition fees were not rigidly collected.³² Accordingly, when the directors of the Eugene school offered Arnold \$100 per month as principal of the public school, he accepted;³³ his associate accepting a similar offer from the Cottage Grove school.

The significance of the translation of Arnold from the academy to the public school is very great. In the first place, the discontinuance of the academy shows that the public school had already become formidable. Secondly, Arnold was a man of marked ability as a teacher, and was possessed with a strong ambition to develop a good secondary school. Thirdly, he accepted the principalship on the condition that sufficient help be furnished to enable him to carry forward the work begun at the academy, with certain advanced classes.³⁴

Thus, upon the common school of Eugene was superimposed a high school department which greatly altered its character and won for it a respect accorded theretofore only to the best private academies. The good results of the new policy were soon manifest. At the close of the second term in December, the roll of honor, including only such as had been present the greater part of the time, and who received less than five demerits, contained thirty-eight names of pupils in the higher department.³⁵ This is a goodly beginning for a high school. At the close of the second term, March 22, 1872, there were

³²The directors' announcement is significant. The title of "principal," bestowed on Arnold, is, so far as I can learn, the first official use of that title. The school was graded under the primary, intermediate and higher departments. Tuition was fixed at \$3.00, \$5.00 and \$7.00 for these departments. Pupils outside the district were to pay from \$7.00 to \$10. Mr. Callison remained as assistant, and a third teacher was employed for the primary department.

³⁴Interview with R. M. Veatch; letter of Callison.

³⁵*Journal*, December 9, 1871.

thirty-six who had attended regularly throughout.³⁶ We will probably not be far wrong in assuming from these facts that fifty or sixty pupils were doing work which was mainly of high school grade. At all events the high school idea, stimulated by Arnold's connection with the public school, was at this time having a vigorous growth, and out of it, strangely enough, came the movement for the university.

The inception of this movement, connected as it is closely with the public school of the town on one hand, and with the general educational development of the state on the other, deserves to be recounted with some detail.

The public school, as we saw, closed March 22, 1872. The teachers, Messrs. Arnold and Martin, following the time-honored custom, at once advertised a private school for the spring term. In connection with this advertisement appears an article of great interest. The author, who is not one of the teachers, but whose words are clearly "inspired" in the political sense, makes the following points:³⁷

(a) This "Eugene Select School" was founded September 26, 1870, at the Skinner Butte Academy, with only seventeen pupils, and rapidly grew in numbers.

(b) For the want of a suitable building its progress had not been uniform, and the school had been kept under "varying phases."

(c) "Still the same classes have been continued all along," and a course in mathematics has been completed. Thus the effort to found a graded school in Eugene has been a success in spite of obstacles.

(d) He continues: "The people of Eugene must at this time see the importance of erecting a building suit-

³⁶*Journal*, March 22, 1872.

³⁷*Journal*, April 20, 1872.

able to the carrying on of a graded school and extending the facilities in such a manner that the people of Lane County may know that they have a perpetual school at their county seat, where they may arrange to send their pupils to a model school at home among relatives and friends at a much less expense than must follow their going off to attend boarding school to places of much less notoriety in everything else except the interests of education than Eugene.

“A high school will evidently soon spring up near this place, and the town first securing the building and educational interests will thereby secure incalculable advantages over any rival. The people must either build themselves a high school, or pay tribute to some sectarian denomination ; for a school is demanded and must be, in these parts, of such a nature that its pupils may take out their degrees of graduation with all the honors that attend such efforts in other places. Some interest already seems to be manifested in that direction by the citizens of this place, and history will warrant us in saying that, although \$40,000 may cause a railroad to veer from its course and come puffing through the town, nothing will improve it like a flourishing high school, with its doors thrown open equally to all.

“The first question asked by immigrants almost invariably is, ‘What are your facilities for schooling?’ ‘Well, we haven’t much now, but are going to make some after awhile.’ The interrogator understands that too well, so drives along with his family in search of other localities where he may be within reach of a good school.”

During the week closing August 17, 1872, the State Teachers’ Association held its annual meeting at Eugene. It was attended by a number of notable teachers and friends of education. Among them were Doctor Atkinson and Reverend Mr. Eliot, of Portland, Professor Camp-

bell, of the Christian College at Monmouth, Doctor Warren, of Albany, Professors Arnold and Martin, T. G. Hendricks, J. H. D. and E. P. Henderson, of Eugene.³⁸

Another visitor at the brick church during this meeting was Mr. B. F. Dorris, one of the directors of the district school, who was especially interested in the establishment of a high school. It seems that a few men, among whom was Mr. Dorris, were attracted by the Baker City plan of securing a high school. That town had gone before the legislature at the preceding session and gained the right to borrow \$10,000 of the school fund with which to erect their building.

The directors and teachers of the Eugene school had discussed the plan somewhat, and a meeting to further it was called immediately after the close of the Teachers' Association. At this meeting others were present, notably J. M. Thompson. In the course of the evening, Mr. Dorris remarked that he had heard Professor Campbell say the question of locating the State University would be settled at the approaching session of the legislature. This statement immediately brought Judge Thompson to his feet with the suggestion that Eugene enter the fight for the university instead of trying to borrow money to erect a high school.³⁹

From this point the interests of the leaders were absorbed in the university project. The story of that effort—the organization of the Union University Association, the successful work before the legislature, the struggle to raise the promised bonus, the triumphant opening of the institution in the fall of 1876—will be the subject of another chapter in the educational history of Oregon. Here we only wish to point out that the university movement grew out of a high-school agitation,

³⁸*Journal and Guard.*

³⁹Interview with B. F. Dorris.

and that this was the result of a deep-seated desire on the part of representative citizens to have a school of higher grade within their midst, both on account of its benefit to the town, and because they naturally preferred to educate their sons and daughters at home. It is noteworthy that several of the leaders in the university movement had, twelve years before, been students of Columbia College.⁴⁰ The people had not forgotten the advantage and the distinction of having a college in the town, and were therefore the more ready to gird themselves for the effort.

But in all this we must not forget that John C. Arnold had prepared the way by actually establishing a graded school and maintaining it, under great difficulties, for two years. His effort had been skillfully connected with the public school, and served to carry it forward in its development and in the favor of the people. The "higher" department of the public school was simply Arnold's Graded School, kept under more favorable circumstances. Let us now see what was actually taught in this first public high school of Eugene.

On the twenty-seventh, twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth of November, at the close of the fall term, a public examination of classes was held at the court house. In the programme, printed in the *Journal* of November 23, the following are enumerated as subjects in which classes are to be examined :

1. Rudiments of Arithmetic and Bookkeeping.
2. Geography.
3. Grammar.
4. Practical Arithmetic.
5. Sounds of Letters and Spelling.

⁴⁰Both Judge Thompson and Judge Walton, among the promoters of the university, were educated at Columbia College.

6. Reading.
7. Higher Algebra and Olmstead's Philosophy.
8. Practical Arithmetic, Fractions.
9. Elementary Grammar.
10. Practical Arithmetic, Interest.
11. Practical Grammar.
12. Mental Arithmetic.
13. Beginners in Practical Arithmetic.
14. Geometry.
15. Advanced Grammar.
16. Trigonometry and Calculus.

The emphasis placed on mathematics in the above course illustrates the special interest of Arnold, who was extremely fond of that subject and who taught it very successfully.⁴¹

THE ATTAINMENT OF EDUCATIONAL UNITY.

An important influence in developing the public school after 1872 was the new school law, requiring a tax of three mills for school purposes instead of two as theretofore. About this time, too, the state school fund began to afford appreciable aid.⁴² In 1869 the district received \$500.62; in 1870, \$451.41; in 1871, \$447.44; in 1872 the amount rose suddenly to \$711.36.⁴³

On the fourth of February, 1874, Mr. Callison, as clerk, made the report which constitutes the earliest official document we have in the original. At that time the school was under the charge of Mr. F. H. Grubbs, a graduate of Willamette University. He received \$100 per month, one of his lady assistants \$50, and the other

⁴¹ Interviews with R. M. Veatch, Mrs. C. S. Williams, Professor Condon, and others. Arnold severed his connection with the public school in 1873, and for a year conducted a private school in a building erected by him for that purpose. But the time for important private schools was past, and his success was not great. In 1874 he took charge of the Pendleton Academy, remaining there for a number of years. During Cleveland's last administration he was Surveyor-General of Oregon, and died in that office.

⁴² Report of Superintendent of Public Instruction 1874 and 1876.

⁴³ Superintendent's account book.

\$30. The number of different pupils enrolled during the year was two hundred and ten, and the average attendance one hundred and nine. There were three hundred and ninety-four persons of school age in the district.⁴⁴

The support of the school was as follows :

From the state apportionment.....	\$ 271 80
From the county apportionment.....	480 79
From rate bills and subscriptions.....	325 00
From unspecified sources.....	30 00

The schoolhouse was valued at \$2,000, and there was no library, maps, charts or apparatus. Two private schools were noted, one of academic grade, with two teachers (Arnold's school), and one of primary grade.⁴⁵

The schoolhouse "needs repairing, not sufficient room to accommodate more than one-third of the pupils of district."

"The most urgent needs are good houses, competent teachers and qualified officers."

At the annual school meeting in April, 1874, a "proposition to levy a tax to support a free school for at least six months in the year and to repair the schoolhouse, was defeated, ninety-eight voting against and only thirty-six for it." This is the first mention of a free school that we meet with. The time for it had not arrived. As to the other feature of the proposed measure it is probable that many opposed it because they were in favor of a wholly new schoolhouse.

From this time forward the question of a new building was the issue in the educational politics of the town. That it was becoming a serious question is indicated in

⁴⁴Clerk's reports 1874. Kindly placed at the writer's disposal by county superintendent W. M. Miller.

⁴⁵This was the school of Miss Ella C. Sabin. She had arrived in Eugene about November, 1873, with her father's family. Her school, held during the winter and spring, was very popular. The family returned to Wisconsin, but Miss Sabin went from Eugene to Portland, where she worked for many years, a portion of the time as city superintendent. In 1891 she returned to Wisconsin where she has won national fame as president of the Milwaukee-Downer College.

the clerk's report referred to.⁴⁶ Yet it could not be settled at once. Doubtless the severe strain of the university undertaking tended to postpone action upon it. At any rate it did not come up at the meeting of April, 1875, although a very definite plan of procedure had been published by Mr. Dorris in January.⁴⁷ This plan involved, (a) taxing the distring to complete one story of a building to cost about \$8,000; (b) employing seven teachers nine months in the year to instruct all the pupils in the district; (c) grading thoroughly. Mr. Callison, in the clerk's report for 1875, says: "We need a good, substantial house, capable of accommodating five hundred pupils, and a well graded school, at least nine months in the year." This statement may be regarded as the platform of the school party during the next three years, or until their policy was adopted.

At the annual meeting of April, 1876, the proposition was overwhelmingly defeated, the vote standing one hundred and one against to eleven in favor.⁴⁸ Nothing daunted, its friends prepared for a vigorous canvass before the next meeting. *The Guard* said editorially (March 31, 1877), "That we need a new schoolhouse, we do not suppose anyone will dispute. The crowded state of the school for the past two years, and the discomfort to which the teachers and scholars have been subjected, are the very best evidence of the fact." The resolution presented at the meeting was, as indicated above, to levy a tax to raise \$4,000 to build the frame and finish the first story of an \$8,000 building.

⁴⁶The old building consisted of a main room, 45x30 feet, erected in 1856; and two wings, each 30x16 feet, added on in 1869. Each of the three parts now forms a dwelling house.

⁴⁷*Journal*, January 9, 1875. He shows that it will pay in dollars and cents to adopt the policy of educating all of the children of the town in the public schools.

⁴⁸*Journal*, April 8, 1876. This vote cannot accurately represent the sentiment of the town. Possibly the school party were caught napping. The legal voting strength, by the school clerk's report for 1876, is two hundred and ninety-five. The one hundred and twelve votes cast, therefore, constitute less than one-half the total vote of the district.

It carried, but by a small margin.⁴⁹ The opposition succeeded in getting a special meeting called to reconsider the vote. This time the victory of the school party was decisive.⁵⁰

Work began at once. The building was erected, and in January, 1878, school opened in the Central School House, of which the citizens of Eugene were justly very proud.

Our survey is practically completed. With the erection of the new building and the adoption of the policy of educating all the children of the town in it,⁵¹ old things had passed. There was no longer any need for private schools in Eugene, and they abandoned the field. At last educational interests and educational effort were unified.

JOSEPH SCHAFER.

⁴⁹Interview with Judge J. J. Walton.

⁵⁰*Guard*, June 2, 9, 16, 23, 1877. It is interesting to note that the presence of the university in Eugene is used as an argument in favor of the building project. "We cannot go before the legislature with very good grace and ask for state aid for the university when we do not show enterprise enough to have a decent, respectable district schoolhouse."

⁵¹While the school was not yet wholly free, it was nearly so. In 1878 the directors asked the patrons to pay a rate of fifty cents per quarter for each pupil. The school was at once thoroughly graded, under the supervision of Prof. T. C. Bell. The attendance leaped at once to almost the full capacity of the new quarters.

THE AURORA COMMUNITY.

In finishing the investigation of the settlement of French Prairie, omission should not be made of the community established by Doctor Keil, at Aurora, which is situated near Pudding River, at a point intersected by the line of the Southern Pacific Railway, which was built after the town was started.

This was a somewhat remarkable movement, and brought to Oregon about five hundred settlers. The founder, Doctor Keil, was an unusual man. He was a native of Prussia, and was taken up even in the old country with certain communistic or socialistic ideas, and made the United States his field of operations. In a little book published in 1871 by Carl G. Koch, an Evangelical preacher, it is stated that he was born on March 6, 1811, at Erfurt, Prussia. He was a tailor by trade, and was a very well esteemed young man. He enjoyed the companionship of the best class of society, and ever bore himself creditably. That he was possessed of unusual talents, says Mr. Koch, was shown by his later career.

He established a movement that gained considerable headway among the Pennsylvania Germans and other German speaking citizens of the United States. In 1845 he brought together a considerable portion of the members of his society to test practically the working of his social scheme, and started the colony, or community, at Bethel, Missouri. Ten years later he decided to bring this colony to Oregon, and thus our state, and especially Marion County, became the beneficiary of an extensive social propaganda.

In the little book—in German—of about four hundred pages above alluded to, Doctor Keil was severely criticised by Carl Koch, who was originally a member of his society. But it would seem upon investigation that the most of the criticism was without foundation. For instance, it was stated by Mr. Koch that in about the year 1870, with a population of three hundred and twenty, the property of the Aurora Colony in Marion County was assessed at \$80,000, and in Clackamas County at \$40,000, and that this was considered as the private property of Doctor Keil. But that Doctor Keil considered himself simply a trustee was shown by the action of his family upon his death in 1877, when the entire property was distributed equitably among the members of the community.

Besides this book of Carl Koch, the Aurora community has been the subject of investigation by other writers, among whom was the popular author Charles Nordhoff, who composed the history of the communal associations of the United States, and visited Oregon in order to see the Aurora Colony; and also in the sociological work, "Principia," an intelligent account is given of Doctor Keil's community.

Some of the surviving members of the Aurora community have been visited, and their recollections have been secured. It is from the point of view of the settlement of our state that they have the most interest, though as sociological data, the value of the statistics is apparent.

AURORA COLONY.

Michael Rapps, a member of the Aurora Colony, who crossed the plains with Doctor Keil in 1855, was born in Bavaria, Germany, in the year 1829, crossed the water in 1839, and went thence to Saint Louis, and afterwards to Iowa. In 1844, a brother went to Shelbyville, Shelby

County, Missouri, and in 1845 Michael followed. At about this time, the followers of Dr. William Keil, a native of Prussia, but who had been preaching at various places in the United States, and had adherents in several states, such as Pennsylvania, Illinois, Iowa and Missouri, were collecting to form a community at Bethel near Shelbyville, and Rapps became a member of this organization. As he remembers, there were some five hundred, all told, finally collected at Bethel. Surrounded as they were by a fine prairie country, which was ready at the touch of the plow to produce abundant crops, and all being industrious and working to a common point, the community prospered greatly.

However, a movement to the farthest west began to be thought of, and in 1853 a number as pioneers of a larger party were sent forward by Doctor Keil to investigate the Pacific Coast. They came first into Washington by way of Olympia, and made their final location at Willapa, in Pacific County on Shoalwater Bay. The names of these as given by Mr. Rapps were Michael Schaefer, Adam Schuele, John and Hans Stauffer, Christ Giesy and Joseph Knight. These were well pleased with the region and made homes at Willapa Harbor as now called, and they were able to report favorably to Doctor Keil at Bethel, so that he was encouraged to come hither himself, with a considerable part of his Bethel community.

The general movement was consummated in 1855. There were four parties. One was a small train of six wagons that made the start about the first of April; another was a train of twenty wagons of the colonists, joined by two or three others not of the colony, that started some six weeks later; and the other two were small parties that came by water via Panama. Mr. Rapps belonged to the second wagon train of twenty-two

or twenty-three wagons. The start he says was made six weeks too late, and in order to get through in season hard driving became necessary, even traveling at night being required: This was exhaustive on both men and animals.

It was a year of great disturbance among the Indians, and upon arriving at Fort Laramie Doctor Keil, who was conducting the party in person, was urged by the United States Commandant to remain at that point over the season, as he feared the trip would not be completed in safety. This advice, anxiously given, was not, however, accepted by the doctor. He felt that by adopting a conciliatory policy he could easily make his way through the Indian country, and said that he would not now turn back or halt, as he had started with the purpose of going through. The event proved the correctness of the doctor's opinion. Though in constant dread, and with ceaseless vigilance being required, there was no serious trouble. On Ham's Fork of the Green River the first Indians were seen, the Platte Valley seeming to have been deserted entirely. Doctor Keil very wisely treated these first visitors courteously, and gave them a good meal of victuals. This was a part of his policy of getting through without trouble.

The next morning, however, it was reported by the guard that five of the cattle were missing. Rapps was at once detailed to institute a search, and with a small party began scouring the plains. Finally going somewhat farther than he had intended, out of a hollow seen in the clear mountain air with perfect distinctness, a band of mounted Indians were seen to emerge driving the lost animals. It was a great relief to find that these were not hostiles, but were the very ones that had been treated so well the night before, and they were bringing

back the lost stock ; neither did they demand any pay. So much for the success of Doctor Keil's method.

In the Snake River Valley there was encountered an immense host of the Snake Indians, who, with their ponies and parties, seemed to fill the valley and to number thousands. Indeed, they strongly reminded the immigrants of a vast herd of buffaloes that they had seen in the Platte Valley. Though, as Mr. Rapps expressed it, it made them feel "rather drowsy" to look at such a party of savages. There was no trouble. The doctor again brought out his store of Indian goods and distributed to the chiefs small presents of tobacco, sugar or bright colored cloths, and the women of the train had small articles of dress in readiness to give to the Indian women, and the scene became at length one of friendly entertainment.

On the John Day River (1855 being the year of the Indian outbreak in Oregon) they were met by the ranchers or rangers of the upper country hastening to The Dalles, and at Fifteen-Mile Creek they thought it necessary to keep watch all night, fearing that the Yakima Indians, who had been defeating Haller, would cross the Columbia and attack The Dalles ; but this alarm proved unfounded, and Portland and Willapa were reached at last without any realization of the threatened and justly feared dangers. The train of six wagons led by Peter Klein had also reached the same place without accident or loss, and the various families composing it were finding homes.

An incident related by Dr. Giesy as to the trial of Dr. Keil for inciting the Indians to disturbance—which was in fact farcical—was not witnessed by Mr. Rapps, as he was occupied otherwise at the time.

As to the number of men in this train he thinks that there were less than fifty in all, although probably somewhere near that number.

Willapa, however, did not prove desirable as a permanent place, and although a considerable number of the families found homes there, Dr. Keil determined to look elsewhere. It was too much isolated and communication by wagon roads with the rest of the world was impossible. After spending a part of a year at Portland, becoming acquainted with the country and the people, and in the meantime doing a good practice at his profession, in 1856 he, with about fourteen or fifteen of the young men, decided to make a beginning at some point in the Willamette Valley. A suitable place was found in the heavily wooded country east of French Prairie, and here a settlement was made. The place was given the attractive name of Aurora, in honor of the third daughter of Dr. Keil. For the sum of \$1,000 a tract of two quarter sections, upon which there was already a little improvement, was contracted for and a part of the purchase price was paid down. One of the main advantages was a millsite upon which a small sawmill had already been erected and there was also a little gristmill with one set of burrs. One of the quarter sections was known as the George White place, and the other that of George Smith. On the White place there was a primitive log cabin which had been built in 1849, and here for some time the little colony lived as one family, being about twenty-five in number.

The sawmill was a small affair built upon a little creek that coursed through the place, but it was operated and lumber was manufactured. The gristmill was also run. The building is still standing and is now used as a barn; the present Hurst mill having been built across

the little valley so as to adjoin the railroad track when this was laid. This mill was also built by the colony.

Besides the family of Dr. Keil, Mr. Rapps recalls the following as members of the first settlement: Henry Allen, George Rauch, David Fischer, Henry Barkholger, Henry Schneider and his son Charles, Daniel Snyder, Moses Miller, Jacob Engel, Herman Bonser, George Lingg, — Metzger.

Life during the first period of settlement here seems to have passed pleasantly, but very industriously. The sawmill and gristmill were operated and from the avails of the business the notes given for the place were paid. Mr. Rapps recalls quaintly some of the rules of work that were enforced; one of which was that every gang of four who worked together should cut down a tree before breakfast, unless there happened to be no meat on hand, in which case they should kill a deer.

Mr. Rapps has lived in the community ever since the first settlement, and now at the age of seventy-one is a hale, hearty man, of ruddy face and abundant snow-white hair. He measures five feet eleven inches in height, and weighs two hundred and one pounds, with a chest measurement of about forty-four inches. He has a comfortable little home, where he resides with his wife, Mary Schuele, to whom he was married in 1879.

JACOB MILLER.

Jacob Miller, who was a member of Doctor Keil's colony at Bethel, Missouri, was born in Ohio in 1837. His parents were from Pennsylvania, and on his mother's side the ancestry was from Hesse Darmstadt. He joined the Bethel colony at an early age in 1845, where he remained until manhood, but in 1863, having ob-

tained a United States permit—this being necessary, as his name was on the military enrollment—he made a trip to Oregon, driving an ox team.

Upon arriving in this state, he immediately became connected with the colony of Aurora, and remained until 1871, when he returned to Bethel, but came to Aurora again in 1882, where he has since remained. His recollections of Doctor Keil are very clear, and he holds the doctor's remembrance in the highest esteem and affection. He retains his teaching more exactly perhaps than any other member of the community.

Mr. Miller states that Doctor Keil was from Prussia and a man not highly educated, yet a good practicing physician, and of remarkable personal power, having a quality strongly bordering upon magnetism. His religion was entirely Christian, and was based upon the Bible, which he accepted in full. He also taught the relations of natural laws, and the natural results of moral action; deriving religious beliefs from life and nature, as well as from revelation, and thus led out finally to faith in God and the hope of immortality.

His preaching was delivered in German, though upon a few occasions he made speeches in English. The power and indeed the truthfulness of his preaching may be inferred, says Mr. Miller, from the fact that the most of his followers were well-to-do people when they first became interested in his doctrine, and in order to join his society were obliged to give to the community all their goods—a test of sincerity required by few modern preachers.

His social philosophy was communistic, but based, as he taught it, entirely upon the Bible and upon the practice of the disciples, of whom it is said, "They had all things common, neither were there any among them that lacked." In order to accomplish such a result, there

were established by Doctor Keil in the colony at Bethel all the necessary arrangements for furnishing supplies, such as sawmill, gristmill, shoe shop, tailor shop, wagon shop, blacksmith shop, distillery, woolen mills, etc. From the general store thus produced, each one was allowed to take whatever he needed. All that was over and above this amount and was left remaining on the hands of the colony, was sold, and the cash received was placed in the common treasury and used for the purchase of any supplies that were not manufactured on the place. The communistic principle did not, however, extend to family arrangements; each family had its own home and carried on its own work. An entirely different feeling, says Mr. Miller, was fostered under such a system than that developed by the system of individual property—each having a sense that he owned all, and yet that he had no power to withhold any needed article from another. Dr. Keil's object in the communal feature, he thinks, was religious—in order that each, with all natural wants secured by the community, "might live nearer God." Doctor Keil he remembers personally as a very pointed and cogent speaker, and not fearing or hesitating to chastise, and yet he was compassionate. Mr. Miller recalls with deep feeling the doctor's admonitions to himself.

In 1863, when Mr. Miller came to Aurora, the place was still very much in the woods, though the hotel was in course of erection. There were several farms a few miles distant that were cultivated in order to produce the wheat necessary for the colony; one of these was on French Prairie, one at Barlow's, one on the Tualatin River, one on the Clackamas, and another on Pudding River. Before 1871, when Mr. Miller left, a number of houses had been built, and the old church was erected; Mr. Miller himself, who was a cabinet maker and turner by trade, turned the massive columns of the portico.

Upon his return to Aurora in 1882, many new buildings had been erected, including the large flour mills, purchased later by W. L. Hurst; and the town was essentially as it stands today, being an evidence of very great industrial activity on the part of the colony. Between three and four hundred of the colonists from Bethel had come to Aurora. However, Doctor Keil had died (1877) and the communistic principle had been given up. As Jacob Miller says, "such an enterprise can succeed in but one of two ways: Either through a natural born leader, who is deeply impressed that he is serving God, or else by a military power. Doctor Keil was the former, and the people obeyed him as if he were a father. This was due both to the originality of his ideas, and to his strongly vital temperament." In person the doctor was very powerful, "heavy-set man," as Mr. Rapps says. He was above medium height, and weighed considerably over two hundred pounds, being in form and figure like almost all leaders of men, such as D. L. Moody and others. He had an upright bearing, a most open countenance, but with positive features, and even a bold and searching eye and direct gaze.

In all matters he was a leader. For instance, he was a republican in politics, and all the colonists voted republican. He also projected the work of the people, though leaving the details to the execution of a regular foreman. He himself preached regularly in the church, and was very much respected by the entire neighborhood, as well as revered in the colony. Indeed, Dr. Keil enjoyed a wide reputation in the state, and was a familiar acquaintance of our public men, being on good terms, among others, with the first railroad magnate of the state, Ben Holladay.

Mr. Miller recalls as an incident told of the trip across the plains that two white men were overtaken by

the doctor's train somewhere out on the more rugged part of the journey, so reduced that they were obliged to move their little baggage left in a small hand cart. These were taken in and brought upon their way, but upon reaching the army headquarters at The Dalles, they turned against their benefactor, making complaints that he had incited the Indians against the Americans. With characteristic boldness, the doctor, upon hearing this, demanded to meet them and have a trial. They were then unwilling to make their complaints, but he insisted, which not only illustrates Dr. Keil's character, but throws light also upon the way in which Indian troubles might be fomented. A trial was held before the military authority in which it was shown that their story was altogether a fabrication, with a hope, probably of a reward from the government, or else for services as scouts in the Indian country.

Upon the death of Dr. Keil, in 1877, no one in the colony was willing to take his place, and the property was divided. Although the doctor's heirs might legally have laid claim to it all, no such claim was preferred and the estate was divided to all of the community. At Bethel, Missouri, the same course had been followed, but the division there was made on the plan of allowing to each member a payment for special services or gifts to the colony, and the remainder was apportioned according to the number of years' residence with it.

Mr. Miller is apparently still in his full strength at the age of sixty-three. He is about six feet and one inch in height and finely proportioned, weighing about one hundred and ninety pounds. His face indicates much thoughtfulness and spirituality, though his life has been spent in manual labor. He has a home which is almost a model of convenience and neatness, where he resides with a sister.

JACOB GIESY.

Jacob Giesy, now living at Aurora, and keeping the old hotel, is a native of Pennsylvania, having been born at Pittsburg in 1827. In 1845, with his father's people, who had been persuaded by Doctor Keil's people, he went to the colony at Bethel, Missouri, and in 1855 came with the party by water by way of the Isthmus to Oregon, and joined the settlement on the Willapa. Among the members of this portion of the colony that came by the Panama route, he remembers Henry Finck, Jacob Findlay, Adolph Pflug and Peter Quintel.

Mr. Giesy thinks that about half the Bethel colony came first or last to the Pacific Coast, making about three hundred or four hundred that came, and about the same that remained. As to Doctor Keil's character Mr. Giesy says, "There were very few like him. He was straightforward and honest and did not seek riches or benefits for himself, but was always looking out for the people of the community to see that they had all they needed." As to the communal feature at Bethel or Aurora, Mr. Giesy says that the wants of the people were all easily and abundantly supplied, and he recalls with special approbation the fact that there were never lawsuits between the neighbors.

Mr. Giesy is still in good health, although somewhat bent with age, but his face indicates his still strong vitality and his sagacity. He is of medium height and rather slender build. He was married in 1852 to Caroline Fere, and they have one child, a daughter, Sarah, who was married in 1879 to Emmanuel Keil, a son of Doctor Keil.

DR. MARTIN GIESY.

Martin Giesy was a member of the Aurora Colony and was with the wagon train that crossed the plains in 1855, under the supervision of Doctor Keil. He was born at Allegheny, Pennsylvania, in 1835. In 1845 he removed with his father's family to Bethel, Missouri, and ten years later, as he entered his majority, came to Oregon.

The account given in the foregoing by Michael Rapps, as to the journey, he considers remarkably correct. He recalls the dangers threatened by the Indians, and Doctor Kiel's diplomatic management. As to the incident mentioned by Mr. Miller, of the men picked up on the way, he states that he recalls it perfectly, and was himself at the trial of Doctor Keil at The Dalles, being summoned as a witness. There were three men concerned, one of whom was an educated druggist. Only two, however, made the charges against the doctor, and the other very materially assisted by giving evidence in his favor. The only basis for the charge was proved to be trivial. On the road the Indians that visited the train westward of the Rocky Mountains were continually making the remark, "King George men good; Boston men no good." The young men about the train soon took up the phrase "King George tillicums close; Boston tillicums cultus," using it as a mere jest. It was easily shown that Doctor Keil did not teach this phrase to the Indians or endorse the sentiment, and after the trial—which was a genuine affair—the sympathy of the people of The Dalles was so much excited that it was with difficulty that the two men that were befriended on the road were allowed to remain in town. As to Doctor Keil's reasons for removing to the Pacific Coast, Doctor Giesy thinks it was entirely to find a

somewhat less extreme climate, and ague also was very prevalent at Bethel, as the prairies were first broken up ; although when the removal was made this disease had largely disappeared. There were nearly a thousand colonists at Bethel at the time of the removal, about half of whom at length found their way to Oregon.

The following, in addition to the ones named above, were members of the community that became settlers of Oregon :

Jacob Schwader, single; John Schwader, single; Gott-leib Schwader, single ; — Berringer, married, wife and one child ; August Keil, married, wife ; Charles Keil, Jr., married, wife and two children ; Charles Keil, Sr., single ; Charles Beckee, Jr., wife and four children ; Charles Beckee, Sr., wife and five children ; Henry Beckee, wife and two children ; Fred Keil, wife and six children ; Henry Snyder, wife and four sons ; Charles Snyder, wife and two daughters, four sons ; Michael Rapps, wife ; Israel Snyder, single ; Joseph Miller, wife and five daughters, one son ; J. W. Ehlan, wife and five children ; Adam Schuele, from Bethel Missouri, arrived in September, 1856, coming via Panama. He also had two brothers, David and George ; David having a family of three children ; Adam had three daughters ; Theresa (Sohms), five children ; Catherine (Eberhard), six children ; Louisa (Miller), four children ; Joseph Knight arrived in '52 ; settled afterwards at Canby.

Christoff Wolff was a teacher of "Old World" training and ability in music and languages. Under his instructions the Aurora band attained great skill and wide reputation ; being frequently invited to attend at public gatherings, or accompany excursions, Ben. Holladay often being their patron. Indeed music was highly cultivated at Aurora. Henry Snyder, Jr., six children.

As to Doctor Keil's abilities as a physician, Doctor

Giesy says that, although self-educated, he was a successful practitioner, and outside of the colony, as well as within, he had a considerable practice, and also at Portland, where he remained about a year after coming to Oregon.

As to the permanency of a community such as Doctor Keil established, Doctor Giesy expresses a negative opinion: "It will last about one generation if the leader is a capable man. Doctor Keil's movement began in 1842, and lasted until about 1877. The men composing it were honest, whole-souled people; but with the next generation questions arise that the first cannot settle." Doctor Giesy, is a practicing physician at Aurora, and owns a drugstore and building which was put up in 1869 by the colony. He paid for this, not taking any share of the colony's goods.

As to his own course of life, Doctor Giesy first took a claim of one hundred and sixty acres under the donation act then in force, at Willapa, but soon went to Portland and Aurora. In completing his settlement he was again at Willapa, and desiring to follow a professional life, procured medical books and studied alone, practicing in the meantime in a neighborly fashion for some of the people of the place. In 1868 he attended medical lectures at Salem under Doctor Wythe, since very famous as a microscopist and bacteriologist. After receiving his diploma, began practicing at Aurora, independently of the community, so far as professional services were concerned. He has remained here since in active employment with a drugstore as an auxiliary.

Doctor Giesy is a man of medium size, rather slender build, dark complexion and eyes, and beard and hair, now somewhat touched with gray. He has suffered somewhat in health from the rigors of a country practice and exposure day and night to the rainy weather—

though still in full vigor. He was married in 1870 to Miss Martha, a sister of Jacob Miller, and has three boys and one girl.

CHRISTIAN GIESY.

A brother of Jacob and Martin Giesy was Christian Giesy, who was in the first party that crossed the plains in 1853, and occupied a claim on Willapa Harbor, taking, with his wife, a half section of land. He met a premature death in 1857, being drowned in Shoal-water Bay. He had a family of wife and three children, of whom Dr. A. J. Giesy was one. Doctor Giesy was educated with Dr. Martin Giesy, studying in his office and drugstore for eleven years, after which he attended the Salem University, and practiced at Aurora, but perfected his education at Jefferson College, Philadelphia. Returning to Oregon, he was employed for some time in the Insane Asylum at Salem, but has finally made Portland his field, where he has attained a great reputation as one of the leading practitioners of the Pacific Coast. He is married and has one child.

Doctor Keil had a family of five sons and four daughters, as follows :

William, August, Elias, Fred, Emanuel; and Glorianda, Aurora, Louisa, and Emily. Of these but two are living, August, who is at Bethel, in Missouri, and Emanuel, at Aurora. Emanuel was married in 1879 to the daughter of Jacob Giesy. The wife of Doctor Keil was Louisa Rieter, and they were married in Prussia.

AURORA, OREGON, }
March 16, 1901. }

To Prof. F. G. Young, University of Oregon :

Having examined the manuscript prepared by Mr. H. S. Lyman, in regard to the Aurora Colony, founded by my father, Dr. William Keil, I find it correct, so far as my information extends.

EMANUEL KEIL.

THE QUARTERLY

OF THE

OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

THE FORMATION AND ADMINISTRATION OF THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF OREGON.

An address given by Hon. H. W. Scott, President of the Oregon Historical Society, at the unveiling of the Champoege monument, May 2, 1901.*

We are here to-day to commemorate an event that took place on this spot eight and fifty years ago. That event was the birth of the first American commonwealth, the organization of the first American government on the Pacific Coast of the United States of America.

Oregon in those days was much more distant from our Atlantic States in time, and far more difficult to be reached, than America was from Europe when the settlement of the American continent began. The migration

*The Board of Directors of the Oregon Historical Society, in pursuance of the object of the society to identify and mark historical sites, had, through its committee, Hon. T. T. Geer, Governor of the state, and Assistant Secretary George H. Himes, identified the spot where the vote for organization was taken on May 2, 1843. The Hon. F. X. Matthieu, the only surviving participant in the formation of the Provisional Government, was their main, if not sole, reliance in accomplishing this. Governor Geer then recommended to the next Legislative Assembly of Oregon that it appropriate a modest sum for a monument to mark the spot. The legislature acted in accordance with his recommendation. The monument was unveiled on an anniversary of the event it commemorates in the presence of a large and representative assemblage of citizens of Oregon.

across the continent of America was, indeed, the most extraordinary of migratory movements since the date of authentic history. From the Atlantic seaboard to the Mississippi River it was a movement by comparatively short and easy stages ; from the Mississippi westward it was a single leap. The slender column pushed its way over plains and mountains, through hostile native tribes and arid wilderness—the first parties requiring more than a year for the journey ; the later ones, as the routes become better known, not less than six months. Quite as long, though with less danger, fatigue, and privation, was the voyage by sea around the continent to these western shores of America. Nearer to us than Jamestown and Plymouth is the heroic age.

But I am not to speak to-day of the discovery, exploration, migration, and settlement. It is the Provisional Government, created upon this spot, May 2, 1843, that is our theme to-day. At the outset I shall quote a remark made by an eminent citizen of honored memory. Judge William Strong, who, in an address before the Pioneer Society of Oregon in 1879, said : “Oregon owes by far the most of its prosperity and rapid progress to the early formation of the Provisional Government, the wise laws which were enacted, and the inflexible justice with which they were administered.”

In pioneer days in Oregon, as elsewhere in America, the beginning of settlement was followed almost immediately by organization of government. The instinct of the race to which we belong to establish civil institutions and to organize government under regular forms of law was manifest here before there were so many as one hundred persons of American nativity in the whole country west of the Rocky Mountains. Joint occupation of the country by British subjects, and by people from the United States, each party hoping to hold the great Pacific North-

west for its own country, hastened action while the inhabitants were yet very few. Such, however, was the vigor and activity of the Americans that, though they were at first inferior in numbers, they soon gained the ascendant, and, rapidly reinforced during the years that followed, they had fully established civil government in Oregon long before the question of national jurisdiction was finally settled between the United States and Great Britain.

This first effort to establish a government here was rooted largely in this international competition. From the first the people of Oregon had been separated into two great divisions—those owing allegiance to Great Britain and those owing allegiance to the United States. How this came about is the one long story of our early history. There is no time to deal with it here. I merely speak of it as the fundamental fact in the early history of Oregon. So closely divided were the parties that it was difficult at any time after 1840 to say which had the numerical superiority. From the transfer of Astoria in 1813 down to the arrival of the American missionaries and first permanent American settlers—down, indeed, to the year 1840—the English influence was decidedly in the ascendant. Preponderance of the Americans was slowly gained.

The very first movement of the American settlers was a petition to congress, in the year 1840. That petition asked for the protection of the United States, and prayed that “congress would establish, as soon as may be, a territorial government in the Oregon Territory.” It contained an allusion to the conflict with British interests here, as a reason why the United States should take speedy action.

As American influence increased, our pioneers became constantly more active and urgent for the formation of a

government. Most of the subjects of Great Britain naturally held aloof from a movement in which American influence was likely to be paramount. We had three classes of Americans in the Oregon country: First, American trappers or mountain men, who were hostile to the Hudson's Bay Company and strongly attached to the United States; second, the American missionaries, who were ardently attached to the institutions of their own country, which are bound up with religious freedom; third, American settlers, who had come to make homes and to cultivate the soil. But the whole American population in 1842 was no more than one hundred and thirty-seven, of whom thirty-four were white women and thirty-two were white children. A considerable number of the American settlers and mountain men had native wives.

On the seventh of February, 1841, a meeting of some of the inhabitants was held at Champoeg, then the center or seat of the principal settlement, "for the purpose of consulting upon the steps necessary to be taken for the formation of laws, and the election of officers to execute them." The call was cautiously worded, so as to avoid the troublesome question of national sovereignty; for the Americans, who were making this initiatory movement, thought it prudent not to go too fast, realizing that the population of the country, though divided in their allegiance, yet had to live together. Rev. Jason Lee, of the Methodist mission, presided over this meeting. The Methodists were the leaders in missionary enterprise in Oregon. They had established the Willamette mission, under direction of Rev. Jason Lee, in 1834. In 1835, Samuel Parker, a Presbyterian missionary, came for the purpose of making examination of the field and selecting stations for missionary labor. Next year he returned by sea to New York. Whitman, with a small party, followed

in 1836. Roman Catholic missionaries began their work in Oregon in 1838-39. From year to year there were additions to the various missions, and small parties of independent settlers were coming in. There was also in the country a considerable body of the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company, some still in active service under the company's direction, others who had left its service voluntarily or had been discharged. These were mostly French-Canadians, who had taken Indian wives and settled down in the country. Thus there were two sentiments—one American, the other British; and as the influence of the Hudson's Bay Company was well established before the Americans came, the latter were looked upon very much as intruders—though in fact Great Britain had never made a serious or definite claim to that part of Oregon lying south of the Columbia River.

At this first meeting nothing was done beyond advising the selection of a committee for the purpose of drafting a code of laws for the government of the country. But an event soon occurred that hastened action.

This was the death of Ewing Young. He was a native of Tennessee; he had visited California as early as 1828, and in 1834 he came to Oregon, in company with Hall J. Kelley, who had long been known as an enthusiast in all that related to Oregon. Kelley was a citizen of Massachusetts. For years he had been indefatigable in his efforts to awaken interest in Oregon and to induce congress to take action for encouragement and promotion of settlement here. Finally he decided to visit Oregon himself, and see with his own eyes the land about which he had written and spoken so much. He came by a circuitous route through Mexico and California, and in California he fell in with Ewing Young, whom he induced to come with him to Oregon. With a party of about sixteen persons picked up about Monterey and San Jose, they set

out for Oregon in the summer of 1834. Kelley soon returned by sea to Boston, but Young remained, and from that time until his death, in February, 1841, his name has a conspicuous place in the pioneer life of Oregon. He left considerable property, to which there were no legal claimants or known heirs; and as there was no probate court, the administration of the property became a perplexing question. Most of the American settlers were present at the funeral, and after the burial service the discussion turned upon the necessity of civil government, "a new reason for which," says Thornton in his monograph, written for the Pioneer Society of Oregon, "was seen by all in the condition in which the estate of the deceased had been left." So a meeting was organized on the spot. Rev. Jason Lee was again chosen chairman, and Rev. Gustavus Hines was made secretary. To the committee of arrangements named at the previous meeting the name of George W. Le Breton was added; a committee of seven was likewise recommended, whose business it should be to draft a constitution and a code of laws for the settlements south of the Columbia River, and the meeting proceeded to instruct the committee to recommend the following officers, viz.: A governor; a supreme judge, with probate powers; three justices of the peace; three constables; three road commissioners; an attorney-general; a clerk of the courts; a recorder; a treasurer, and two overseers of the poor.

The committee to form a constitution and to draft a code of laws was composed of the following persons, viz.: Rev. F. N. Blanchet, Rev. Jason Lee, Rev. Gustavus Hines, David Donpierre, M. Charlevon, Robert Moore, J. L. Parrish, Etienne Lucier, and William Johnson. It will be seen from these names that there was an attempt at co-operation among the different elements of population then in Oregon. Roman Catholic and Protestant

missionaries, subjects of Great Britain and citizens of the United States, were associated on the committee, which was advised by the assembly to report a set of officials on a system suited to the wants of the community. Following these proceedings Dr. Ira L. Babcock was appointed supreme judge with probate powers; George Le Breton was named as clerk of courts and public recorder; William Johnson was appointed high sheriff, and William McCarty, Xavier Ladevant, and Pierre Bilique were chosen constables. It was resolved that "until a code of laws be adopted by this community, Doctor Babcock be instructed to act according to the laws of the State of New York." On the eighteenth day of February the meeting was adjourned "to meet on the first Tuesday of June at the new building near the Catholic Church." At this second meeting it was reported that no proceedings had been taken meantime by the committee appointed to draft a constitution and code of laws, and adjournment was taken "to the American Mission House, on the first Tuesday in October, 1841."

This was the end of the first effort. Neither committee nor assembly met again. As might have been expected, political and ecclesiastical jealousies began to arise. Was the American or British element to have ascendancy? Was the Protestant missionary or the Catholic missionary to have the larger influence in the government? And, finally, there was the nonchurch element strongly individualized, which wanted to limit the ecclesiastics of all names to their own proper functions. So there could be no organization till more Americans should arrive.

During the next two years the project of local government remained quiet; but the number of Americans was increasing. To the one hundred and thirty-seven Americans in the country at the beginning of 1842, there were

added by immigration that year one hundred and twelve persons, including forty-two families. There were also considerable reinforcements to the British-Canadian colony from the Red River of the North.

Early in the year 1843 the project of a Provisional Government was started again. This second attempt also was taken partly under cover of a utilitarian scheme. Beasts of prey—bears, panthers, and wolves—were very numerous, and the settlers suffered great loss through depredations upon their flocks and herds. A preliminary meeting was held at the Oregon Institute (Methodist mission) February 2, 1843, at which it was moved that a general meeting be called on the first Monday of March at the house of Joseph Gervais, a Hudson's Bay pioneer, whose name is perpetuated in the town of Gervais, Marion County. At this meeting, held at the appointed time, measures were taken for concert in destruction of noxious animals; and following this a committee of twelve was appointed to "consider measures for the civil and military protection of this colony." This committee consisted of Doctor Babcock, Doctor White, Messrs. O'Neil, Shortess, Newell, Lucier, Gervais, Hubbard, McRoy, Gay, Smith, and Gray. The names sufficiently show the predominance of men of United States nativity.

But the question whether the new organization was to be based on acknowledged allegiance to the United States or not, instantly came uppermost. An address of "the Canadian citizens of Oregon" was presented to the meeting, in which it was urged that "laws and regulations for welfare of our persons and for security of our property and labors" be enacted, but objection was made to organization of a military force, on the ground that it was "useless at present" and "rather a danger of bad suspicion to the Indians;" and, finally, that "we consider the country free to all nations, opening to every indi-

vidual wishing to settle, without any distinction of origin, and without asking him anything, either to become an English, Spanish, or American citizen." This was signed by men proclaiming themselves "English subjects," numbering about fifty. It was "laid aside for the present," as the business of the meeting was understood to have been completed by the appointment of the committee of twelve, which was to develop a plan of organization.

This committee was to report at a general meeting, called to assemble at Champoeg, May 2, 1843. On the appointed day about an equal number of American citizens and British subjects came together in mass meeting, and it was announced that the report of the committee of twelve was ready. Doctor Babcock took the chair and the report of the committee was read. From the composition of the committee it was not doubted that it would report in favor of political organization, to continue in force until the United States should establish a territorial government. Such the report proved to be. The subjects of Great Britain could not be expected to participate and acquiesce, for such action on their part would have amounted to renunciation of their allegiance to Great Britain and consent to the American claim of sovereignty. So when the motion was put that the report be adopted there was a division on national lines; and so close was it that the chairman was unable to decide which party had the majority. Then Joseph L. Meek, one of our sturdy pioneers, a native of Virginia, who had come West in the spirit of boyish adventure, and had passed many years on the plains and among the mountains, sprang to his feet and called for a division. Appealing to the Americans, he exclaimed, in his impetuous way, "Who's for a divide? All for the report of the committee and an organization, follow me!" The effect was electrical. The men on either side fell into their places

to be counted. The ayes were fifty-two, the noes fifty. Another account says the ayes were fifty-five; but it is probable that in the larger number some absentees, or persons who were expected but were not present, were included. Upon the announcement of the vote the opponents of the organization mounted their horses and rode away, leaving the field to the Americans. It was a victory to which missionaries, mountaineers, and independent settlers had contributed; it was a victory of the American spirit, asserted by a courageous few, at this remotest outpost of the American republic. Honor to the spirit and courage of Joseph L. Meek; honor to the leadership and memory of one who, though wholly without conventional culture, and lacking even in the elementary parts of school education, proved himself the man for the place and time.

No list was made at the time of the names of those whose votes that day carried the motion to establish a government in Oregon—the first government on the Pacific Slope within the domain of the United States. Diligent effort has been made to recover the names, and the effort has been almost wholly successful; but the list now obtainable depends on the memory of witnesses who were present, but one of whom survives to this day. This is F. X. Matthieu, who has lived continuously in this vicinity ever since the day of that meeting. Another, John L. Morrison, who came to Oregon in 1842, who built the first house on Morrison Street, in Portland, and for whom the street was named, was, till recently, living upon one of the islands in the northern part of Puget Sound. One of the most active, earnest and forceful of the men who helped to carry the day, May 2, 1843, was William H. Gray, who came with Whitman in 1836. He is one distinctly to be named among the fathers of Oregon. It is

through the venerable Mr. Matthieu that the spot is identified where the meeting was held, and where the monument is placed which we dedicate this day.

The Americans now proceeded rapidly with their work of organization. A matter of the first importance was the formation of a legislative committee, whose duty it was to report a form of organic law for the new commonwealth. The committee was constituted of these names, to wit: A. E. Wilson, G. W. Le Breton, J. L. Meek, W. H. Willson, D. Hill, Robert Shortess, Robert Newell, Alanson Beers, T. J. Hubbard, W. H. Gray, J. O'Neil, Robert Moore, and William Dougherty. After deliberation of several days and election of A. E. Wilson to the office of Supreme Judge, G. W. Le Breton, Clerk of the court, J. L. Meek, Sheriff, and W. H. Willson, Treasurer, the meeting adjourned to the fifth of July, by which time the legislative committee was to be ready with the organic law.

No instructions seem to have been given to this committee as to where it was to meet for its work, but records show that it had its sittings at Willamette Falls, in a building tendered by the Methodist mission for the purpose. The building was devoted to a variety of uses. It has long since disappeared. It is described as a building one and a half stories high, sixteen feet wide, and thirty feet long, the upper portion being used as a storage and sleeping apartment, while the lower part was so divided as to make one square room for a schoolhouse and place of worship, and the other was used for storing wheat. The committee continued its sittings until the twelfth day of May, and then adjourned, to meet the last Thursday in June. At this last meeting the final touches were given to its work.

Upon the appointed day, July 5, 1843, the convention reassembled on this spot. Some description of this first

State House of Oregon may be interesting. From the accounts I have been able to gather it was built with posts sunk into the ground, two and two together, with spaces between them, which were filled in with split timber. Such were the walls, which were held together by horizontal poles laid across the top; and the whole structure was surmounted by rafters made of fir poles, covered by a roof of cedar bark. That edifice, needless to say, has not remained to this day.

The civil officers elected in May were sworn in upon an oath of office drafted by a special committee consisting of Chairman Babcock and Rev. Jason Lee, Harvey Clark, and David Leslie. Then the report of the legislative committee was submitted. It was somewhat elaborate. We can not follow its details here, but will quote its preamble, as a passage of special interest, to wit: "We, the people of Oregon Territory, for the purposes of mutual protection and to secure peace and prosperity among ourselves, agree to adopt the following laws and regulations, until such time as the United States of America extend their jurisdiction over us." The dispute as to sovereignty with Great Britain was not yet settled; but here was avowal of a purpose to hold the country for the United States. The report of the committee proceeded to divide the territory into four districts. The first called Tuality district, "comprising all the territory south of the boundary line of the United States, west of the Willamette or Multnomah River, north of the Yamhill River, and east of the Pacific Ocean." The second was the Yamhill district, "embracing all the country west of the Willamette or Multnomah River, and a supposed line running north and south from said river south of the Yamhill River, to the boundary line of the United States and California." The fourth district was called the Champoege district, bounded on the

north by a supposed line drawn from the mouth of the Anchiyoke (Pudding) River, running due east to the Rocky Mountains, west by the Multnomah River, and south by the boundary line of the United States and California. The third district, "to be called the Clackamas district," comprehended all the territory not included in the other districts.

In this quaint manner was a region of almost continental proportions, yet containing only a few hundred inhabitants—they wholly in the Willamette Valley—divided into representative districts. The southern line was the 42d degree of latitude, known as the line of boundary between California, then belonging to Mexico, and Oregon. Our claim extended to "fifty-four forty;" the British claim to the country north of the Columbia River was strongly asserted, and Englishmen made a kind of claim, indefinite and nebulous, to the territory south of the river. No citizen of the United States had yet settled in the country north of the Columbia. Within the present limits of Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho there were some American missionaries, but they were not so situated as to be able to participate in this political movement. It was not till two years later that the first American settlers entered the territory north of the Columbia and west of the Cascade Mountains. Persons who came over the plains in 1844 were the first Americans who settled in the Puget Sound country. They were led by Michael T. Simmons, who settled at the head of Budd's Inlet in October, 1845. It was his party that opened the first trail from the Columbia River to Puget Sound.

Under the constitution reported by the committee the legislative power was to be vested in nine persons to be chosen by the qualified electors; each district to have representation in proportion to its population, excluding

Indians. No discrimination as to suffrage was made against persons not citizens of the United States, but "every free male descendant of a white man of the age of twenty-one years and upward, an inhabitant of this territory at the time of its organization," was declared a qualified elector. Elections were to be held annually. The executive power was to be vested in "a committee of three persons, elected by the qualified voters at the annual election." The judicial power was to be vested in "a supreme court, consisting of a supreme judge and two justices of the peace; a probate court and two justices of the peace." Proceedings in general were to follow the laws of the Territory of Iowa. This simple outline of the provisions of the constitution of the Provisional Government will suffice, in a sketch like the present one, which can be but an outline. In the official record it is written that this ordinance, the organic law of the nascent commonwealth, was "approved by the people July 5, 1843." The convention proceeded to elect David Hill, Alanson Beers, and Joseph Gale an executive committee, and it confirmed the previous appointment of A. E. Wilson as Supreme Judge, of George W. Le Breton as Clerk and Recorder, of Joseph L. Meek as Sheriff, and of W. H. Willson as Treasurer. It appointed as legislative committee Robert Shortess, David Hill, Robert Newell, Alanson Beers, Thomas J. Hubbard, William H. Gray, James O'Neil, Robert Moore, and William Dougherty, and then adjourned. The Provisional Government had been completed and set in operation. The number of Americans in Oregon was still much less than that of the subjects of Great Britain. Many of the latter were, however, within the limits of the present State of Washington, while nearly all the former were within the present limits of the State of Oregon. But a powerful reinforcement of the Americans was on the way and soon to arrive. That was the

great immigration of 1843, which reached the Willamette Valley in the autumn of that year. It numbered about nine hundred persons, among whom were many men of strong character and conspicuous ability, afterwards famous in our affairs; as James W. Nesmith, Jesse Applegate, Matthew Gilmore, M. M. McCarver, John G. Baker, Absalom J. Hembree, Daniel Waldo, William T. Newby, Henry A. G. Lee, John and Daniel Holman, Thomas G. Naylor, John B. Jackson, the first American settler in the country between the Columbia River and Puget Sound, Peter H. Burnett, who went from Oregon to California and became the first Governor of that state after its admission to the American Union; and many more. With so great a reinforcement of American citizens, maintenance of the supremacy of the United States was no longer doubtful. Not yet for three years was the northern boundary to be settled; but it was certain that a territory which contained so many American citizens would never be ceded away.

A difficulty with the Indians on the Clackamas in the fall of 1843 led to the death of George W. Le Breton, clerk and recorder, a very useful young man who had come to the country by sea with Capt. John H. Couch. The alarm led to the formation of a company of "Oregon Rangers," numbering twenty-five men, with Thomas D. Keizer as captain. Happily the new commonwealth had as yet no need to use a military force, and this first company was not called into service.

The first general election was held May 14, 1844. It resulted in the election of Peter G. Stewart, Osborn Russell, and W. J. Bailey as Executive Committee; John E. Long, Territorial Recorder; Philip Foster, Territorial Treasurer; Joseph L. Meek, Territorial Sheriff; Ira L. Babcock, Supreme Judge. Peter H. Burnett, David Hill, M. M. McCarver, M. Gilmore, A. L. Lovejoy, Daniel

Waldo, T. D. Keizer, and Robert Newell were elected to the legislature. Several of the new officials were of the immigration of the preceding year. The legislative body met at Oregon City June 18, 1844, and elected M. M. McCarver, Speaker. John E. Long, by virtue of his office as Territorial Recorder, was Clerk. The executive committee submitted a message, which was a cautious document, and dealt chiefly in generalities. Few recommendations were made, for the young government was as yet feeling its way. The legislature was, however, gently requested to "take into consideration the propriety of laying a light tax for the support of the government." The legislature sat ten days and adjourned until December 16. What lay chiefly on the public mind of those times may be judged from the nature of the two principal laws that were enacted—one of them to prohibit the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors, the other to prohibit the introduction of slaves and the advent and residence of free negroes in Oregon. Another session of the legislature was held in December, lasting eight days.

Each and every year now added considerable numbers, by immigration, to the strength of the American settlement. The organic law was amended in several important particulars, one of which was a provision for retirement of the executive committee and the election of a Governor. The election was held June 3, 1845. The total vote cast was five hundred and four, and George Abernethy was elected by a plurality of ninety-eight. John E. Long was elected Secretary of the Territory, and Philip Foster, Treasurer. Here was the first appearance in public of James W. Nesmith. He was elected judge at the age of twenty-three.

Members of the legislative committee chosen at this election were: H. A. G. Lee, W. H. Gray, and Hiram Straight, from the Clackamas district; Robert M. New-

ell, J. M. Garrison, M. G. Foisy, and Barton Lee, from the Champoege district ; Jesse Applegate and Abijah Hendricks, from the Yamhill district ; M. M. McCarver, J. W. Smith and David Hill, from the Tuality district ; and John McClure, from Clatsop. This assembly met June 24, 1845, at Oregon City, hitherto known as Willamette Falls. A special committee, consisting of Lee, Newell, Smith, Applegate, and McClure, was appointed, charged with the duty of preparing an organic law. This committee, within a few days, made a report ; on the second of July, 1845, the assembly adopted it, and three days later passed an act to submit it to the people, to be voted on by the people July 26. The assembly then adjourned to August 5. When it met on that day it was ascertained that a majority of two hundred and three votes had been given for the organic law. Of the legislation of the session I can give no account here. It consisted of acts deemed suitable for conditions existing in an infant or pioneer community ; one of which was an act that made wheat lawful tender in payment of taxes and judgments, as well as for payment of all debts where no special contract had been made to the contrary ; and stations were designated where wheat might be delivered in payment of public dues. This assembly adjourned August 20, 1845. No provision had been made for a new election at this time, and the old members met again at Oregon City, December 2, 1845—that being the day designated for the first annual session under the new organic law. Robert Newell was elected Speaker ; J. E. Long, Chief Clerk, and Theophilus Magruder, Sergeant-at-Arms. This session lasted till the nineteenth of December, 1845.

Under the provisional constitution now in force the legislative power was to be vested in a house of not less

than thirteen, nor more than sixty-one members, whose number might not be increased more than five at any one session. In 1846, for the second regular session of the assembly, thirteen were elected, namely, Angus McDonald, A. Chamberlain, Robert Newell, and Jesse Looney, of Champoege; Hiram Straight, A. L. Lovejoy, and W. G. T'Vault, of Clackamas; George Somers, of Clatsop; W. F. Tolmie, of Lewis; J. E. Williams and John D. Boone, of Polk; Joseph L. Meek, D. H. Lownsdale, and Lawrence Hall, of Tuality; Henry N. Peers, of Vancouver, and Thomas Jefferys and Absalom J. Hembree, of Yamhill.

It will be observed that we have now reached the time when the American settlers within the territory comprised in the present State of Washington began to participate in the Provisional Government. A short statement on this part of the subject will be in place here.

To the four districts defined and named in the first organization, the districts of Clatsop and Polk, lying within the limits of the present State of Oregon, and that of Vancouver, within the limits of the present State of Washington, had been added. The Vancouver district was created in 1845. By the act of the assembly the word "county" was now substituted for "district" throughout. Hitherto, there had been no organization north of the Columbia River, except as the districts of Tuality and Clackamas were supposed to extend northward to the boundary line, which the Oregon Legislature had declared was at the parallel of "fifty-four forty." The district of Vancouver, when created, embraced the whole American territory north of the Columbia River and west of the Cascade Mountains. The legislature appointed these officers, to wit: James Douglas, M. T. Simmons, and Charles Forest, justices, and John R. Jackson, sher-

iff. On the ninth of December, 1845, the County of Lewis was created out of "all the territory lying to the north of the Columbia River and west of the Cowlitz, up to fifty-four degrees forty minutes north latitude." No county officers were appointed, but the choice was left to the people at the next ensuing election, which was to be held in June, 1846; when, as we have seen, W. F. Tolmie was chosen to represent Lewis County, and Henry N. Peers to represent Vancouver County, in the legislature. These were men of the Hudson's Bay Company. Between them and the Americans, who composed a majority of the legislature, co-operation and harmony were hardly to be expected. In particular, the Americans were determined to have a rigorous prohibitory liquor law, while the Hudson's Bay Company, having a profitable traffic in liquors, stood strongly against the proposed legislation, which, however, was carried over its protest. Again, in 1847, Vancouver County sent Henry N. Peers to the legislature; Lewis County sent Simon Plamondon. The vote of Lewis this year re-elected Abernethy as Governor, the majority south of the Columbia being against him. A. L. Lovejoy was Abernethy's principal competitor, and the men of the Hudson's Bay Company in Lewis County and elsewhere, no doubt advised by Dr. McLoughlin, between whom and Governor Abernethy harmonious relations existed, preferred Abernethy to Lovejoy. No counties other than Vancouver and Lewis were created north of the Columbia River during the existence of the Provisional Government. In 1849, the legislature of Oregon changed the name of Vancouver County to Clark County. Lewis, Vancouver, and Clatsop were at one time associated in the same legislative district. We find no record of any session of court north of the Columbia during the existence of the Provisional Government. During the latter part of September, 1849, a term of court was held in

Steilacoom by Judge Bryant to try some Snoqualmie Indians, who had killed two white men some months before ; and this is the first court north of the Columbia River of which any record has been preserved in history.

On the fifteenth day of June, 1846, a treaty was concluded between the United States and Great Britain which acknowledged the sovereignty of our country over that portion of Oregon lying south of the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude. Thus, at last, was settled the Oregon boundary question. It was not known in Oregon till several months later, but was mentioned by Governor Abernethy in his message of December 1, 1846.

The great episode of the Provisional Government was the Cayuse War. Monday, November 29, 1847, the Whitman massacre took place, and became known at Oregon City nine days later. I shall not attempt here an account of the Cayuse War. The expedition undertaken to recover the captives and punish the authors of the massacre was a prodigious effort for so small a population as the country then contained. It was successful. It absorbed all attention for the greater part of the year. Its cost to the territory was estimated at \$109,311.50—a very large sum for so poor and small a community. In his message to the legislature, dated February 5, 1849, the Governor announced that the objects of the expedition had been attained and the war brought to a successful termination.

This was the last legislative body of the Provisional Government. The discovery of gold in California had drawn many persons away from Oregon, including officers of the Provisional Government and members of the legislature. Special elections were called to fill the vacancies. February 5, 1849, the legislature met. The following was its membership : Benton County, J. C. Avery; Champoege, W. J. Bailey, Samuel Parker, William Por-

tius; Clackamas, George L. Curry, Medorem Crawford, A. F. Hedges; Clatsop, John Hobson; Linn, H. J. Peterson, Anderson Cox; Polk, Jesse Applegate; Tuality, Ralph Wilcox, David Hill, S. R. Thurston; Yamhill, A. J. Hembree, L. A. Rice, W. J. Martin; Vancouver, A. L. Lewis. There was no representative from Lewis County, which still embraced the whole country north of the Columbia River and west of the Cowlitz. Levi A. Rice was chosen speaker. The Governor in his message stated that the chief business requiring attention was adjustment of the expenses of the Cayuse War, which it was expected the Government of the United States would assume. This was attended to through an act authorizing the ascertainment of amounts due and issue of scrip; and another act provided for the manner of exchange and payment of interest. Various minor matters of legislation received attention. Among them was "An Act to provide for the weighing and assaying of gold and melting and stamping the same." This was the source of the celebrated "beaver money," so called from the figure of a beaver stamped upon the coins. These pieces, coins of \$5.00 and \$10, of which six thousand of the former and two thousand eight hundred and fifty of the latter were stamped, are extremely scarce, and almost beyond price. The dies upon which these pieces were stamped were found many years afterward by Hon. D. P. Thompson in an old garret at Oregon City, and were by him sent to the Secretary of the State for safe keeping. They ought to be transferred to the custody of the State Historical Society.

The date of final adjournment of the Legislature of the Provisional Government was February 16, 1849. The work of this government was done. Two weeks later Gen. Joseph Lane, who had been appointed Governor by the President of the United States, under act of

congress of August 14, 1848, entitled "An Act to establish the Territorial Government of Oregon," arrived and lost no time in setting the wheels of the new government in motion. A census was taken, an election was held, and on the sixteenth of July, 1849, the first territorial legislative assembly met at Oregon City.

No delegate to congress was elected by the people during the existence of the Provisional Government. After the settlement of the boundary dispute with Great Britain, it was hoped and expected that the jurisdiction and laws of the United States would be extended speedily over the Oregon territory. Yet congress at the next ensuing session took no action, and the people of Oregon were greatly disappointed. The cost of maintaining the Provisional Government and of upholding the sovereignty of the United States over this vast territory was weighing heavily on them. It was resolved to send a representative to Washington to lay the case before congress and to urge the erection by the United States of a territorial government. J. Quinn Thornton, who had come over the plains in 1846, and had been appointed supreme judge early in 1847, was selected by Governor Abernethy for this mission. It was at first proposed to hold an election, but this was decided to be impracticable, because there was no law to authorize such election, and the necessary arrangements could not be made in time—for it was the fall of the year (1847)—and the only vessel upon which a delegate could go that year was about to sail. Finally, there was no law of the United States under which a delegate could demand to be received; and it was deemed just as well, therefore, to send a representative, with a letter from the Governor, explaining the nature and objects of his journey to Washington, and what was desired by the people of the Oregon country. Thornton was appointed in October, 1847, and took the bark *Whiton*, then lying near the site of the

present City of Portland, for San Francisco, where he obtained passage in the United States sloop of war Portsmouth for Boston. He arrived at Washington in May, 1848. Senator Douglas, with whom he had personal acquaintance, introduced him to President Polk, and prepared a memorial to congress, which was presented by Senator Benton. Thornton's services were useful and important. They contributed very materially to the enactment of the territorial organic law.

It has not been my purpose on this occasion to go into details as to legislation of the Provisional Government and its organic law. Any account of these details would be too long for the present discourse. Many of them may be had in Thornton's sketch, to which I have already adverted. The organic law itself may be found in "Deady's Code"—a book which, though now out of print, is readily accessible. It is also printed in Brown's "Political History of Oregon"—a book of high value, containing a greater number of documents and facts relating to the Provisional Government and the early political history of Oregon than has elsewhere been collected.

What shall I say more of the impressive scene that was acted upon this spot eight and fifty years ago? All the actors save one, the venerable F. X. Matthieu, who providentially is with us to-day, have passed from earth. The results of their work remain; and what we must regard as a thing of high significance is the fact that they well understood that they were laying the foundation of a state. In what they did here that day there was a clear premonition to them that it was a work for unborn ages. The instinct for making states, an instinct that so strongly characterizes that portion of the human race that has created the United States of America, never had clearer manifestation or more vigorous assertion. On the spot where this work was done we dedicate this monument

this day. May every inhabitant of the Oregon country, through all ages, take pride in this spot, and an interest in preservation of this monument, as a memento of what was done here !

REMINISCENCES OF HONORABLE JOHN MINTO, PIONEER OF 1844.

The following reminiscences of Hon. John Minto of his experiences on the Oregon Trail in 1844, were prepared only after long urging from many of his friends, among whom ex-Governor William P. Lord was probably the most influential. Mr. Minto held out against the suggestion for some time, believing that besides being laborious to himself, such a task was unnecessary, as many able writers had furnished histories of Oregon, and there was a great quantity of original matter already in print. He also said that present events were so much more important than the story of old times, besides being threadbare, would not be even interesting. He also thought that anything like a detailed account of his experiences might seem egotistical or trivial.

But against all these reasons for personal disinclination he finally yielded to importunity, and out of a life still active he has taken his time and made the effort to recall the daily incidents of the journey to Oregon in the immigrant train. Being asked how he should write it, he was answered "In such a way that if an artist desired he might reconstruct the scenes; or that the writer who may, and will some time, wish to give a vital description of the Oregon immigrant's life across North America would find there all that is necessary to create it again in literature; or, just as you would tell it to your grandchildren, so that they could see it." How faithfully he

has followed this advice will be seen. Here is potentially material for the historian, the artist, and the novelist; and any child could read Mr. Minto's account with the same intelligence and interest he would Gulliver's travels or Robinson Crusoe's adventures.

It is not necessary here to discuss the value of such a contribution to the annals of Oregon. Any one acquainted with its history, and the better acquainted the more so, will find here matter and descriptions and feelings that he would not readily give up. History is derived from both documentary and from reminiscent sources. He who stops to argue which is the more valuable in determining exactly occurrences of the past can not claim to historical acumen. The historian will try to get both. It is of almost infinite importance to our history to secure, in their own language and conceptions, and even with their own predilections or prejudices from pioneers still living, all the reminiscent history available. Mr. Minto has performed his task most bravely, resolutely confining himself to simply such events as came within his own observation during one year, and giving no conclusions or theory of our history—matters upon which in other places he has expressed very positive and philosophical opinions.

In his statement of the incidents and the situations which led to the breaking up of the immigrant organization,—almost the usual history on the plains,—he shows the estimate almost instinctively made of a military man by the American pioneer who is easily amenable to civil but not to military organization. General Gilliam was a brave and headlong leader, and where violent impact against a foe was required, would rank along with the many dashing officers of the South or West. These qualities were required by the little Republic of Oregon in 1847, and Gilliam was the man

chosen to lead the column against the Cayuses. He was a striking figure in our history, but military methods or manners, especially of the impetuous stamp, had to be abandoned in bringing families to Oregon. We hope to place in order all that may be remembered of this officer of the Provisional Government, who was also known as the dispenser of a most generous hospitality at his home in Polk County.

These reminiscences of Mr. Minto are here given as written, except with some alterations of captions and paragraphing. We consider it of almost priceless value to thus secure and preserve the literal expressions and grammatical construction in use by the self-made Oregon pioneer, and this will be still more appreciated by the critical student of the future.

H. S. LYMAN.

THE OREGON TRAIL IN 1844.

CHAPTER I.

ON TO THE FRONTIER.

"Oh! many years have flown since the news of Oregon
Reached our homes beyond the mountains far away;
Since we harnessed up the teams, when the springtide's sunny beams
Showed the paths across the plains and mountains grey."

About the middle of February, 1844, the writer left his father's home at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, intending to reach the frontier of Iowa, near Dubuque; his purpose being to seek opportunity to learn to earn his livelihood on the land. He was leaving the occupation of coal miner—his brother miners being on a strike, caused by a glutted market for coal. From the coal mining district of Newcastle on Tyne his family had reached New York June 6, 1840, and had reached Pittsburg in October

following, when he was eighteen years of age. By means not now remembered he had heard of the Rocky Mountains, and of Oregon, and the subject coming up between his father and a few friends at their first Christmas dinner together, he rather surprised his elders at the table by remarking, "If I live, I will go across the Rocky Mountains."

The idea never left me for long, but furnished me dreams by night and thoughts by day, and finally caused me to seek information from the few books and papers coming within reach of the foreign-born miners, in my Pittsburg home, and to break away from the clannishness of my class, and to determine to observe American country life.

In 1844 a deck passage on a steamer was the cheapest and most common way for people of moderate means to reach any point of the frontier drained by the Mississippi system, and that means I adopted. Observing, however, that the boat was short-handed I offered to ship as a deckhand, and after a few questions by the mate, I was accepted. An extraordinary storm of wind and rain set in soon after starting, and continued until we reached the mouth of the Ohio, at which time half the crew were sick, and the rest nearly so from overwork. In this condition we arrived at Saint Louis, and in order to get a good night's sleep, away from the disturbance of the boat, two of us went far back in the city to a lodging house. I had a bed, the top cover of which was a fine buffalo robe, which carried me in fancy to the top of the Rocky Mountains, when the mate of another steamboat came in, known to my comrade, who asked him on what boat he was and its destination. The mate named his boat, and said he, she was "bound up the Mississippi;" but he was sorry it was not the Missouri instead, as there was a party assembling at Weston intending to cross the Rocky Moun-

tains to Oregon, and if he could join such a party he would bid good-bye to steamboating for awhile. My fate had found me. I was taken by surprise. The mate being asked how others going to Oregon would help him on that trip, replied, "There are men with families and means who need help, and will furnish board to single men for their work."

I did not sleep much that night; but was up and searching the business places as they opened for my outfit for the trip. Got me a nice new rifle. By my father, who was a self-made gunsmith, I had been given a fine double-barreled fowling piece. I also laid in a supply of ammunition, purchasing five pounds of powder, twenty-five pounds of lead, one dozen boxes of percussion caps, five pounds of shot, and one gross of fishhooks, and lines to match; also, I bought two pocketknives, two sheath knives, a hatchet to answer for a tomahawk, and an axe. This left me hardly enough money to pay my passage to Weston, Missouri. But wages and return of my passage money was due me from the steamboat. To that I returned and asked a settlement. My wages to Saint Louis from Wheeling amounted to the same I had paid for my deck passage from Pittsburg to Dubuque. I got my wages, but the clerk would not alter the books as to passage money received. I did not haggle, but hurried to a Missouri-river steamer, and was aboard before noon.

There I met men, with guns and beaver traps, who could talk of nothing but Oregon. I passed some of my time helping the deckhands, and was urged to ship with them but declined. I also listened, as we steamed along, to the fascinating descriptions of life in Texas by a young man from that then rising republic; but he said "No, stranger; don't you go to Texas. They have slaves there, and you could not hold your tongue on that subject, and that is dangerous there." Manly fellow. We parted

friends. At Weston I was offered a position as tin peddler—not an unpromising prospect. But I said “No” again; Oregon before that, and that in a slave state, too. I therefore proceeded with my arrangements, hiring, along with four others, our baggage hauled to Saint Joseph, then but a mere village of two or three stores and one hotel. There I met an intending Oregon immigrant, who gave me confirmation of the steamboat man’s report as to men of means needing single men to help them on the journey. I whirled my cap up and said, “Boys, here is the fellow that goes to Oregon, or dies in a sand bank.”

At Weston I had my first personal impressions of the North American Indians. The Iowa tribes, the Sacs and Foxes, had recently been placed upon a reservation on Wolf River, some thirty miles west, and had come to town to receive their annuities. They were performing their war dances in front of the few business houses, and asking small contributions in return, wherewith to get whiskey. They were large, powerful men, and one of the biggest and oldest hugged me, and planted a slobbery kiss on my cheek in requital for a dime. This took out of me a great lump of Fennimore Cooper’s ideal Indian—which I had previously imbibed. The following night these Indians broke into a shack used as a saloon, and had a great debauch. Next morning, however, I went across the river to the camps of the Indians to inspect their manner of life, but there were few of them to be seen; one man I found alone in the camp. He was a strongly formed person, and seemed to make as much a study of me as I of him; a man, apparently of great self-control. I was to see him again as chief of his rough and reckless young men.

Next morning one of the young men who had traveled on the same boat with me from Saint Louis, Willard H. Rees, joined me on the way in a journey to reach the

emigrant camps. We arrived about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and were introduced by C. M. Saxen, a man from New York, to Col. Michael T. Simmons—his title being bestowed later by the emigrants, who had placed him second in command to Gen. Cornelius Gilliam. A meal was hospitably set before us, and while we were eating my comrade and Colonel Simmons talked of the probable reward in land that those who reached Oregon would be given by national grant. This was the first I had ever heard of such inducement. Of the Linn bill, Simmons said: "It has passed the senate, but failed in the house;" but he was satisfied that it, or a bill like it, would ultimately be passed by congress. However, I had little care, or, indeed, comprehension, of the subject at the time. I wished to learn if any in camp were needing assistance. It was thought not, but a man named Morrison, living three miles from the river, and who planned to join the emigration, was reported as requiring two men.

We spent the night in the camp, but stirred early next morning, and were across the river and at the Morrison farm just as the owner left the breakfast table. Being informed what we wanted, he said, "Yes; I supposed I had my help engaged, but one young man has concluded to get married, and has put off going to Oregon until next year; and the father of the other is very old, and sick now, not likely to recover, so he thinks it his duty to stay at home. I can furnish you," he continued, "bed and board, and have your washing and mending done; and you shall give me your help, as I require, to get my family and effects to Oregon. I have four guns, and two wagons, and after we are fairly started my oldest children will be able to keep up the loose stock; so that one of us can be spared to hunt every day, if we choose, and you shall have your turn at that."

These conditions were agreed to as soon as stated, and we were seated to breakfast. This finished, we found Mr. Morrison at the door with a horse, saddled. He addressed Rees, saying, "Take this money and ride to the mill at Saint Joe and buy nine barrels of flour, and—Nancy, how much corn meal have we in the house?" "Oh, a right smart chance," was the answer of the person addressed, Mrs. Morrison. "Well," continued our new employer, "get three hundred pounds of corn meal; I reckon that will last as long as it will keep good."

He then gave Rees directions how to find the nearest way to Saint Joseph, and Rees started. He then asked me to go with him, and taking an axe led the way to some young oak trees a long rifle shot from the house. He cut a selected young tree, and taking the clean stem of good length for a wagon pole, took the butt end on his shoulder and asked me to take the other, and we carried it near the front of the residence. Here he set me to work taking the bark off with a dress knife. He was yet watching my efforts to follow directions when Mrs. Morrison, from the door of the kitchen end of the double cabin, said, "Wilson, you will feel mighty queer if that man serves you a Yankee trick and goes off with your horse and money." Mr. Morrison paused a little and replied, "Well, if he does, he'd better not let me overtake him; that's all I've got to say." She laughed, and retired within. He seemed satisfied I could do this first assistance in preparing for the Oregon Trail, and left me at the pole while he attended to other matters; but there was a warming sensation around my heart, as something almost forced me to say, "Trusting, and therefore trusty." The wife's laugh was still sounding something like that.

I worked assiduously for a few minutes, but happening to look in the direction whence we had brought the

young oak, saw a girl of twelve or thirteen going from the house to a near by spring for water. If my thought had been given voice it would have been, "There, Johnny Minto; there goes your wife that is to be." I felt something akin to shame at my prompt thought, but the reader must understand that my mind had been nurtured on a diet of Scotch and English ballads, the lines of one of which moved it now :

"The farmer's boy grew up a man, and the good old farmer died,
And left the lad the farm he had, with the daughter for his bride."

"Evil to him who evil thinks." The girl lived in perfect freedom and was not asked in marriage until late in May of 1847. In July of that year we were married. The boy, though he had worn the declaration of his intention to become a citizen near his heart for some months, felt this day for the first time that he was an American, and among Americans who did not question his right to be one of them.

The Oregon trail, over which I shall attempt to conduct my readers, was much more than the wheel tracks of laden wagons. It was made, at first, and is yet worth writing about on account of the spirit and object of the people who traveled it. It will be my purpose to give incidents illustrating this spirit as we traveled. However, I will give first a little side light on the life at home of those with whom it was my good fortune to be cast—the old and the young of the family seeming already something like father and mother and brothers and sisters to me. From Mrs. Morrison's own lips I learned that the journey for which she was bending all her energies in preparation, was not in her judgment a wise business movement; but "Wilson wished to go," and that settled the question with her.

Late upon this first day of my introduction to the fam-

ily and its enterprise, the sheriff of the county, with his wife and grown daughter, came to pay a visit of friendship and farewell; Mrs. Morrison's youngest brother with a grown daughter also came. Neighbors, too, helpful and otherwise, had been going and coming all day. In arranging accommodations for the night, the oldest children were sent to sleep with kindred near by, to make room for the visiting friends from a distance. Rees returning made six adults where the normal conditions were for six children, from an infant up to the age of thirteen. There were four beds made in the room, screened by homemade blankets, or quilts; and a shakedown was placed in the middle of the floor for Rees and myself. The two girls were keeping up a playful titter somewhere out of sight, and I confess that I got into my couch with some feeling of constraint. But the sheriff relieved the situation, when all were placed, by asking from his perch, "Can either of you young men sing?" Rees replied, "Yes, John has lots of songs." Of course, John was pressed to begin, and the girls unseen were making a lively merriment which converted John's bashfulness into a spirit of mischief, and he sang to them:

"Will you go, lassie, go to the braes of Balquihidder,
Where the blaeberries grow, mang the bonny highland heather;
Where the deer and the roe, lightly bounding together,
Spend the lang summer day 'mid the braes of Balquihidder."

In front of the house we had that day begun to change a large four-horse wagon, to be drawn by yokes of heavy oxen. Its last use had been to bring in a full load of venison and wild honey, results of a three weeks' outing of Morrison and his wife's brothers, Robert and James Irwin; the latter, a listener to my song. He said, after I had finished, "Well, there is surely more where that came from; sing us another, young man."

Recollecting that this audience represented a breaking of strong family ties and friendly ties, I sang Tom Moore's hymn to friendship :

There's not in this wide world a valley so sweet
As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
The last ray of feeling, even life, shall depart
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had spread o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'T was not her soft magic of streamlet or rill,
Oh! no,—it was something more exquisite still:

'T was that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near;
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear;
And who has felt how the best charms of nature improve
When we see them reflected from looks that we love?

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like the waters, be mingled in peace.

As to Mr. Morrison, the man with whom I had made the verbal agreement, which was not fully filled in less than one year, I had found before the day was out, that he was one of the foremost and most trusted men, and a pioneer of Andrew County, Missouri. He had sold his farm for cash and was investing the most of its price in his outfit. For the three weeks prior to his vacating his premises there was an increasing stream of friends and family connections, or persons on business, visiting his place. Some were parties with articles to sell, which they considered specially fit for the trip to Oregon. This increased so much that on the last Sunday, as mentioned above, the family were hardly able to occupy their home.

I think the tables were set four times for dinner that day, the oldest men—according to the prevailing custom—being served first. After dinner, as the day was warm, these ranged themselves on extemporized seats on the shady side of the house. I had taken a stroll in the woods with a youth of about my own age, a cousin of the family.

He seemed unable to talk of any other subject than the number of Indians in Oregon, and the danger we should be in of losing our scalps. Somewhat disgusted with his loquacity I led the way to where the elders were seated and found them also talking upon the estimates of the number of Indians in Oregon; Judge Irwin evidently taking his sister's view of the journey as an unnecessary search for toil and danger. Finally turning to Mr. Morrison, he said, "Well, Wilson, why are you going, anyhow?"

Mr. Morrison, who was naturally slow of speech, hesitated a moment, and then said: "Well, I allow the United States has the best right to that country, and I am going to help make that right good. Then I suppose it is true, as you have been saying, there are a great many Indians there that will have to be civilized, and though I am no missionary, I have no objection to helping in that. Then, I am not satisfied here. There is little we raise that pays shipment to market; a little hemp and a little tobacco. Unless a man keeps niggers (and I won't) he has no even chance; he can not compete with the man that does. There is Dick Owens, my neighbor, he has a few field hands, and a few house niggers. They raise and make all that the family and themselves eat and wear, and some hemp and tobacco besides. If markets are good, Dick will sell; if not, he can hold over, while I am compelled to sell all I can make every year in order to make ends meet. I'm going to Oregon, where there'll be no slaves, and we'll all start even."

It was some time after this (very long speech for Mr. Morrison) before any one ventured to break the silence; and then none in controversy. They all knew that he would live up to his own ideas, come what might. As for me, my heart warmed to the quiet fearlessness of the words. If I now had any definite purpose in being there

with him, beyond the desire for action—the adventure natural to youth,—it was for the freedom, the self-ownership, the self-reliant self-direction the words implied.

CHAPTER II.

CROSSING THE FRONTIER.

The next day we crossed the Missouri River, and camped outside the state. Some friends and relatives went to the bank and bid good-bye at the ferryboat. Mr. James Irwin came across and stayed all night. He had solicited the singing of the “Meeting of the Waters” several times since our first meeting, and after supper begged for it again. I was in a mood to give pathos to the verses, for I was about to lengthen the one thousand miles I was already separated from my own loved friends. As I finished I noted that the kind old man’s face bore ample evidence that he thought it was a parting never to meet again on earth.

Next morning all was bustle. I went to get up the cattle, while Rees used a natural talent for order in putting the camp equipages in the wagon. I went to every cow and ox to make sure whether they carried our brand. Within three weeks I could tell any one of ours as far as I could distinguish the form or movement. We drove off the bottom lands toward the Indian agency on Wolf River, but were stopped several hours in making a small stream passable, its banks being low and soft. We passed within sight of the buildings occupied by the Iowas, and camped on Wolf River. This stream was so near the surface that wagons went down to the hubs in the rich soil. Assistants were numerous but unorganized—got into each other’s way.

I took a few hours to go with Captain Morrison to the barrack-like building of the Iowas to purchase some of their dried corn. The house was some one hundred and twenty feet long by twenty-four feet wide. A space of eight feet wide was sunk to within ten feet of each end, and within this sunken space the family fires were built. A strong shelving about four feet wide and three feet above the general floor ran along each side. This could have been used for family beds, but was used for food stuffs, among which the dried corn was in evidence, both by sight and odor. The kernels were in great variety of color, and we found this grain a pleasant substitute for vegetables on the way. It was hard to say from the manner of the Indian women, who sold small amounts of this corn, whether the offers to purchase were considered intrusive or not. I think the Indian must get his unsurprising nature from his mother. I also got a few hours of looking for prairie chickens and flushed a few. The noise they made in getting to wing was indication that their nesting season was on, and where the last season's grass had not been burned the cover was excellent.

After making the crossing of Wolf River we were detained for some days near the agency by the almost constant rains. The weather, however, was so warm that I had become indifferent to being wet. A nice gentleman, named Bishop, beginning his second trip to secure the life-preserving quality of the arid country air, here died of the continued dampness. He had a costly and complete outfit, the care of which, together with his burial, delayed us somewhat. The missionary preached to those who would listen, and gave bibles to those who would take them; while at no great distance others were noisily racing horses with Indians of their sort. This occurred Sunday, May 12.

We calculated that we were now thirty miles west of Saint Joseph, and, leaving on the fifteenth, we drove out on the divide between the drainage to Wolf River and to the Nimahaw. On the twentieth we effected a military and civil organization, not more than eight miles from the agency. It was then a spirit-stirring sight to see eighty-four white covered wagons moving along the top of the highest land westward. On the twenty-first occurred the first wedding on the way—for be it remembered we were a fully equipped American community, with all the incidents of orderly community life. On the morning of the twenty-second we had our first Indian trouble. It was found then that six cattle, all first class, had been cut out and driven towards the agency. The flush young grass afforded a trail that we followed at a brisk trot. The Indians had killed and divided four of our animals before we overtook them; then they ran to the agency, leaving two more killed. The agent compelled restoration from the choicest oxen recently purchased for the Indians. He and the chief—the only man I had seen awake in their camp the morning I visited it near Saint Joseph, after they had rifled the saloon—visited our camp and made a compromise. This chief was evidently a man of great natural power, to endure the freaks of his grown-up children, several of whom I judged over six feet high. However, they got small courtesies from us, coming in a heavy rain. One tent was furnished them. It was very difficult to start a fire. One of the youngest had secured a coon, and, thrusting a stick lengthwise through the body, turned it in the struggling blaze so as to burn the hair off. The chief only sat; the others stood stoically in a close group, while the coon was still further turned over the fire until roasted, and then divided, though still rare. The arms borne by these Indians were bows and steel-tipped arrows, with belt knives in a few

instances. Their faces showed little concern over any danger they might be in; though in an adjoining tent some of our boys—not the bravest, I think—were expressing eagerness for the general's permission to "kill the —— Injuns." The latter departed early, and, I think, hungry, next morning; and so ended the first and only trouble we had with Indians till the scattered trains got among expert horse thieves and petty pilferers on the Umatilla and Columbia Rivers.

We followed the Nimahaw divide to near the southern head, where we came to the main Oregon Trail from Independence, Missouri, on the drainage into the Blue Fork of the Kansas. Colonel Ford's company had just passed westward, and had driven across a small stream called the Black Vermillion.

The nearest I can now trace the route by names or position is by towns on or near the route. Leaving the agency of Sacs and Foxes, we passed via Hamlin, Fairview, Woodlawn, and Centralia, crossing Black Vermillion River near Bassett; thence to crossing of Big Blue, north of its junction with Little Blue; thence west and north to Hanover, and followed the line of the Saint Joseph and Grand Island Railroad into Nebraska, east of Fairburg, and thence up the north side of Little Blue, near the Union Pacific Railroad to Hastings, striking the main Platte River about six miles west of Prosser, then following its south bank to west of Big Spring, and crossing the South Platte, and striking the North Platte nearly opposite Oshkosh. Along the North Platte the trail was by the south bank via Chimney Rock, Scott's Bluff, and Horse Creek, into the present State of Wyoming; thence it continued on the same side to near the mouth of Camp Creek, and crossed, leaving North Platte near Altona, and making a very dry drive to Sweetwater, near Independence Rock, and thence up the Sweetwater, to its

chief sources, keeping generally near its north bank, to the South Pass. Such was our route of travel up to the east slopes of the Rocky Mountains, covering fully, in actual travel, one thousand miles, but not over nine hundred miles air line.

CHAPTER III.

OF DELAYS AND DISSATISFACTION.

Returning now to a detail of the journey, and its early vicissitudes.

Neal Gilliam, an intrepid and well known soldier of the South had been elected general, and the whole company had been divided up into three bands, with a captain for each, Morrison being one of the three captains. At Black Vermillion, owing to some little indisposition of one of the general's married daughters, we camped a day and a half within two miles of the stream, during which time Col. Nat Ford's company crossed it with ease. From the time of leaving the Missouri River till reaching the Vermillion we had been receiving showers of rain,—often copious ones, too,—almost every day.

At this point, in order to refresh my recollection, or perhaps to avail myself of the language of another participant in the troubles of our train, I take recourse to the journal of Rev. E. E. Parrish, and find the following entry for May 31: “The first birth occurred in our camp. Much lightning, wind, and rain is noted; the extreme south branch of the Nimahaw River is bridged and next morning the train passed over but camped for two days out of respect and care for motherhood”—dates and entries of E. E. Parrish. (I kept a journal myself during the first two months, but the only points I now venture to quote from mine is that during that time there were only eight days marked fair.)

As one of my own tasks for June 5 I find that a young man was ordered staked out as a punishment for making a threat to shoot another with whom he had quarreled, and the duty of guarding the culprit devolved upon me as junior officer. This was in itself very disagreeable, but rendered doubly so by the young fellow trying to quarrel with me, while I acted as guard.

June 6.—“We were on the Burnett Trail of 1843, which started from near Independence. There were hints of dissatisfaction at our delays for what were deemed insufficient reasons.

“Somewhat cloudy this morning. Camp remains stationary to-day on account of the illness of Mrs. Gage, the general’s daughter. Yesterday we were much cheered and revived on striking the Burnett Trace.”

June 7.—“Made a good start and came to a creek in a distance of about one and a half miles. We found the creek up and rising, and are water-stayed until we can build a boat. This causes some dissatisfaction in camp, as they think they might have gone over yesterday.”
—Parrish’s Journal.

The first wagon arrived at the bank at 1 o’clock P. M., and some of the wagons might have gone over then, though the stream was rising rapidly. Next day it was bank full and still rising. Then we were sixteen days at or near this stream.

On June 13, all except four families were compelled to break camp and move on to higher ground, the bottoms becoming flooded. It rained every day from the seventh to the seventeenth, inclusive, and sometimes very heavy. Had we moved as we should on the sixth, we should have crossed the Big Blue with or before Ford’s company. Instead, we did not get away from the Big Blue till June 25. Our delay was a grave misfortune. Our men all did everything better when traveling every day.

Even one day's idleness made them slack in starting the next morning. Neither would it be possible for any man, whatever his title, to retain long his control over free men, if it is suspected that he cares first for his own.

Our difficulties here were somewhat mitigated. The rains, although almost incessant, were warm, and youngsters, like the writer, were out with their guns nearly all the time we were water-stayed at Black Vermillion. The passenger pigeons were flying in flocks southward. It was the last time I ever saw that wonderful sight. Some of the boys (this means all the unmarried men) tried to get some with the rifle, but the birds rarely alighted. A German and myself had fowling guns; he killed many and I some. My special delight was in roaming the country by myself. Among other things I made a very thorough examination of the Blue Mound, and if it had not been such an immense mass should have left it believing that it was the work of man. In one of my rambles I started a couple of red deer, but found no sign of having hit either of them. They were the only deer I saw on the trip. On the whole the country was remarkably clear of game, and I found that my destructiveness was very much lowered by the effect of the surroundings—the joy of freedom in the rich and beautiful country making me indifferent about killing things. On the Nimahaw bottoms, for instance, I saw at a distance a very large turkey run from cover to cover. I did not attempt to beat the thicket I had seen the turkey enter. Later I came to a beautiful grove, mostly ironwood, and stopping to enjoy the scene, flushed a hen turkey (as I suppose), and shot carelessly with one barrel with small shot, which I hoped had not touched the bird the moment I lowered my gun. We were then near the most western range of this royal game bird.

At length, determining to get ahead, we took our axes and waded into the timber lining the stream, while the water was still knee deep, and cut down the largest cotton wood trees we could find. These we shaped into large canoes, and lashed two together so that the center of the bottom of each would just receive the wheels of the respective sides of a wagon. This was expeditiously accomplished, and the wagons were loaded on easily by the men of the company applying their own arms and broad shoulders; but as the stream fell rapidly, the bank on the further side became exposed, and in order to bring the loaded wagons to firm land beyond it was necessary to use oxen and log chains up the bank.

This Black Vermillion Creek was a small impediment in ordinary seasons, and it was not difficult to make the cattle swim it. Indeed, most of them had had some practice before. But at the Big Blue, our next crossing, the case was different. Here it was difficult and not free from danger to swim the loose stock, the river being high, yet about five feet within its banks. Here I had an adventure. Early in the morning of June 22 we attempted to swim the horses of Morrison's train. Being a fair swimmer, I rode in at the ferry landing a large finely bred four-year-old filly, with only a bridle on. She went in out of sight, carrying me down by my hold on her mane. I let go instinctively and came up before her; but as she rose, as the nearest object in sight, she came directly toward me, striking with her fore feet on the water. I instantly threw myself over on my back to save my head and face, but for several strokes she pawed the water away from my breast. It was a close call.

After some search a favorable place to swim the cattle was found about three miles down the river, and there we drove them accordingly. The water was here ten feet

below the bank, but the current was very strong, and the point we were to leave projected sharply into the stream, causing a large and strong eddy below, along the course of which were formed funnel-shaped whirls as large as a barrel head upon the surface. The plan of swimming the cattle was for the guides—four or five—to go in ahead, each with a strong ox, and take the lower side of the animal, holding to him with the hand by the withers, and cuff his cheek if necessary to guide him to the going out place. But this proved hazardous. Without thinking of the string of suck holes, I went in with the lead ox, but before I had time to get to his head, he was taken right down by one of the whirlpools. Thinking I could save myself and not hinder the beast, I took my hand from him. Then the water clutched and pulled me under. By a desperate effort, I kept my eyes out, so that I could see the boys and men on the bank. But far quicker than it can be told, I was carried down to another swirl, and again taken down, without being able to take breath; and as I went I saw a boy start for camp. I was struggling with all my might, and fully realized my danger. No, I did not pass in review my sins, as I have read of; I did seem to see my mother weeping for me. Yet there was another thought with me: If I did not get a breath until the third swirl took me, I would go down and dive for the main current. As this passed like a flash, I felt something touch my right side, and put out my hand—finding the object to be the back of an ox, which by superior strength had overtaken and was passing me. This enabled me to get to surface and breathe. How restful it was to just keep my hold. He was aiming for the proper point, and after resting a little further, I swam back, below the eddy, thinking I would trust the courage and strength of an ox in the future. I was twice reported drowned that day.

The night of June 22 we were all across, and camped under large cottonwood trees on the west bank of the Big Blue. Here a small cyclone struck us in the night. It blew the most of the tents loose and cast water down upon us in sheets rather than drops. Its roaring through the trees, and casting down branches from them, was fearful for a few minutes, and after it was over the fact that neither man nor beast was hurt, though thoroughly drenched, was truly wonderful. Near this camp a human skeleton was found, concealed in a thicket; and a broken arrow, indicating the mortal wounding of a warrior, red or white. In the timber belts of this stream the last signs of wild bees were seen by us.

Some signs of dissatisfaction with General Gilliam's leadership are manifest. We travel westward, indeed, but there is not the general eagerness to do and help that there was before we were stopped on the east side of the stream so often for so slight apparent reasons.

On June 30 we stopped for washing and drying out purposes, and in the afternoon the boys and young men went down stream a little way and bathed and played as though danger from any source were not thought of. That night a gun was fired by a guard, and a call to arms rang out. Rees succeeded in waking me as he finished dressing, and left me yet rather dazed. I then heard a conversation between the tent and the big wagon, out of which Captain Morrison was taking his rifle and accoutrements. Mrs. Morrison was asking to know where her gun was. He replied, "Oh, you will not need a gun." "Well, Wilson, I hope not I am sure, but I want to be ready in case there is need." He replied, "Rees has taken the little rifle, and yours is hanging to the bows of the little wagon, the pouch and powderhorn with it. I am going to the guard tent."

I got into my clothes as quickly as possible, passing Wash Shaw, the captain's second son, outside the tent, trying to load his gun, but having not fully completed his dressing, his pants being drawn over only one leg. He was not acting a part either. Captain Shaw was "the officer of the day," and could not act well. He remarked to me as I went past his tent, "The boys are getting very careless, John; somebody has fired a gun outside the cattle." I was ignorant, but not deceived then. It makes my flesh creep even now to think of the undrilled condition we were in. This Captain Shaw, whose wife was a sister of General Gilliam, was by nature much more capable of generalship than her brave, impulsive brother, who from the day we voted him his title had never got his head down to the importance of drill, or even a plan of defense in case of a sudden attack; and we were now just entering the great game range, and liable to such an attack any day or night. I saw the funny side of the false alarm then, but now I do not wonder at the unrest Mr. Parrish's journal betrays.

CHAPTER IV.

SUMMER AND THE PLAINS AT LAST.

On July 2 the first antelope was brought into camp. We are now following up the Little Blue, the drainage of the west branch of the main stream. We followed out thence to the divide between that and the Platte, and struck that remarkable stream about twelve miles east of where Fort Kearney was subsequently built.

On July 4 the general's orders were: "A rest for the cattle, wash day for the women, and a day to hunt for the men."

This writer, under a news tip, left camp alone early, his burning desire being to kill an antelope. The extraor-

dinary rains of the season had produced a corresponding growth of grass. There was here only a light fringe of timber on the largest creeks; outside of that all was an ocean of lush green grass, most of which was then in heavy seed stem. Walking in this luxuriance became as laborious as wading in water. I failed of seeing any game, but produced a little scare by being myself seen and mistaken for an Indian, on account of being observed alone. One of the men who had seen me read me rather a sharp lecture for going so far thus; and it was imprudent. Taking this reproof in good part, I soon found myself listening to a group of old men at Colonel Simmons' camp discussing the active business conditions some of them supposed to exist in Oregon. As it existed to my mind as a totally new country, I ventured to reply to the opinion expressed by one that we should find money very plenty in Oregon. I said that there would be no money there; that we should have to depend upon what we raised from the soil and the wild game we killed. An old Virginian, in protest, replied: "No money there, John? Why, man alive, John, money grows thar!" and Simmons, in quite fun, added: "Yes, and feather beds grow on the bushes."

This was the sociable camp of a coterie of friends who became the first American settlers north of the Columbia River. They were G. W. Bush, M. T. Simmons, David Kindred, and Gabriel Jones. Mr. Bush was understood to be assisting Messrs. Kindred and Jones with necessary means. That night Mr. Kindred's youngest son was to be married by Rev. R. Cave, contrary, however, to the father's consent or wishes. The ceremony was not consummated, because the quiet, kindly old man sat up all night with a brace of old-time flintlock cavalry pistols to enforce his opposition.

On July 5 we made our last camp on the waters of the Little Blue, and on July 6 drove up onto the divide between this stream and the Platte. Near noon we were halted by one of those sudden downpours of rain which seem to be characteristic of this region. We were traveling on the highest land in sight, but were nearing a depression leading down to the stream we had left in the morning. The water came down so suddenly that the depression became in a few minutes a raging flood. All the drivers were soaked, but the families had the shelter of the wagon covers. The shower stopped as suddenly as it had started, and in order to let the surface water drain away we unhitched the teams and let the oxen in the yokes feed from the lush grass. The sun came out hot and bright, and we were all as gay and cheerful as the light about us. Not a tree or bush was in sight, but a boundless view of grass-covered country. There was a considerable variety of wild flowers, and many of the mothers and daughters amused themselves gathering them. Mrs. Morrison came toward our wagon with some, where a lot of us youngsters were swapping yarns, and said: "Here, you young men, is something that will tell whether you are straight or not. If any of you have left girls behind you you should have treated better, just touch this weed and it will tell on you by wilting. John, you try it first." I stepped toward her and did as she required. The plant wilted, and, figuratively speaking, I wilted, too. It was my first sight of the sensitive plant, and the experiment with it afforded great fun for those present.

We camped that night on the divide between the waters of the west fork of the Little Blue and the Platte. "The distance across is thirty-five or forty miles. The bottoms of the Platte Valley are estimated at eight miles wide.

It is now thirteen days since we crossed the Big Blue. We laid by two days in all. This has been a cloudy day and cool. Two antelopes were killed to-day, one by the general, and the other by Louis Crawford (the general's brother-in-law). ——— This camp is six miles up the Platte from where we struck the bottom—about six miles east of where Fort Kearney was built. Here are bones of buffaloes and other animals in abundance, so I have called it 'The Valley of Dried Bones.' To-day a man having seen us from the river, called on us as we passed. He was going down the river with three flatboats from the upper country, laden with furs. Captain Saunders talked with him." So reads the aged preacher's journal, which I depend on for dates.

Here I had an experience with antelopes. My detail for hunting fell on that day and I left camp early, just as the trains started. I was soon among the sand hills bounding the south edge of the Platte bottom. Antelopes I saw in plenty, but always running. Several times I tried to get a shot by riding one side of a hill while the game passed on the other, but repeatedly failed. I finally followed one at sight till it seemed to get over its alarm, and tied my horse so as to approach it on foot cautiously around a hill, but higher up than the game. Getting around the hill and cautiously looking where I expected to see the one, I was surprised to see eight instead. But they were too far off for a successful shot. I only took a glimpse, then dodged back and got my horse, and quickly made my way as far as I dared, not to disturb my splendid game, on horseback. There I tied my animal, and carefully made my approach, expecting every moment to meet the wary creatures and have a point blank shot—certain out of the eight antelopes of getting one, or perhaps more. I was a little past where I expected to see my game, when an added step brought in view eight white moving ob-

jects. A second steady look and they were clearly defined ; eight white-topped wagons of our train, fully two miles distant ! The intensity of the hunter's passion had blinded the hunter. I had little doubt of that then, and I have none now. This was on July 7. We left the Missouri May 9, so that we were sixty-one days making two hundred miles, as the bird flies. Rain and bad generalship were responsible for this.

“July 8.—A cloudy morning, with prospect of clearing away ; cattle much scattered ; river rising so that we have to wade waist deep to get wood. It cleared off and was warm, and hard on the oxen in our journeyings up the Platte. We were most of the day passing the island. It is said to be thirty miles long. Four antelopes brought in to-day.

“July 9.—A clear, fine morning ; a little cool. It is the warmest day we have had, and will soon dry up the mud. We had to drive slow, but made a fine day's drive. Our road lay up the river, near the bank. The Platte is very wide for the quantity of water. It is full of small islands. The hunters brought in nine antelopes and saw one buffalo this afternoon. The night is cool and pleasant.

“July 10.—A little cloudy this morning. One antelope before breakfast and one after noon. Nothing strange occurred, except [sight of] the prairie dog towns ; they are singular animals. It has been a warm day.

“July 11.—A fine, clear morning ; made an early start, and traveled four or five miles, and then stopped to kill buffalo. They are found here in vast numbers. They were first discovered by Mr. George Nelson, who gave notice, when all who could raise a horse and gun were after them. Fourteen were killed. It is difficult to form an estimate of the number to be seen at a look. This afternoon, after Nelson came for horses to pack in the meat, nine horses and mules were sent out. I went with

them and saw four buffalo lying within a short distance. The general was one of the hunters who killed them. He advised getting wagons to haul in the meat, instead of packing. Some returned for wagons, and got a fine wetting, for a thunder shower came over, and from the clouds torrents of rain descended, with wind, and gave us a mighty wetting. On our return to camp, Mr. Joseph Caples shot a long distance at an antelope, and broke its hind leg. But the fun began when Samuel Ferguson, on horseback, tried to catch it. After a fine race, he overtook it and dismounted to kill it, when it ran again. They pursued it on foot and finally killed it. Some reached camp a little before dark through a hard storm of wind and rain.

“July 12.—Cloudy; dense fog this morning. The camp is a scene of confusion. Part of the company want to be off, and the other part want to stay and save meat. We are preparing to send out wagons for the meat killed yesterday. Our journey for the last four and one half days has been up the Platte. The game has been antelope until yesterday. Then the fun began. Buffalo racing is a business of much diversion, indeed. A horse of common speed will run up on them immediately. The hunter then dismounts and fires, then loads and mounts again, and soon comes within shot once more. The process is continued in this way until he has taken all he wants. Now, while I am writing, it is half-past 8 o’clock. The cool, brisk wind is pleasant and we have a prospect of clear weather. The general has met and stopped the wagons, as the meat killed yesterday spoiled, although most of the buffaloes were gutted and left unskinned through the night. So much for ignorance or want of information on these matters. Forty thousand pounds of the best beef spoiled in one night. The animals were run through the hot sun the greater part of

the day and then shot down and left to lie in the hot sun during the afternoon until near sunset before they were gutted, and then left through the night with the hide on. Nearly all was lost, except what Captain Saunders brought in. Now, about the rest. We are still in camp, waiting to see if the hunters will kill any more of these useful animals. — Since writing the above I have estimated the weight of these fourteen buffaloes, which is one hundred pounds per head [of the emigrants] all of which except three or four hundred pounds is lost. God forgive us for such waste and save us from such ignorance. The hunters have returned and brought with them one buffalo and one deer, the first that has been killed on the road, except a small fawn which was killed on the Nimahaw. Now, it is pretty certain that we shall move from this place early in the morning. To-day Colonel Simmons resigned and the general ordered a new election, which resulted in the choice of Jacob Hoover for lieutenant-colonel and Alec McGinn as first lieutenant instead of Hoover, promoted.”—Rev. E. E. Parrish’s Journal.

I will now tell the story of the foregoing two dates, —for though they cover two dates of wonderful hunting scenes, which were much like mimic war on these plains, nearly every actor saw only different parts of the general action.

On July 11 General Gilliam’s train, reduced to three companies, by the going off of Woodcock’s command the morning after the military organization, was moving up the south side of the main Platte, in the order agreed upon by the leading officers: Captain Morrison’s teams in the lead and setting the pace, and Captain Morrison himself in advance some four or five miles in performance of the duties which had been made permanently

his, of selecting the places to camp, for grass, water, and fuel as requisites.

The writer was driving the lead team when the cry of "Buffalo" came from Mr. Nelson's wagon, behind and next to Gilliam's, and the latter next ours. I think the general may have been asleep, as when he got out of the wagon he rubbed his eyes to look at the vast herds from one to three miles off moving from the bottom up the hills. When he took in the scene he called loudly for his horse, and one of his younger daughters, who had perhaps seen the moving herds sooner than he, rode up quickly with the animal. His saddle was hurriedly taken out of the wagon, and by the time he adjusted it his gun and accoutrements were ready to his hand. He flung himself into the saddle, and turning his face to the train called in a raised voice, "You boys with the teams, camp where there is wood and water; and you that can get horses and guns mount and follow me." He did not speak to any particular officer, and in the ardor of the hunter seemed to have forgotten the responsibility of the general. He had no information as to what was starting those immense numbers of buffaloes to the hills, blackening the face of the country for miles of distance. I stood with my whip in the middle of the roadway, seeing a few young hunters gallop after their leader as they got mounted, feeling I had as much right to be in that chase as the general himself; but seeing the need of attending to the selection of a camp, and finding a fairly good one close at hand, drove to the river bank and unyoked.

This had been done perhaps an hour or more, when Captain Morrison, who had selected a camping place about five miles further in advance, had there approached a band of buffalo and got a killing shot, which was perhaps what started the run, and he now came back to see

what had become of the train. He told us that he had killed a large buffalo, and called for volunteers to go with him and bring in the meat. Seven returned with Captain Morrison, among them being George Waunch, who boarded with Colonel Simmons. He had a high mettled, fleet mare under him on this occasion, and as we got near the dead game an antelope came down the plain in a direction to pass us one fourth of a mile southward. Mr. Waunch started his mare, to get a shot, and was running at full speed when his mare went into a fresh-made buffalo wallow with her fore feet, and turned a somersault over him. The antelope stopped, and the man rose to his feet and fired. Both game and sportsman fell, and riding up we found the little mare trembling and her rider unable to rise without assistance. The gunstock was broken off at the trigger guard, but the antelope was dead, the distance of the shot being fully one hundred yards. We paid no more attention to this, however, having found that the mare's limbs were all right, and assisting the German into the saddle when he was enough recovered to be able to cling, then went for the larger game. We found that Morrison's buffalo had settled down with the fore feet under the body, and before we began to skin the carcass a careful estimate was made of its weight, two thousand pounds being the average estimate. We split the skin up and down the back, and taking out the hump, ribs, and loin meat, had more than we could conveniently carry, as one of our saddle nags, a mule, too, became stubborn and broke away, refusing to be caught. We had been in the edge of the thunderstorm and got wet, but the night was warm, even sultry. We made a jolly party going back to camp, as the man who led the way, walking beside his mule, Joseph Watt, started us singing, song about. We arrived at camp about 11 P. M., and had the first

taste of buffalo meat that night. Many of Gilliam's party came in later. Some of them reported forty-five head as the estimate of their killing; but they had separated a good deal in the chase, and some had gone a long way from camp before they cooled down to reflect what they were doing. The most of the game that was drawn was of the latest killing. Mr. Parrish's estimate of forty thousand pounds of the best beef was probably much under the destruction, as it is reasonable to suppose many wounded animals got away.

There was much confusion as the result of this chase, and there was a growing dread of the consequences of being under such a man's orders, as Mr. Gilliam had shown himself to be—a headlong leader of unreflecting and wasteful slaughter. Colonel Simmons, whom I had never seen with a gun in his hand, was right in refusing to share longer the responsibility with a man who at rest would stop the train at the convenience of his own child, but did literally nothing to help along, or prepare the men and boys from whom he should have expected obedience how to carry into effect his orders. There was more than an election necessary to fill Colonel Simmons' place. The general took the course such a man might be expected to follow to allay the dissatisfaction which the resignation now made plain to every one. He made a threatening declaration as to the punishment he would inflict on any one who presumed to leave camp without his permission; and his hand was raised to emphasize his declaration that he would "hang upon the nearest tree the man who dared to leave the company." Daniel Clark, riding by at this time, broke in on the general's tirade, crying out, "If any of you men or boys intend going to Oregon, come on; I'm going." General Gilliam stopped, saying, "That's

all the sense he has.” Yet Clark had been the most efficient of any man of the train in passing the swollen streams.

It must have been the result of a family council, the way the general was let down off of his high horse. Our camp fires were near together the second morning after these threats were made. Breakfast was about ready when the general came out of his tent. There was then a man with a rifle on his shoulder in plain sight about half a mile away, making for the foothills. The general’s eye caught the movement, and he roared out “Who are you? Going hunting without leave? I’ll ——” “Now, Neal, be careful,” interjected Mrs. Gilliam in a low, trembling voice. I stood nearer to her than he did, but he heard, and what he would do to the culprit was never said. He flung his body around towards the camp fires and said: “They may all get to Oregon as they can, without me. I’ll have nothing more to do with them.” The hunter was Louis Crawford, his brother-in-law. Rev. Mr. Parrish’s remarks about the general’s conduct (cantankerousness) that day I suppose is a moderate statement of a disagreeable family trouble, which I heard nothing of. However, his action—or virtual resignation,—gave great relief to others. His close friend, B. F. Nichols, also resigned at the same time.

The original organization was thus broken up, but the three divisions proceeded each on its own account. That of Capt. William Shaw, the general’s brother-in-law, and that of Captain Morrison, in whose service I was, and who cautioned me to say nothing to increase the trouble, kept within supporting distance of each other. Mr. Rees fell sick, and I did duty of keeping the records and placing guards until we crossed the South Pass of the Rockies. The train broke up, so that from this date forward Mr. Parrish’s notes are of value chiefly

for the dates of deaths, births, and marriages, and for fixing day of arrivals at prominent points, and for this purpose I shall use them as I proceed; the language, however, under the dates as given, being mine. I will, however, here insert a few more entries of his journal, showing situations and progress at this time. In his notes of July 15, following the formal resignation of Messrs. Gilliam and Nichols, Mr. Parrish proceeds: "This is a gloomy day to my mind. I pray to the Lord to grant that it may be overruled for the best of all concerned. We are now in companies. This company is called the California Company: Captain, Saunders; Mitchell Gilliam, the general's brother, Lieutenant; James Marshall, First Sergeant; Gamaliel Parrish, Second Sergeant; William Gilliam, the general's nephew, Second Corporal; Solomon Shelton, First Corporal, and E. E. Parrish, Judge. S. Shelton left the company some time ago. An order by Captain Saunders to hitch up and roll away was quickly obeyed. After traveling some miles on the best kind of a road we again camped on a high bank near the river.

"July 16.—A clear sunrise, but soon became cloudy and looks like rain. It cleared off and we had a brisk wind, with a cool, pleasant day. We got along finely to-day. Three hunters gone out to kill buffalo. We are now camped near a small pond at the foot of the bluff, with no wood except what we brought with us, and buffalo chips, which make a good fire. The general, his son-in-law, Grant, and his son-in-law, Gage, with their families, are in this company. We have in all seventeen wagons and a carriage. The hunters, Captain Saunders and two others, came in late this afternoon, having killed two buffaloes and brought in as much meat as they could

carry. This evening a thunder gust passed over us with a little rain, then cleared off, but did not stay clear till daylight.

“July 17.—Quite cloudy and cool. We are preparing for an early start and hope we shall have a fine day for traveling. It has been cool and pleasant, and we have made a good day’s travel, and are now camped on the bank of the South Fork of the Platte. This has been a day of events. Wolves, antelopes, and buffalo during the day. In the afternoon a herd of buffalo were seen in the forks between the south and north branches. Hunters went over and gave them a start, which brought them over near where we were, when our boys with guns soon brought down three or four. The scene was so interesting that some of our women actually joined in the chase. This evening a thunder gust came over, but did not rain very much.”

CHAPTER V.

ON TO THE ROCKIES—THIRTY-FIVE MILES A DAY.

The ford of the South Platte was now reached, and Saunder’s company crossed on the eighteenth. We followed on the nineteenth. The ford was four or five miles from the junction of the two branches. The bottom of the river was a moving mass of sand, and the wheels of the wagons, hauled by the oxen, sunk in this so quickly that they rattled and shook as though passing over rough rounded bowlders. To stop in the stream was for the wagon to begin to sink immediately, and to halt half a minute was exceedingly dangerous. The depth of water was nearly two and a half feet where we crossed. The writer crossed and recrossed six times, the last time to bring over a bull team which drew a

wagon containing a woman (sick to death), her son, a lad of sixteen, being afraid to attempt the crossing for fear his team would stop. It must be that this South Platte carries millions of cubic feet of sand annually into the Missouri.

On July 19 the road led up the north bank of the South Platte. Here is the best game park in the world. I believe that fifty men, properly organized, could have herded a portion of the immense droves of buffalo and kept one hundred men busy dressing and preparing beef enough in three or four days to reload every wagon heavier than when we started. It was no great hardship to make a meal on buffalo beef alone. Some of the sick, who were traveling with us under the guidance of William Sublette, rapidly improved. They ate lean buffalo meat. It may have been that the air of this region was their principal medicine. It was wonderful how far one could see.

July 20 our course still led up the north bank of the South Platte. On the twenty-first we started across to the North Platte. About 10 o'clock in the forenoon we could see immense herds of buffalo on slopes the sun strikes. They seemed resting after their morning feed, like domestic cattle in good pasture, which the wild beeves have here constantly. Just about 12 o'clock, noon, we were met by the heaviest hailstorm I ever saw or felt. The teams could not be kept with their faces toward it. Luckily they were turned without accident, and prevented from running before it. Some of the hailstones were as large as pigeon eggs, and gave a smart blow. The shower did not last five minutes, I think.

As we took the decline toward the North Platte we passed trunks and big limbs of cedar trees, which would seem to have been buried, as there was no green timber in sight. We chopped some of this and laid it into the

wagons for use in case we did not find wood camps. We struck North Platte about twelve miles west of Ash Hollow, according to our guide, Black Harris.

On July 25 we could see Chimney Rock, and passed Castle Rock, apparently two and a half miles off. I hunted that day, and started off to see the rock; walked fully three miles, and yet was more than a mile from it. I came to a place where either snow-melt floods, or wind, had broken and undermined the sandy sidehill, and jumped down about nine feet—just missing a big wolf, who appeared to have been shading himself. I was so startled at my “find” that he was a long shot off before I got aim, and did not shoot, because he ran as if worse scared than I. Castle Rock, at a mile distance, showed up too big for human use, and I turned my course so as to hunt along the sand hills parallel to the train’s movement, and came upon a single buffalo’s track winding among the hollows—wounded probably; or a bull defeated and lost his leadership. I also passed a large rattlesnake; any snake is repulsive to me, but I do not shoot this, reflecting that it may live out its own life here and never again be seen by a human eye. Looking up the valley the top of Chimney Rock seems suspended in the sky, as the light seems to join between the top and base. Effect of this light, or the subtle transformations of the mirage.

July 27 we were traveling fast, and the road was good. I am to-day hunting on horseback. I pass the morning going around the base of Chimney Rock. This, and the bluffs here, which at a distance look so like large city buildings, are all of soft stone formation, and are evidently wearing away fast. The days are bright now, and movement raises the dust. Some of the families are drying buffalo meat by tacking the steaks together and

hanging them over their wagon covers outside. Gritty? Yes, but not worse than Platte water.

July 30 we reached Fort Laramie late and camped just west of the line between Indian camps and the fort. Companies of Shaw and Morrison together. Captain Shaw was officer of the day, and myself acting as first sergeant, for Rees was yet on the sick list. Under orders, I placed all the guard except one—the man married on the night of July 4, but prevented from fulfilling his contract by his father's old flintlock pistols. Now hid in fear, and screened by his old mother insisting "it is not John's turn to stand guard to-night"—

"A laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Unworthy the Helen of young Lockinvar."

I returned to report this to Captain Shaw at the guard tent, passing on the way the spot where I had a few minutes before placed a man of a family, around whose name hung hints of membership in John A. Morrill's gang. His wagon was in sight, and there was light enough for me to see a movement in the opening of the cover of the hind end of the wagon, which was toward me. In disgust, but not understanding the meaning, I got to the guard tent just as Captain Shaw came from being around the cattle. I told him with some heat of both of these skulks, and he replied, "Well, John, I expect they're afeared. But let's not say anything about it; let's you and me take their places." Brave and true, patient, carefully watchful, Uncle Billy Shaw.

July 31 I started out after breakfast to look at the camp of the Sioux Indians. There were here some twenty lodges, or tepees. There were not many men in sight. One group of three or four, and two or three walking about singly, were all that appeared. I met one that looked as though he were on dress parade. I have

never seen a man walk more proudly. He was well dressed, too. At the tepee which he had left, I noticed the spear or lance, and shield near the opening, which was the best of its kind I ever saw, being ornamented with nude figures of men and horses and buffalo. The skin was of buffalo skin, as I judged, though I did not touch it, or any of the other things I saw. At several of the tepees groups of children were playing, tumbling about with the dogs; at some, old women were at work dressing skins. I did not look inside or see inside any tepee, nor did I see any girl or young women to note as such. I say this in connection with what occurred at our camp within two hours after I made my round of curiosity. I was then at work behind our wagon, I don't remember at what, when Mrs. Morrison called out, "John, John, come here!" from the camp fire in front. I went; she was holding her sides to repress laughing, and three Indian women were standing side by side on the opposite side of the fire. Mrs. Morrison then said, "John, if I understand these women's signs, they think you belong to me, and want to buy you for a husband for that one in the middle; they offer six horses." I left the sign business mainly to Mrs. Morrison, feeling a little sorry, though, for the young Indian women, who did not look to be over twenty-two to twenty-four years of age.

The three friends went away in seeming disappointment, leaving me mystified as to whether they had not made a mistake about the young man wanted as husband by adoption, and the proper place in the camp in which to find him. There was an air of hesitancy and confusion about them as they looked at me, while Mrs. Morrison was trying to convey to them that I was not her property,—which led me to believe that they had made a mistake. This incident occurred just two years prior to Francis Parkman's joining a camp of Sioux at

Fort Laramie in order to learn their customs, and finding adoption to be one of them. The matter is only worthy of note here as suggesting the question of Indian women under tribal relations being free to attain husbands in that way. I can only say these three seemed to be in serious earnest, and were dressed with more than ordinary care in goods of white man's manufacture—an indication that the two friends were probably wives of white men at the fort.

On the same day we also moved out from the fort about two miles, and the Indians paid the train a visit of ceremony, which they seemed to seriously enjoy. General Gilliam also took part. The pipe of peace was smoked, and short speeches professing friendly disposition made; and small presents of tobacco were given to the Indians. We had a beautiful camp on the bank of the Laramie, and both weather and scene were delightful. The moon, I think, must have been near the full, to give us light; at all events we leveled off a space and one of the young men played the fiddle and we danced well into the night.

August 1 we made a good drive, but did not reach the point selected by Captain Morrison, and there was some nervousness and complaint at camping time. In the words of Captain Shaw some of the men gave out signs of being "afearred" the Indians would follow and attack us. We followed thence, as the days glided by, the south side of the North Platte to a point near the mouth of Bates Creek. The country all the way is a rich game park, and swarming with the animals that prey upon game, the large wolf and grizzly bear being most seen.

On August 15 we camped at the crossing of the North Platte, and when I was ready to go to bed Mrs. Sally Shaw and Mrs. Morrison came to me and told me they

needed my help very much. They said John Nichols' daughter was dying, and it would be necessary to bury her during the night. Mrs. Shaw was chief speaker. She said she was aware that all the men and boys were probably tired; but there was a great difference between them when asked to dig a grave, when they needed sleep. They told me where to find a pick and shovel, and to bring them near Nichols' wagon, as they must go there now. I did so, and found a girl, just budding into womanhood, drawing her last breath. Four or five good mothers were around the rear end of the wagon. Through the space between I saw the calm, pure, marble-like face, as the last breathings, with a slight struggle, left the upper portion of the breast and neck motionless. From my eight years in the coal mines. I had seen men and boys maimed, crushed, or burned by machinery, falling roofs, or fire damp, but nothing of that kind affected me like this death scene.

My opinion as to the causes of the death of this girl and Mrs. Seabren, who died on August 4, and Mrs. Frost, who died on the twelfth, was not worth much then or now, but by the aid of Rev. Mr. Parrish's dates. I am giving it fifty-six years after the event, which is, that exposure to the almost constant rains the twenty days and nights we were held by the swollen Black Vermillion and Big Blue, was the cause. In our traveling family of ten, Rees and Captain Morrison's oldest daughter had severe attacks of "camp fever," as it was called.

We dug Miss Nichols' grave in loose soil and stones, near where she died, and buried the body. As dead brush and wood were plentiful near, we burned some over it to kill evidence of what we had done, that the grave might not be violated.

On August 16 we did not reach the Sweetwater, as

some anticipated, but camped early on a small stream bed called the Sandy. Here I had a hunt. With a few hours of leisure I went down the stream nearly two miles, and was about to turn toward the camp again, when I saw dust arising beyond a rise southward, and soon a little band of seventeen buffalo came in sight under their peculiar gallop. As they were coming in my direction I chose a situation to hide myself if necessary. Their speed seemed to increase as they came to the stream bed, which was quite narrow and nine to twelve feet deep to the little water it contained. They made no stop until they got to the water. I could not see them, but could hear their splashing and short bellows as though they might be hurting each other, though it might be satisfaction for water. It was more than five minutes before one of them got up on my side of the bank of the branch, and others followed. They were in no hurry now, and I could note and take my choice for a shot, which I did at a dark-colored yearling, and hit it behind the shoulders. The buffaloes did not start off, and I, in great hurry to drop my game, dropped a naked bullet on the powder and fired again a weak, ineffective shot. Then the herd started, but the yearling was too badly wounded to run. I started, trying to load as I went, watching the herd at the same time. It strung out nearly or quite one hundred yards, a large bull keeping between me and my quarry behind. The bull stopped and turned round still till the herd and wounded calf passed him; and then turned and followed. It looked to me like the bull was intelligently acting as rear guard. I followed, hoping they would stop and give me another chance to make a sure shot, as the last bullet from my pouch was in my gun. But darkness fell quite suddenly on the wide plain, and I turned campward without game, but felt I had seen some of the home habits of the buffalo.

On the seventeenth of August we passed Independence Rock and nooned on the Sweetwater near by ; then drove on to a point nearly a mile west of the Devil's Gate, where the Sweetwater passes through what seems a cleft, made by weight of the east spur of the Rocky Mountains settling away from the main chain, and throwing off Independence Rock from its north point. We camped here one day. Mountain sheep is the attractive game of the region. Captain Morrison, I note, wishes to bring one in ; and I, finishing camp duty early, took my fish gig and passed most of the day chasing fish in a deep hole within the west end of the big cleft of the Devil's Gate. It varies in width, I think, from fifty to one hundred feet or more ; and the walls, I should estimate, at four hundred or five hundred feet high. I did not attempt to go through this gateway. The water was not sufficient to prevent, but the hole I mentioned contained many fish and gave me a fine day's sport. The deepest place was the north side of the pool, and by going into that I scared out the largest fish to the shallows, and then threw my three-tined gig or fish spear. For the first hour I had little success, but at length I could throw it from twenty to thirty feet and strike a fish from ten to fifteen inches long. I got a fine lot, besides a day of boyish sport.

On August 19 we start early up the north bank of the Sweetwater, with stupendous rocks on the right of our course and the rounded hills south of the stream flattened into plains, in places.

It is not possible to avoid being impressed by our surroundings. I am in charge of the lead team. I am walking along talking with the two oldest girls of Captain Morrison in front of the wagon, answering their questions about the mountains ; drinking in the joy of it all myself, while keeping my cattle steady. Looking for-

ward a little I see by a bend in the road I can save some distance by driving straight across the bend, scatteringly set with sage brush. The leaders see the road ahead, and I am idly swinging my whip, when my eye catches sight of a hare (sacrilegiously called a jackrabbit) covering its form in the shade of a sage brush. I never stopped the motion of my whip, but put more strength into it, and brought the lash across the head, back of the long ears, and the game little animal is quivering in death. The grand landscape is out of mind as quick as a pistol shot, and I am glowing with interest in my own feat. It is not far below the skin of any youth to where the man that kills other animals for a living, still is. I put my game into the wagon to be dressed for supper, but when we got to the camping place which Captain Morrison had selected, found he had there a full-grown wild mutton and my dead hare was not thought of, but was left for the wolves next morning.

August 26 we drive from the drainage of the Sweetwater, leaving at last the waters of the Mississippi drainage, and camp late at Pacific Springs, which belong to those of the Green River. We also saw the day before the last buffalo, as we rose rapidly out of the Sweetwater Valley—some dozen or more came from the north and passed between the wagons of the train, seeming to have been chased.

At Pacific Springs I placed the last guard, and the last person I appealed to was a young man named J. S. Smith. He had reached our company that morning as we passed Colonel Ford's company. He plead inability to perform the service on account of sickness, and his appearance fully justified his statement. I was to see him again as sail maker, teacher, preacher, merchant, hotel keeper, lawyer, member of congress, and first lay

member of the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

From July 8 to August 26, inclusive, we made a distance across one hundred and six townships west—six hundred and thirty-six miles, or probably fully seven hundred miles, including the meander of the Platte River water, in fifty days, counting stoppages also.

A single hunter, I. W. Alderman, from Ford's company, overtook and lunched with us. He talked hunting with Captain Morrison, and said he had laid out the night before and killed a buffalo cow for breakfast. There was something I distrusted in his looks, and he seemed to talk for effect.

At this camp I was again called upon for extra duty on account of the sick. About bedtime I was appealed to by Mrs. Shaw to sit up part of the night with Mr. Sager, who was very ill; and she said that Mrs. Sager was nearly down sick herself, but would see to giving her husband medicine, if I would watch in his tent and inform her at the time, to administer it. The sick man was either wholly or partly unconscious from high fever, and did not during the night ask for anything. On the two or three times I wakened her, his wife responded each time as though she was in fear that he was dead. She would call him by name and he would receive the medicine, yet seem hardly conscious. There was no one to relieve me, and I kept vigil all night, suffering from inability to help this life, which seemed to be burning away.

August 28 we made a short drive and crossed Green River. Mr. Sager died on the western bank, and we camped for the day and buried the body. The young man Smith, who had been with us but three days, left us here and went down the river to "Brown's Hole" with the party who had come from Saint Louis with William Sublette.

On the twenty-ninth we make a good drive to the vicinity of Port Bridger. We find here a considerable number of mountain men, and some professional gamblers, who went from place to place, from one rendezvous to another to prey upon the trappers and hunters. These latter generally have native women, and their camps are ornamented with green boughs and flowers. In some we find men playing cards; near others shooting matches are in progress; all seem enjoying themselves. A small party is here from Oregon, and one of the number, named Smith, passes from camp fire to camp fire to tell us that he dislikes Oregon so much that he can hardly tell the truth about it. He is known to many in our train, however, and his voluble talk is not much heeded. In one point we found him sustained by others, namely, that we were then only about halfway of our journey.

There was one thing extraordinary about the eleven hundred or twelve hundred miles we had driven: In that great distance our wheels had not touched stone but twice or thrice; once in driving across North Platte, and a short distance on the Sweetwater side of the South Pass. The bottom of Green River, where we forded, was fine gravel, and smooth, as compared with the moving sand bottom of the main and South Platte. The famous Blue Mound was not rock, but simply rounded gravel and soil. Independence Rock was the first real rock formation we came to; as that which looks to the eye as Castle Rock, Scott's Bluff, and Chimney Rock is too young as a formation to deserve the name of stone.

By this time we were undergoing and performing what Oregon's poet has since sung:

"On the Rocky Mountains' height their watch fires shone by night,
Or upon the savage plains brightly gleam;
They the dreary deserts cross, where the frowning canyons mass,
Or they swim and ford the swiftly running stream.

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the trains keep marching
Westward, still westward, day by day;
Standing guard the livelong night, ever ready for the fight,
Here to plant the flag, three thousand miles away."

August 30 we lay over for the day at Fort Bridger, and I became somewhat unsettled. My clothing was now beginning to show worse for the wear, and I mentioned this to Mrs. Morrison, who is gathering up articles to wash. She says, "Yes, John; and if you can trade anything at the fort here, and get some deerskins, I'll fix your pants for you." Seeing me look a little bewildered, she went on, "That means sewing buckskin over a pair of old pants before and behind. One big skin will be enough, and it will be almost as good as a new pair. But if you can get three skins I'll make you a new pair, of skins only, besides."

The best of my now worn clothing was the only suit I had ever bought for myself. Miners' wives and mothers about Newcastle-on-Tyne did all that kind of business for their families. I had thus to learn to think for myself a little. Looking over the things I might have to trade, I concluded to try if I could get a few dressed deerskins for my little double-barreled gun; though the piece was now somewhat impaired, the hammer having been lost off of the right cock. I went to the wagon where my trunk was to get it, and found Captain Morrison getting his plow irons out. He had traded one of the cows and the plow irons for flour brought here from Taos. The man he was dealing with was very different from those here apparently on show. He was receiving the different parts of the plow from Morrison and talking to him about its now being late in the season for us to get to Oregon, and said he had been in the country about Salt Lake the preceding fall (1843), and thought it would be a good country to settle in. While he was

thus talking and tying up the plow irons, a party passing stopped and asked what he was going to do with them. He replied, "I am going to try farming a while down at Taos."

This man, whom I afterwards identified from his photos as Kit Carson, interested me. He was a man five feet nine or ten inches at the most, but strongly framed in breast and shoulders; light brown hair, flaxy at the ends; eyes steel blue, or gray. I watched him ride away, while I told Captain Morrison I was going up to the fort to try to trade my shotgun.

I saw the man throw the plow irons down at a camp close by the trail and continue on up to the stockade, whither I followed him. James Bridger was doing his own trading—a powerful built man about the height of the one I have described, but coarser made and coarser minded, as I thought. Quick and sharp at a bargain, he said, as soon as I had shown him the gun and stated that I wanted deerskins for it, "Young man, I can't do it; we get few deerskins here. I'll give you ten goat (antelope) skins; that's the best I can do." I took him at his word, not knowing the difference between dressed unsmoked antelope and good dressed smoked deerskins. I started to camp satisfied with my purchase. I passed the camp where I had seen the plow irons thrown down, and a very comely woman, evidently not full Indian, was saddling and packing two of the finest mules I ever saw. (Many years afterwards I concluded this was the Mexican wife of Kit Carson, recently married, and they were now going to farm on her inheritance near Toas, New Mexico, where he resided until gold was discovered in California.)

I was unsettled part of this day, and in the evening I asked Captain Morrison if he could now dispense with my assistance, telling him that I felt inclined to try a

year or two of this trapper's life. He said, "John, they tell me we are past the game country and that seemed dangerous for Indians, and I suppose I could do without you from this on, but I would advise you not to stop here. These men you see here are little account either to themselves or their country; they will do you no good, and the time you stay here will be lost out of your life, if you do not lose life itself; I wouldn't stop if I was you." My father could not have bettered this counsel.

JOHN MINTO.

NOTES BY WILLIAM M. CASE.

Supplementary to his "Reminiscences," published in the September Quarterly,
Volume I, Number 3.

The following notes by Mr. Case, whose "Reminiscences" appeared in the Oregon Historical Quarterly for September, are intended to give, in his own language, a somewhat more circumstantial account of the troubles in California in 1849, between the Columbia River men and the original California ranchers and traders; and in the settlement of which the Indians were the chief sufferers. It must be borne in mind that the real conflict was between a system of peon and contract labor and free labor. The Oregonians, the representatives of free labor, employed the method that was available—which in the circumstances was mere brute force. But the result was to make California a free state and to make anything but citizen labor unavailable and impossible.

H. S. LYMAN.

MR. CASE'S ACCOUNT.

TROUBLE WITH THE INDIANS.

I left home on the sixteenth day of February, 1849, and arrived at San Francisco on the fourteenth of March, of the same year. Made my way as best I could to Sacramento. I went from there to Coloma, on the South Fork of the American River, and started there at carpenter work.

The trouble with the Indians was just this way. When the Oregonians arrived late in 1848, they found in Cali-

fornia a great many of the old traders of all nationalities, early pioneers of enterprise, who had gone into California before the discovery of gold. The most of these had married native Indian women. They became Mexican citizens and took land grants, some of these grants containing from one to three leagues square, for the purpose of engaging in the stock business—cattle, horses, and sheep, mostly the former. In this they had been engaged for a number of years. These people went prospecting as soon as gold was discovered; found gold to a great extent, and employed the Indians to do their work; employed them by the hundreds; furnished them with pans and set them to digging and washing gold, and they paid them with calico shirts of the cheapest class, each shirt being given for an amount of gold dust equal to the weight of three silver dollars, the traders thereby realizing \$48 for each shirt; and the same price for each pan.

The Oregonians on their arrival saw it was cheaper to buy shirts and sell them to the Indians than to do the digging themselves; but they lowered the price to balance the weight of two silver dollar pieces, which would be equal to \$32 in gold dust. By this great affront was given to the old traders, as the Oregonians were getting the greater part of the trade and of the gold, on account of the drop in price. The Californians then, on their part, dropped the price to the weight of one silver dollar, which was followed by the Oregonians, and it was afterwards reduced as low as that of a fifty-cent piece.

Then began the next phase of the situation. When the reduction of the price of shirts began, killing of the Oregonians began, until six Columbia River men were killed on the eleventh day of April, 1849, about thirteen miles from Coloma, on the North Fork of the American River, making a total, counting those who had been lost before, of thirty-two Columbia River men who had been

murdered, supposedly by the Indians. When the news came to Coloma, the Oregonians called a secret meeting, and at once started to buy provisions and ammunition to outfit thirteen men to follow these Indians. Our little posse started, struck different trails, and were gone three days. They left a Thursday morning and returned Sunday morning following. I had been engaged at carpentering in Coloma, and as I could hardly leave my work, acted as a sort of a secret spy there, keeping my eyes open for Indians. I soon spotted a suspicious looking character. I noticed a ragged looking Indian working at a sawmill, run by Jim Marshall and Winters. The first night our thirteen men were out I noticed two signal fires on the mountains, which were watched by the Indian at the mill.

Our party returned from their hunt for the Indians, one at a time, so as not to excite suspicion. I met a couple of them, and, speaking in low tones, asked if they had found anything. They replied, "no;" that the Indians had scattered. They had followed the trail for one hundred miles—until the trail ran out. These valley Indians had strongly asserted their innocence, and laid the blame upon wild Indians from the mountains. But many suspicious circumstances had already convinced me that they were the real culprits, and now I concluded that the murders were due to them entirely, and that they had returned. I assured my comrades that the Indians were still in the valley, and upon inquiry from a Jonathan Williams, who kept a horse ranch near by, as to whether he had seen any lurking Indians in the neighborhood, he said that he had seen a few cross the river and disperse.

The party decided thereupon that these were the guilty Indians, and bought more provisions and more ammunition and started with Williams as a guide to show where the Indians crossed the river. At length they found the Indians camped at the mouth of Weaver

Creek, about twenty miles from Coloma. The Oregonians rode among the Indians. They had been friendly and were not afraid of them. Our men saw at once that these were the very Indians they were looking for, and decided then and there to kill every one of them if they could. Each Oregonian had about thirteen shots a piece. I do not suppose the battle lasted more than one minute—they shot right and left and twenty-six Indians were killed. The rest surrendered, the women falling down and beginning to weep. An Oregonian named Greenwood could talk to them—he had learnt their language—and they said to him: “What have you done this for?” “For killing the Columbia River men three days ago,” he answered. They acknowledged it immediately. Greenwood then asked: “What made you do it?” They began to name these California traders saying they had told them to do it,—saying that they (the Oregonians) were stealing their money and giving them poor goods. The women all declared that was the way it was, and they pointed out six men who had remained from the slaughter and said that they were also implicated in the secret murder of the Oregonians.

The Oregonians took them as prisoners, but were divided as to what was to be done with them. They finally decided to take them to Coloma and submit them to Sutter, who was acting as superintendent of Indian affairs, then stationed at Sacramento, and give them trial, and be shot or hanged if found guilty.

Three of the Oregonians started back to Coloma ahead of the others and forty-three prisoners (including men, women, and children) in order to capture the Indian spy at the mill before he should have a chance to escape. As I saw them coming, I left my work under pretense of getting a drink of water and asked them if they had found the Indians. They replied: “Yes, we have them—killed

twenty-six and are bringing the rest as prisoners, and now want the one at the sawmill." In about half an hour the rest came into Coloma on a run. A crowd had gathered, and now almost three hundred people were following to see what would be done with the Indians. They were all driven under a large pine tree where they dropped down with fatigue—the day being intensely hot. The one from the mill was soon brought in and as soon as the women saw him, they rose up wailing and crying, and pushed him from them out of the circle, saying: "You are no longer one of us. You have deceived us; you were going to save our husbands and now they are all killed." As the Indian women pushed him away, John Greenwood threw a lasso over his head and shoulders, but as this was done, Winters—the California trader and the Indian's employer at the mill—snatched the rope as if to free the Indian. Then a shout went up from the thirteen men, "Shoot him, shoot him, the d——d s—n of a b——, shoot him!" An Oregonian, Flem Hill, clutched Winters by the collar, saying to him: "Get out of here or you will be riddled with bullets," and cried, "Don't shoot him, boys."

They finally let all the Indians go except seven prisoners, which included the one from the mill, and these they placed in a small house where three men volunteered to keep guard over them until they could send for Sutter. A Doctor Ames (alias) volunteered to go and get Sutter. He started and brought back a letter from Sutter deputizing him (Ames) to try the Indians, and he asked them for the keys to the house. Sutter's letter stated that as he had no United States troops he did not think it was safe for him to go up to Coloma among a lot of thieves and murderers from Oregon. An Oregonian named Hill replied to Ames, calling him by his true name: "No, we

think we are just as capable of doing justice to these Indians as a man who has forsworn his oath to the United States. We won't give up the keys."

The question with these three men was, then, what to do with the Indians? The Oregonians decided to try them themselves, and told the Indians if they were found guilty they would be shot. They were to be tried under the same tree they had been driven to when they first arrived in Coloma.

A great crowd of people gathered at the house where the Indians were confined, and as soon as the door was opened the Indians appeared, taking an observation of the crowd before them. They were headed by the Indian spy from the mill, and he gazed wild-eyed as if looking for some chance of escape. All of a sudden, with a strange scream or shout, he sprang from the door onto the ground upon all fours, and zigzagged his way right and left through the crowd, under the legs of the astonished spectators, with Smith after him with gun in hand. The spectators quickly scattered for fear of being shot, when Smith killed the spy. The other Indians instantly followed him, and were wiggling their way in the same manner. All was confusion; but finally all the Indians were killed while trying to escape except two, who fled to the mountains. The names of the three persons who had the prisoners in charge were Flem Hill, Jack Smith, and Crock Eberman.

Things went on quietly for a few days until another Oregonian was murdered about eleven miles from Coloma. Then we had to raise another army. Fifteen started out this time. They soon came to where three Indians were mining, and they immediately dispatched them. This was in accordance with an agreement made by the Oregonians that all Indians would be killed on sight until all were destroyed, or else sufficiently subdued to stop

any further molestation. That same day they found eleven mining. As soon as the Oregonians were discovered the Indians fled, and were pursued until they reached a ranch owned by a Californian by the name of Goff, where the Indians had secreted themselves in a cabin. They knocked at the door, but nobody replied, until somebody suggested picking the adobe out of the sides of the cabin. They did this and saw the eleven Indians inside. Some one cried, "Shoot," and Goff asked them to wait until he got out. Before the Oregonians left the scene they killed all the Indians in this band. They came at last to the trail of a large number, whom they followed until they surprised them as the Indians were going into a swamp, where they thought the Oregonians' horses could not travel. The tall grass, however, supported the horses. I do not remember how many were killed this time, but seventy-six of that tribe perished during the entire war. All the men were killed in this last battle, and one woman. This was not done on purpose. She was lying in the grass shooting arrows, and was mistaken for a man and shot.

The Oregonians told the women to come with them to "dry diggings," about six miles from Coloma, and they would protect them and let them work. But by this time the Oregonians, who had been out over twenty-four hours with only a vest pocket luncheon, were very hungry. They stopped at the house of a rancher named Bailey and asked for beef, but were refused. In connection with this, Bailey published a letter in the *Placer Times* saying that the large band of Indians that had been killed by the Oregonians were his, and that they were coming to him when they were overtaken and killed by the murderers and robbers from Oregon. A few days later, Nichols, the captain of the Oregonians at that time, saw this letter; he replied through the same paper "that it was well for

Bailey they didn't know those were his Indians, or some of his oak trees would have known what went with him that morning."

The Indian women remained at the "dry diggings" referred to for a week or ten days, when they suddenly disappeared. Nobody cared for them, and probably nobody would have looked for them if it were not for a man named Smith, who had an Indian wife and child in the tribe. He started out in search of these women, and was gone almost a month when he discovered them camped in the snowy mountains, about fifty miles from Coloma. They were almost starving. He asked why they had gone there, and they said because they thought the Columbia River men could not find them there as there was no grass for the horses. They had been living on wild clover and sugar pine nuts. Smith took them all to a cattle ranch kept by a Spaniard, near Coloma, and returned to that place. He and Weimer then went to Mr. Case, saying that they knew he was a chief factor in this Indian affair (information which Mr. Case did not think was public), and asked if he would not use his influence with the rest of the Oregonians so they would allow these Indians, both men and women, to come down from the mountains, and protect them and allow them to work. Case replied that he was but one Oregonian, and, anyway, he certainly would not agree to protect the Indians if they should come down.

Finally, beef and flour were sent to the women by the California traders, who told them to eat, drink, and be merry. Such a diet they had not been accustomed to, however, and as a result of overeating of food they were not used to, took some disease, and the whole tribe—numbering altogether one hundred and fifty-two Indians—died. Smith brought his wife and child down to Coloma and buried them there, placing a cross over the

graves. Weimer remarked afterward to Case, he would hate to be in those Oregonians' shoes at judgment day, but Mr. Case replied: "Why, we didn't kill your Indian women; you killed them with kindness yourselves. The tribe killed thirty-two of our men, and every Oregonian here had a brother or friend among the murdered number. There was no trouble with the Indians that year or the next.

AFFAIR WITH MEXICAN PEONS.

The last of June I started with five or six newly arrived Oregonians for Big Bar, on the Middle Fork of the American River, about fifty miles from Coloma.

Captain Whiting, with seventy-two persons, who were in prison for debt, arrived at Big Bar the same day that our party did. In order to get these persons out of prison, he had to pay their creditors an average of \$2.50 apiece, and he had hired them for two years for eighteen and three fourths cents per day and board. At the end of two years he had to give bonds to the government to return them to Mexico if they wanted to go. (This is an illustration of the method employed by the Californians and Mexicans in lieu or as a further application of the Indian labor principle. These prisoners were practically bought by Captain Whiting, and had been imprisoned not for any crime, but simply for debt; and it was evident that any great extension of this plan of working the mines would have excluded free American labor entirely, and soon have made California a slave state, with a slavery like that of some of the South American countries, peonage, and even worse than the domestic slavery of the Southern States.)

We arrived at the Bar two hours before Captain Whiting's party and told the people at Big Bar, who numbered about five hundred, that a Spanish crowd was com-

ing, and this news created much disturbance. In due time the Mexican party arrived and began to unpack. But that evening Captain Whiting and his overseers called on me and asked me to do him a favor. I replied, if it were in my power I would gladly do so. He wished me to call a meeting of the Americans and find out what the Bar said about his company of Mexicans working for him there. He added, "We were very abruptly ordered away from the Bar before we unpacked." He thought the party making this remark did so on his own responsibility, and he wished me to find out the sentiment of the Americans in regard to his party's remaining there. I told him I would do so.

This Captain Whiting was born and raised and educated in Boston, Massachusetts, and went to Mexico when he was about twenty years old and became a Mexican citizen. Case replied, "That is what you ought to have done; no man has a right to live permanently in a country without becoming a citizen of it."

To make myself well heard I climbed upon a high rock where I could be heard a great distance and called out, "Oyez, Oyez, Oyez, all American citizens come forward immediately. Important business to be attended to." I had no sooner called this way than the cry was taken up and carried at least three miles around. The meeting following was held at Squire Finley's store—Finley being from Oregon City. A chairman and secretary were duly elected. The chairman, Squire Finley, called the meeting to order and stated that Mr. Case would explain the object. I did so, which took me probably fifteen minutes. A resolution was then adopted that we indorse Governor Smith's proclamation. (This proclamation was that the coming of foreigners to California for the purpose of working the mines without any intention of becoming American citizens was strictly for-

bidden.) This was very necessary, as already large contracts were being made, not only in Mexico, but in Chili and other South American states for prisoners or peons, and in a short time the mines would have been overrun with this class of labor. It was only necessary that the action of Governor Smith should be indorsed by some substantial body, as his authority hardly extended to civil affairs, no regular state government having been yet organized in California.

In order to test the sense of the meeting, Mr. Case moved that Captain Whiting be not allowed to stay here, which was carried unanimously.

Then Mr. Case moved that a committee be appointed to convey to Captain Whiting the sense of the meeting, a duty which I attempted to perform, but found it quite unnecessary, as Captain Whiting had been present at the meeting, and had watched closely all the proceedings, and the next morning he and all his debtors started to leave the mines. I also introduced a resolution that we furnish a copy of the proceedings of the meeting to the *Placer Times*.

This started the ball rolling, and action was taken by miners at many different bars, and within a week or ten days it was estimated that over seven thousand foreigners, mostly peons and debtors, were started from California, their masters all blaming Case.

I remained at Big Bar for forty days, then came back to Coloma, stayed there for two days, and than started for Sacramento, where I got an outfit and made my way back to Oregon. (Much of the ill-feeling that was afterwards shown toward Oregon and Oregonians by the Californians, probably had its origin in these early conflicts between the Oregonians and the California ranchers and importers of a semi-slave labor ; but Oregonians in Cali-

foria during the mining days became the backbone of American government, and from this sprang the splendid free state.)

A circumstantial account of the beginning of state government in California is given in "Recollections of a Pioneer," Peter G. Burnett, first Governor of California, who went from Oregon to the mines in 1848.

MRS. CLAYTON'S ACCOUNT OF IN- DIAN TROUBLES IN CALI- FORNIA IN 1849.

The account given by Mr. William M. Case of the troubles with Indians in the California mines in 1848 is of so much historical importance, and has so great a bearing upon the subsequent history of that state, that any confirmation of his recollections is very acceptable. This we find in the following account of Mrs. Fannie Clayton, now of Seaside, Oregon. As a girl of thirteen, just from across the plains, she was a witness of the attempted execution and actual shooting of the guilty Indians. The narrative is as follows :

Speaking of Mr. Benjamin Wood, who was one of the murdered Oregonians, she says : Mr. Wood boarded at my father's in New Lancaster, Illinois, and afterwards with us at Milford, Missouri. He was a well educated man from New England and New York, and we called him a Yankee. In 1843 he came to Oregon with my brother Ninian, joining the immigration at Saint Joseph, Missouri. He worked at Hunt's mill, and went to the California mines. He was a man of about thirty at that time, and was very ingenious—he could make almost anything in the way of mechanical contrivance. He discovered gold on American River, at a place afterwards called Murderers' Bar. This was not Spanish Bar ; that was another place. Murderers' Bar, about fifteen or sixteen miles from Coloma, on Middle Fork, was very rich, and he was making a rocker that would wash it more economically.

Ninian and Crockett Eberman (brothers of Mrs. Clayton) were in his party. As the camp gradually ran out of provisions, these two young men, with Humphrey O'Brien, another member of the company, took a night journey to Coloma to repair their supplies. The object of observing secrecy, however, was not any fear they then had of Indians, but to prevent discovery of their claims by other mining parties, as was a customary rule at the time. Upon returning they found that Wood and all the rest of their partners had been murdered by the Indians. The camp had been utterly demolished and all traces of it obliterated, and no signs of any camp having ever been there could be seen, except the still remaining indications of the camp fire, and also Wood's rocker, still uncompleted. The men killed here were Ben Wood, Thompson, and Alexander. The only signs of any tussle was the hair of Wood, which was black, strewn about the ground. Ninian Eberman found two sacks of gold, which he afterwards gave to the widows of the married men.

Another massacre which Mrs. Clayton remembers occurred farther up the river, where Leonard and Sargent's party were cut off, except a young man named Carter, who escaped by swift running. He was closely pursued by a remarkably powerful Indian, whom he afterwards identified among the Indians brought in for trial for the murder of Wood's party. Sargent's body was fearfully mutilated, the flesh being cut from the bones.

These murders seem to have been committed rather for the robbery of clothes or tents than of gold. The Indians had little idea of the value of gold, often giving an ounce or more at Coloma for a bit of calico. They were also jealous of the white peoples' coming, fearing they would take away their land, etc., and so cut off strag-

gling white men when they dared. Mr. Wood, however, was a great friend of the Indians, and had no fear of them.

In order to punish the murderers, and with the idea probably of ending their further outrages, a party of miners was made up, among whom were both Ninian and Crockett Eberman. By these the Indians were attacked and many were killed. Seven were captured and brought to Coloma and placed in jail. These were declared by the Indian women to be among the murderers; and some of the Indian women were also detained in jail to act as witnesses at the trial. Among the Indians was the one who pursued Carter. He stoutly maintained his innocence until Carter entered the jail and declared him the murderer of Sargent.

All the above had occurred but a short time before the arrival of Mrs. Clayton with her father at Coloma in February, 1849. It was about two weeks afterward that the Indians were brought in. They were held ten days or so. At the end of this time Mrs. Clayton's uncle said to her one day, "Fannie, they are going to hang the Indians; do you want to see them?" She and the other girls went out, not wishing to witness the actual execution, but simply to see the murderers as they were taken from the jail. She stood at the corner of the building, and there was a crowd of some hundreds gathered around. As the door was opened, the Indians came out looking about fearfully, but had not gone more than ten feet before they broke and ran in a body up the river. This space was clear, being in the direction of the trees upon which ropes were already placed. At the same instant the Oregon guards began shooting, Ninian Eberman being the first. Several fell at once. Two reached the river; one was shot and sank in the water; one swam across and reached the opposite shore, and was just lift-

ing himself from the surface by a willow when we was shot. His body was found the next day still clinging.

One of the Indians, however, ran toward the hill, and was climbing up the steep side, but was pursued by an Irishman named "Billy" McGee, a sailor, a little man, but a swift runner. As the Indian saw that he would be overtaken, he halted on the steep hillside immediately above McGee, and casting off his blanket, drew a concealed knife, with which he made a stroke, but losing his foothold fell directly before the sailor, by whom he was quickly dispatched.

The Oregonians had taken pains to give the Indians a trial, having for the purpose of taking evidence, secured as interpreter an Indian girl who understood both English and Spanish. Through her they learned who were the guilty parties. The Indian men refused to talk, further than to deny the charge: but the Indian women pointed out the guilty ones. It was not the intention to hang all the Indians, but all were shot in trying to escape. That some of the tribe remaining were angry at the women who gave evidence was proved by finding later the bodies of the four Indian women who testified against the men, concealed in a thicket, where they had fallen, shot full of arrows.

The merchants of Coloma generally opposed the execution of the Indians, and in this they were supported by many of the Eastern men just arrived, who looked upon the methods of the Oregonians as too severe. They also feared that there would be a general Indian uprising. It was also generally understood that the traders profited greatly by the trade of the Indians, and even by the murder or robberies they committed; and when much dust was brought by them to the town suspicion at once arose that miners had been killed. Merchants at Coloma at that time were, as Mrs. Clayton remembers them,

Hastings, Shannon, and Hampton—the latter a dry goods dealer, who, however, favored the execution of the guilty Indians; Marshall opposed the execution. Sutter, at Sutter's Fort, also favored the Indians. Feeling ran very high and danger of collision between the two parties was imminent. The keeper of the hotel where the Indian girl was found to act as interpreter, refused to let her appear in court; but she was taken off bodily by Tharp and Eberman, and under rather stern orders, performed the prescribed duty.

After reading over the above to Mrs. Clayton, and mentioning that she differed in some respects from Mr. Case, noticeably in the date of the execution, and the manner in which the Indians escaped, she replied, "That is just as I remember it."

Mr. Case stated that the Indians in attempting escape, at a signal, a strange shout of "Ungh!" from the leader, fell to the ground, and tried to wriggle through the crowd. Mrs. Clayton remembers nothing of this peculiar manœuvre, though one of the Indians ran immediately past where she stood and made a sweep of the hand so near as almost to touch her.

NOTE.

Supplementary to paper, "Flotsam and Jetsam of the Pacific," printed in March Quarterly, Volume II, Number 1.

In my article, "Flotsam and Jetsam of the Pacific" (March, 1901), I gave Captain Lemont's statement to me personally. I should have added a note with the few following facts. Doctor McLoughlin, in the paper published in the Quarterly of June, 1900, says: "The first American vessel that entered the Columbia River to trade since 1814, was the Oahoo, Captain Dominus, in February, 1829. The Convoy, Captain Thompson, came awhile after. These two vessels belonged to the same party, a merchant in Boston. In summer they went up the coast. Returned in the fall. The Oahoo wintered in the Columbia River, but the Convoy proceeded to Oahoo. Returned spring of 1830, and in the summer both vessels left and never returned."

A note on page 503 of Bancroft's History of the Northwest Coast, says: "Mrs. Harvey (Doctor McLoughlin's daughter), 'Life of McLoughlin,' MS. 15, recollects the first American vessel entering the Columbia in her time as 'that of Captain Thomas, in 1829.'" This error may have been one of memory, and would justify my prejudice against remembered history; or, it may have been an error of hearing,—for it is known to me that Mr. Bancroft's stenographer was "a little hard of hearing," and may have mistaken Dominus for Thomas, when the dictation was taken.

Again, on page 560 of the same volume, Mr. Bancroft mentions F. A. Lemont as "chief mate" of the Sultana, whereas Lemont himself tells us that George Sweetland

was mate, and that he was only at that time an apprentice to the trade of a seaman. Mr. Bancroft also gives the date of the Owyhee's arrival as 1830, instead of 1829, as on page 341 of Volume I, "Northwest Coast," he had previously done.

Of Captain Dominus, we learn on page 636 of Volume II, "Northwest Coast," that in 1834 he was on the coast in the bark Bolivar Liberator, and that he made an agreement with the Russian-American Company, August 8, by which he was permitted to hunt sea otter on the California and Southern Oregon coasts. A few days later an agent of the Hudson's Bay Company effected a lease of a shore strip from the Russians which excluded the American trader. This did not prevent Dominus from returning in the summer of 1835, or from purchasing sea otter in defiance of Russians and English, using rum to overcome the fidelity of the Indians to their former masters. Russian, English, and American fur hunters were sadly at outs this year on the Northwest coast, but Dominus probably secured a valuable cargo, as he paid more for skins than his rivals. It was, however, his last adventure on the Coast of North America, and his end was as before related.

FRANCES FULLER VICTOR.

DOCUMENTARY.

The following excerpts comprise Oregon material taken from the *New Orleans Picayune* between the issues of January 3, 1843, and April 27, 1844, inclusive. The document published in the December Quarterly, Volume I., Number 4, also belongs to this series of excerpts :

[From the *Picayune*, Tuesday, January 3, 1843; Washington correspondence.]

Doctor Linn reported from his select committee a bill for the occupation and settlement of the Oregon territory.

[From the *Picayune*, Saturday, January 7, 1843.]

SETTLEMENT OF OREGON.

Nothing marks the rapid and irresistible expansion of our population more than the movement we see now and then made in bringing our hitherto desolate western regions under civilized organization and rule of government.

We are glad to see that Mr. Linn's bill to authorize the adoption of measures for the occupation and settlement of the territory of Oregon, for extending certain portions of the laws of the United States over the same, and for other purposes, was, on the nineteenth ultimo, read twice in the senate and referred to a select committee to be appointed by the chair. The committee consists of Messrs. Walker, Linn, Sevier, Merriek, and Phelps.

[From the *Picayune*, January 11, 1843.]

Yesterday, the only thing of general interest that came up was Doctor Linn's bill for the occupation and settlement of the Oregon territory. The preamble is declaratory that our title is certain and will not be abandoned. This was objected to by Mr. Tappan as likely to embarrass our negotiation with Great Britain on the subject, which the President says is now pending. Mr. Archer supported Mr. Tappan's view of the matter, but Doctor Linn stoutly maintained his ground and was sustained by Mr. Roberts [or McRoberts] of Illinois. After a great deal of chaffering, it was agreed that the bill should be passed over, informally, to give time for sober second thoughts.

[From the *Picayune*, January 13, 1843.]

WASHINGTON, January 3, 1843.

Doctor Linn's bill, for the occupation and settlement of the Oregon territory, came up for further discussion in committee of the whole of the senate on the pending question to strike out the declaration of our title and determination to maintain it. A warm debate on this point arose, which nearly worked Doctor Linn and Mr. Walker into a war mania against Great Britain. But, seeing that if he yielded the point, his bill would gain unanimous support, the doctor thought discretion the better part of valor, and beat an honorable retreat. So the preamble was struck out, and then everything went on swimmingly. There were no bounds to the harmony that ensued. Besides six hundred and forty acres of land to each male citizen of the United States, over the age of eighteen, actually a settler in Oregon for five years, one hundred and sixty acres were added for his wife (when blessed with one), in her own right, and one hundred and sixty more for each child, to encourage (as that good-natured soul, Fulton of Arkansas, said), "the populating of the country." Several other favorable amendments were made, and the bill, as amended, was ordered to be printed.

[From the *Picayune*, Saturday, January 14.]

On Wednesday, the fourth instant, the senate passed Mr. Linn's bill for the occupation of the Oregon territory.

[From the *Picayune*, Saturday, January 21.]

WASHINGTON, January 9, 1843.

The Oregon bill came up on its passage, having been read a third time last week it had been postponed at the request of Mr. Calhoun, who wished to compare its provisions with those of the treaty of Great Britain on the Northwest boundary. The bill was again postponed at Mr. Calhoun's request.

[From the *Picayune* of January 21, 1843.]

OREGON.

Doctor Linn's bill, now before the United States Senate, for the settlement of Oregon, provides that settlers shall be entitled to six hundred and forty acres of land, upon condition of five years' residence; and a chain of posts to be erected, extending from the Missouri or Arkansas River into the Oregon territory.

[From the *Picayune* of Sunday, February 19, 1843.]

WASHINGTON, February 7.

Vote was taken on Mr. Archer's motion to reconsider the passage of the Oregon bill. The vote was taken and resulted: Yeas, 24; nays, 24. So being a tie, it was decided in the negative, and the bill goes to the house as passed by the senate.

[From the *Picayune*, February 19, 1843.]

OREGON.

A public meeting was called in Cincinnati for the evening of the thirteenth, to take into consideration the propriety of an immediate occupation of the Oregon territory.

[From the *Picayune* of Tuesday, March 16, 1843.]

The bill for the occupation and settlement of the Oregon Territory failed to pass the house on the third instant.

[From the *Picayune* of Saturday, June 3, 1843.]

THE OREGON CIRCULAR.

We have received from Cincinnati a circular in relation to the occupation of the Oregon territory, which we deem so important as being expressive of the views of the West on the subject that we give it entire:—

CIRCULAR.

CINCINNATI, May 22, 1843.

DEAR SIR: It having been determined to hold a convention at this place on the third, fourth, and fifth days of July next, to urge upon congress the immediate occupation of the Oregon territory by the arms and laws of the Republic, and to adopt such measures as may seem most conducive to its immediate and effectual occupation, whether the government acts or not in the matter; we most respectfully request your attendance at the convention or such an expression of your views on the subject as you may deem most expedient.

It will be proposed to base the action of the convention on Mr. Monroe's declaration of 1823, "that the American continents are not to be considered subject to colonization by any European powers," and that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their systems to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety.

Believing that such will be the surest course for the interest and honor of the Republic, and the greatness, peace, and safety of the West, we hope for your attendance or at least your concurrence in the objects of the convention, and the surest means for their attainment.

Very respectfully,

T. WORTHINGTON,	P. H. OLMSTEAD,
D. T. DISNEY,	WILLIAM BURKE,
W. B. HUBBARD,	THOMAS MCGUIRE,
W. PARRY,	N. B. KELLY,
E. D. MANSFIELD,	JACOB FLINN,
S. MEDARY,	JOSEPH LEIBY,
Oregon General Committee of Ohio.	

We are desired by certain members of the general committee to announce that Prof. E. D. Mansfield of Cincinnati has complied with a request to read before the Oregon Convention of July, 1843, a history of Mr. Monroe's declaration of 1823 that "The American continents were not to be considered subjects of colonization by any European powers," and of the circumstances under which it was made; also to indicate and define its proper application and extension, and set forth each vindication of the principle involved as is afforded by the laws of nature, of nations, and of necessity.

[From the *Picayune* of Wednesday, June 7, 1843; extract from a letter of M. C. F.]

CAMP WILLIAM, SHAWNEELAND,
Missouri Territory, May 13, 1843.

We have had a whole week of storms since pitching our tents at this encampment and some of them of really terrific violence. The other night a man was killed by lightning in an encampment of Oregon settlers only a few miles from here. From the towns of Independence and Westport caravans are moving every day for that vast and beautiful region of our continent that is yet to be peopled and but a few years will carry the sound of the "Holy bell," even to meet the distant muttering of Pacific's surge.

[From the *Picayune*, Friday, July 14, 1843.]

LATER FROM THE FAR WEST.

The editor of the *Western Missourian* has been furnished with information (copied into the Saint Louis papers,) from Fort Platte, that a party of Sioux, consisting of about three hundred warriors under the two chiefs, Bull-Tail and Iron-Shell, had already left to fight the Pawnees, and another war party, to the number of fifteen hundred to two thousand Sioux, were soon to proceed against the Crow and Snakes.

A war party of Kansas Indians had attacked a party of Pawnees and killed three of their number. Three Pawnees had escaped to Sir William Drummond Stewart's party, and were protected by them from their pursuers. The informant met Sir William's party on the Big Sandy and the Oregon company near the waters of the Big Blue, two hundred and fifty miles above Independence. They were all well and getting along smoothly, having experienced no difficulty, except in crossing the Kansas River, where the Oregon company sunk their boats and came near drowning several children. The latter company, by a census, was found to contain two hundred sixty males over the age of sixteen years; one hundred and thirty females over the age of sixteen years, two hundred and ninety males under the age of sixteen years, three hundred and twelve females under the age of sixteen years,—nine hundred and ninety being the whole number of persons.

They had one hundred and twenty-one wagons, six hundred and ninety-eight oxen, two hundred and ninety-six horses, nine hundred and seventy-three loose cattle,—one thousand nine hundred and sixty-seven being the total amount of stock.

[From the *Picayune*, August 16, 1843.]

THE OREGON EMIGRATING COMPANY.

“The following letter,” says the *Iowa Territorial Gazette*, “was received by a gentlemen in this place a few days since, and knowing the deep interest felt by many of our citizens in everything relating to Oregon, we have obtained permission to publish it:”

OREGON EMIGRATING COMPANY, JUNE 10, 1843.

“The return of a company of mountain traders to the settlements presents an opportunity for writing which I feel much inclined to embrace. We are now some two or three hundred miles west of Independence, on the Blue rivers, tributaries of the Kansas, in good health and spirits. I regret to say that a division has taken place in the company in consequence of the number of cattle driven by some, those having no cattle refusing to stand guard at night over stock belonging to others. The result of all this was, that Captain Burnett resigned the command of the company, and the committee, in accordance with our regulations, ordered a new election and so altered the by-laws that the commander should be called colonel, and also ordered the election of four captains and four orderly sergeants. The cattle party selected myself as their candidate, and those opposed selected Mr. William Martin, an experienced mountaineer. There being a majority opposed to the cattle party, Mr. Martin was elected, and a division of the company ensued. About fifty wagons, with those who had large droves of loose cattle, now left, with a general request that all in favor of traveling with them should fall back. I was particularly solicited to leave Martin's company, but as it would travel very much the fastest, and Colonel Martin was a very clever fellow, I declined. The new company, it is expected, will be commanded by Captain Applegate.

“Our roads, since leaving the settlements, have been very fine, except within the last three days, during which last period they have been almost impassable in consequence of tremendous rains: but they are again improving. We have had no trouble with the Indians, with the exception of horse and cattle stealing, and this business they have carried on pretty lively. I had a very fine mule stolen from me on the Kansas River, and we lost sight, in all, eight or ten head of horses and mules.

"I believe there is not a case of sickness in the camp, though old Mr. Stout from Iowa has a violent swelling in his eyes. Tell the boys from Iowa to come on with all the cattle and sheep they can get, and a company sufficiently large to drive them.

Truly yours,

M. M. M.

"P. S.—My friend, Mr. Henry Lee, from Iowa, has just been elected captain of one of the divisions. While writing, news has been brought in of the discovery of a dead Indian about a mile from this place, freshly scalped, and nearly all the company has gone to see him. He was shot with arrows, and is supposed to be a Pawnee, killed by a war party of the Kansas Indians, which we met the other day, consisting of two hundred, with fresh scalps and fingers, which they said they had taken the day before."

[From the *Picayune* of Saturday, September 16, 1843.]

THE OREGON EXPEDITION.

The *Western Expositor*, published at Independence, in its date of the second instant, says: "We, this week, received a letter from our esteemed friend, William Gilpin, who started for the Oregon territory this season, in company with Lieutenant Fremont's exploring expedition. The letter is dated 'South Fork of Platte, July 26, 1843,' addressed to the editor of this paper, and is as follows:

"I drop you a line by a couple of Shawnee Indians, who are going to return to Missouri from this place. We are about halfway to Fort Hall, here, and I expect to reach the mouth of the Columbia by the first of October. The emigrants are all ahead of us, and have, by this time, reached the South Pass through the mountains.

"This is the latest information received from the Oregon emigrants, and from this it is clear that they will make the trip with ease before the bad weather commences."

[From the *Picayune*, January 2, 1844, Correspondence of the *Picayune*.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 21, 1843.

In the senate to-day, after a few private petitions were presented, Mr. Atcheson, on leave, introduced a bill for the settlement of the territory of Oregon, which was read twice and referred to a select committee of five, viz.: Atcheson, Walker, Sevier, Merrick, and Phelps.

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 22, 1843.

After the presentation of a few private memorials, Messrs. Benton and Atcheson presented petitions from certain citizens of Missouri, praying congress to protect the emigrants gone to Oregon.

[From the *Picayune*, Tuesday, January 4, 1844.]

OREGON.

The following extraordinary piece of information now going the rounds, looks very much like a misapprehension or a mistake. A postscript to a letter from a gentleman in the Indian country, dated the nineteenth of October, received by a gentleman in Saint Louis, says:

"Fort Hall, on the Oregon, has been delivered up to Lieutenant Fremont, and it is believed that Fort Vancouver soon will be."

Now it is a fact that Lieutenant Fremont is out in the Oregon country under government order, but his business relates only to an extended survey of the region, and there is not a shade of likelihood that he had either authority or force for such a critical operation as the taking of Fort Hall. The item can not be entitled to credit.

[From the *Picayune*, Saturday, January 6, 1844.]

PRAIRIE AND MOUNTAIN LIFE.

By far the most promising region, in an agricultural point of view, that we passed over in our whole route, was that along the banks and in the vicinity of the Kansas River. We saw no other land as good during our further progress west, but, on the contrary, traveled over soil in every way inferior and lacking advantages necessary for the farmer. The Willamette or Wallamette Valley, in Oregon, is the first favorable locality for farming purposes that is met with, after leaving the Kansas, until the traveler has fairly crossed the prairies and the mountains and descended among the Pacific tributaries. But this valley is admitted, quite generally, by enemies as well as friends of the Oregon enterprise, to be a really romantic and attractive section. Mills, cooper shops, mission houses, and other buildings have arisen already by the active enterprise of those who have settled there, and the large company that went out last summer is, no doubt, about this date busily [engaged] in operations for the general improvement of the place.

We found the region fertile and well timbered in all the valleys until we left the Blue, and then the illimitable grassy waste spread away before us, with not another stick or shrub to meet our eyes for days together. The prevailing timber upon the Kansas and other streams we found to be sycamore, elm, bur oak, black walnut, box elder, the linden tree, coffee bean, honey locust, white and red ash, cottonwood, and sumach, besides groves of the American plum that appeared here and there. The river banks were garnished with grapevines, and upon the bluffs that were not barren, we noticed groves of black-jack and thickets of dwarf chestnut oak. Of the grasses and flora of the prairie we shall speak in another place, but we wish to mention the presence here of the Missouri wheat (the *Triticum Missouriicum* of

Sprengel), which we first saw at Grasshopper Creek, but which disappeared as we progressed and then spread before us again, forming the general carpet of grass to the exclusion of almost every other kind. This Missouri wheat is a famous grass for fodder, but having the same creeping root as the common quick-grass, it is so far unfit for cultivation, as it could certainly not be extirpated again. It has a bluish shade, varying its native green slightly; begins to grow when the snow melts in the spring, and is remarked for growing slower than almost any other species of grass, until the season of snow returning again. This growth prevails for leagues along the broad valley of the Platte.

[From the *Picayune*, Monday, January 7, 1844.]

THE OREGON EMIGRATION.

Major Harris, the same "Black Harris," who has been mentioned among our mountain sketches, and a famous old traveler, is now at Independence, preparing for a great expedition to Oregon next spring. He is connected with Major Adams, who gives some excellent advice to emigrants wishing to join them. Major Adams says that notwithstanding "large bodies move slow," he can easily move his expedition even to the shores of the Pacific, in four months. The distances are nearly as subjoined:

From Independence to Fort Laramie.....	750 miles.
From Fort Laramie to Fort Hall.....	550 miles.
From Fort Hall to Fort Walla Walla.....	450 miles.
From Walla Walla to Fort Vancouver.....	350 miles.

Every man should be provided at least with a good rifle, six pounds of powder and twelve pounds of lead. The best size bore for a rifle is forty to the pound. This size will easily kill buffalo, but a smaller calibre will be better suited for the game west of the mountains. Each person should have at least one hundred and forty pounds bacon, one hundred and fifty pounds flour, ten pounds salt, twenty pounds coffee, twenty pounds sugar. It would do well for several persons to constitute a mess, each mess to be provided with a small tent and cooking utensils. Mules are much better to endure this trip than horses, though a horse is very useful in running buffalo. A horse, to be of use in hunting, might be kept for that express purpose.

[From the *Picayune*, Sunday, January 7, 1844.]

CONGRESSIONAL.

The proceedings of the senate on Thursday, twenty-eighth ultimo, were of very inconsiderable interest. Some memorials were presented. Mr. Atcheson's Oregon bill was read and referred, and a short executive session was held.

[From the *Picayune*, January 11, 1844.]

OREGON.

The object of Mr. Atcheson's bill, as we find it succinctly stated in the *Baltimore American*, is to take possession at once of the Oregon territory, including the whole country west of the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, and between the parallels of 42° and 54° 40' N. latitude. It authorizes the President to have erected a line of stockades and blockhouse forts, five in number, extending from some point on the Missouri, to the best pass for entering the valley of the Oregon. Provision is also made by the bill for granting six hundred and forty acres of land to every white male inhabitant of Oregon, of the age of eighteen years and upwards, who shall cultivate and use the same for five consecutive years. The grant is upon this condition secured to him and his heirs. Every married man thus settling in the territory, is to receive an additional grant of one hundred and sixty acres for his wife, and a like quanttiy for every child under eighteen.

The bill has been referred to a select committee, composed of Messrs. Atcheson, Walker, Sevier, Merrick, and Phelps. It is altogether likely that a favorable report will come from this committee.

[From the *Picayune*, January 11, 1844.]

FROM OREGON.

Mr. Lee, one of the eleven men who returned from Lieutenant Fremont's expedition, leaving that adventurous young explorer still in the mountains, has arrived in this city, and his statements fully confirm the representations that have already been made public in regard to Fremont and his party. Captain Fitzpatrick, with a division of seventeen of Fremont's men, arrived first at Fort Hall in September, the Oregon company arrived the next day, and Fremont himself the day after. There was a great distress for provisions both among the Oregonians and Fremont's party. Some of the former remained at the Fort, while others continued on their journey. All Fremont's horses were driven off in a stampede by the Osages during his outward progress, but were subsequently recovered. Fremont went on to the valley of the Wohlhamette, thirty miles or more the other side of Vancouver.

[From the *Picayune*, January 18, 1844.]

OREGON EMIGRATION.

Major Adams, now in Independence, is, it seems, constantly receiving communications, relative to emigrating to the Oregon territory, from all parts of the Union. Judging from the letters received,

and the deep interest manifested by the authors of them, there will be a very large and determined band of emigrants next spring to the shores of the Pacific.

[From the *Picayune*, February 2, 1844.]

THE OREGON REGION.

About one of the most interesting subjects now engaging universal attention is the question about the Oregon country. The following chapter from the *New York Evening Post* we think worthy to place before the eye of our readers:

"The Committee of Ways and Means, in the House of Representatives, have charge of the resolution offered by Mr. Owen, requiring the President to give notice to Great Britain, in pursuance of the convention of 1827, that in twelve months from the date of the notice, her occupation of the Oregon territory, jointly with that of our government, must cease.

"It is understood that negotiations are now pending, relative to the great question of title to the region of Oregon, between our government and that of Great Britain. To what conclusion these negotiations are tending, or whether to any, or at what time a conclusion will be reached, are questions which it is not easy to answer; but this at least is clear, that Britain is not dissatisfied with the present condition of that question. It is her interest to keep things in their present state. Why should she desire a change? Her Hudson's Bay Company is the mistress of that mighty region that lies between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific, the wild tribes which inhabit it are her friends and allies, and the furs gathered on that vast hunting ground form a lucrative branch of her commerce. The American adventurers,—such, at least, is the boast of the Canada newspapers,—who engage in this trade as the rivals of that powerful association, perish, no man knows how or where, leaving their bones to be picked by birds of prey in the wilderness. The matter stands very well, therefore, for Great Britain, and doubtless she has no desire to disturb it. We must expect no alacrity on her part in closing the negotiations. We may expect, on the contrary, that they will be protracted, if possible, from year to year, by the ingenious delays of diplomacy, until some crisis arises which will make a final settlement necessary.

"Our interests, however, and the interest of the people, who are beginning to turn their attention to that settlement, requires that the disputes in regard to that territory should be adjusted, or, at least, we should assert and firmly maintain our just jurisdiction over it. Already—even while the *Edinburgh Review* was uttering its predictions that no migration would ever take place from the United States to the country of the Oregon,—companies of men and women are

crossing the Rocky Mountains, and new expeditions are preparing for another season. The time for extending the absolute occupation and jurisdiction of our government over that country has arrived.

"It will greatly assist the British policy of delay if congress, under the idea that the question is in a fair train of negotiation, should neglect to put an end to the convention of 1827, which has already endured too long. In making bargains by diplomacy, the recent history of our country has proved that we are not a match for our British rival. To put an end to the convention and assert our title at once in its full extent is the most effectual method, we are convinced, of procuring its early acknowledgment by Great Britain. If we leave the matter to mere negotiation we may see ourselves manœuvred out of the northern portion of a territory to the whole of which we have the fairest title in the world."

[From the *Picayune*, February 2, 1844.]

CONGRESSIONAL—OREGON TERRITORY.

Mr. Hughes offered the following resolution (January twentieth): "*Resolved*, That the Committee on the Territories inquire into the expediency at as early a day as practicable of reporting a joint resolution requesting the President of the United States to give notice, of twelve months, to the government of Great Britain that after the expiration of said term, the government of the United States will annul and abrogate the convention of the sixth of September, 1827, continuing in force the provisions of the third article of the convention of the twentieth of October, 1818."

Objections were made to the reception of the resolution.

Mr. Hughes moved a suspension of the rules to enable him to offer it.

The motion was negatived.

The house brought the debate on referring that portion of the President's message relative to the "Western Waters" to a close by referring the subject to the Committee on Commerce.

[From the *Picayune*, February 7, 1844.]

ROUTE TO OREGON.

"The emigrants to Oregon," says a Western paper, "have a long route to travel, much of the way over mountains and barren deserts, and but few resting places. The distance is set down as follows: From Independence, on the frontier of Missouri, to Fort Laramie, seven hundred and fifty miles; from Fort Laramie to Fort Hall, five hundred and fifty miles; from Fort Hall to Fort Wallah Wallah, four hundred and fifty miles; from Fort Wallah Wallah to Fort Vancouver, three hundred and fifty miles."

[From the *Picayune*, March 1, 1844.]

WASHINGTON, February 19, 1844.

In the senate there was a smart brush between the ultras on the extreme right and extreme left of the chamber touching the Oregon territory.

Mr. Archer, chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, introduced a bill to purchase fifteen hundred copies, at \$2.00 each, of Greenhowe's History of the Oregon, California, etc. (a new work, yet in the press.) Colonel Benton took the bull by the horns and rushed upon it in two-handed style, introducing the new negotiation and all sorts of things to make thunder. Archer parried off, and withdrew an obnoxious clause of the bill, which proposed distributing a copy of the book to each member of congress. This did not pacify the colonel, who declared "war to the knife" against the new negotiation (Mr. Pakenham's), and gave notice in advance that not an inch of the territory should be given up. The subject was at last superseded by the tariff debate being called for.

[From the *Picayune*, March 6, 1844.]

IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE,

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 26, 1844.

The Oregon resolution, giving notice of an intention to annul the article relating to the joint occupation by the people of this government and that of England of that territory, came up as the special order of the day. Mr. Dayton of New Jersey, made a long and eloquent speech against the resolution. He defended, with great force, the character of the citizens of New England from some insinuations against their courage, which fell from the senator from Missouri, Mr. Benton. The following is an extract from Mr. Dayton's speech :

"New England had been taunted as ready to sacrifice herself to her fears. Did the senator forget her history? Had he thought so much about Black Hawk as to forget King Philip? Could he have forgotten that the first, the freest, blood of the Revolution had flowed from the hearts of men of New England. That it was a sailor of Nantucket who had written on the walls of Tripoli these immortal words: 'Millions for defense, but not a cent for tribute.' Or that, later still, it was the same people who had manned those fleets which upheld the freedom of the seas.

"The sun never shone upon a people less likely to take counsel from their fears. They were ready, ever ready, by land or by sea; all they asked was a cause in which they might safely invoke the blessing of Heaven. Is this a people derelict to honor, surrendering their interests to their fears? Who would listen to the tale? But, more; who was it that must fight that battle for Oregon, which gentlemen were so eager to provoke? That self-same people. That battle was to be

fought upon the open sea. The fisheries upon the banks of Newfoundland, the whaleries of the Pacific,—these it was that must yield the men whose valor and whose blood must win that victory.

“Ah, but the gentlemen said that they, too, were to furnish their quota. Why, where did they suppose that this war was to be fought? Did they imagine that, at this day, a war with Great Britain would be such a contest as our last struggle with her, when our lands were without roads, and without fortifications, and without munitions, and without all we should have had, save the native bravery of our people, when Great Britain could pour in her regiments on our defenceless frontiers? Far, far different would a war be now. No, it was a war upon the ocean; it was the cities of New England that were to be battered; the commerce of New England that was to be made a prey.”

The *Globe* sums up the argument of Mr. Dayton by saying: “We strongly urge the importance of settling the question by negotiation—that hasty action would be productive of loss instead of gain to the country. He adverted to the danger of submitting the question to the hazards of war, and enumerated the naval forces of Great Britain ready at a moment’s notice to bear against us in that region: the facility with which she could transport her immense land forces from China to that territory; and maintain that it was almost impossible to convey from the United States over such an immense tract of prairie and mountains, a heavy armament, capable of successfully contending against such a force. He argued that there was no principle of honor involved in the contest for the Oregon; and thought it was best for us to count the odds before precipitating the country into a war for it, which, when obtained, would be found to be worthless.”

The subject was then laid aside to next day, when Mr. Breese will address the senate.

[From the *Picayune*, March 7, 1844.]

UNITED STATES SENATE.

WASHINGTON, February 27, 1844.

The discussion on a resolution of Mr. Semple, instructing the President of the United States to give notice to the British Government of the termination of such provisions of the treaty with that power as allows her to occupy, jointly, with the United States, the Oregon territory, was resumed by Mr. Breese, in favor of the resolution. In the course of his speech he alluded to the fact that no longer ago than 1816 an equivalent was proposed, and that in the Executive journals of 1828 a key would be found to that equivalent, and read a resolution submitted by a senator from Rhode Island, proposing to request the then President of the United States to open a negotiation for exchanging the territory west of the Rocky Mountains for upper Canada, including the district of Montreal. He reviewed the ques-

tion in its war aspect; and while he deprecated such a calamity, yet he preferred war to having the country dishonored in the settlement of this question, by yielding to the unjust demands of England. He maintained that that power dare not go before the civilized world in a war against us, for asserting our rights to that territory to the 49th degree of latitude. He argued that it was not her interest to go to war without us, even if she had to yield all her pretensions.

[From the *Picayune*, March 13, 1844.]

A communication has appeared in a paper published in Independence, Missouri, from Moses Harris, contradicting certain statements made by the traveler Farnham in relation to Oregon and the road to that important and, at this crisis, very interesting region. Farnham had promulgated some just and very valuable information in regard to the extreme West, but as far as his representations refer to the nature of the roads from the States, and in some other particulars, he has most assuredly fallen into error, and Mr. Harris has seized upon just the point, with which he is himself thoroughly acquainted by long years of experience, to set the public right. He has traveled the route over and over again, and knows every tree, creek, spring, hill and hollow that lies in the way of the traveler. The statements of Farnham are well calculated to fling a discouraging influence over the adventurous throngs of emigrants now preparing to start for that country in the spring; and, though we by no means wish either to encourage or discourage these people, yet, knowing the contradiction of Mr. Harris to be correct, we are bound to second him in advancing the truth. Farnham declares that there were distances of many days' travel where no wood can be obtained and where travelers are sure to suffer. Now, it is only along the South Fork of the Platte, and even there for not more than two or three encampments, that wood can not be obtained. Besides, except in rainy weather, the *bois de vache* supplies every use for which wood is needed. In short, with an experienced mountaineer to direct, no party need fear ever being out of wood, for on entering an untimbered district they can pause and tie all the fuel they want upon their wagons. Let the emigrants secure a good guide and they are safe enough.

[From the *Picayune*, March 17, 1844.]

From Washington correspondence, dated March 7, 1844:

Mr. Semple's resolution to give notice to the British Government of discontinuing the convention for the joint occupancy of Oregon was taken up in the general orders. Mr. Miller of New Jersey spoke against it for two hours, after which the senate adjourned.

[From the *Picayune*, March 24, 1844.]

Washington correspondence, dated March 11, 1844:

In the house, Mr. A. V. Brown, chairman for the Committee on Territories, reported a bill extending the civil and criminal jurisdiction of the courts of the Territory of Iowa south and west of said territory to the Pacific, which was referred to the committee of the whole on the state of the Union, and, together with the report, ordered to be printed. This bill extends said jurisdiction west of the Rocky Mountains, from latitude 42° S. to 54° 40' N. latitude. It gives liberal largesses in the shape of land to all citizens who may emigrate to that country. The sum of \$100,000 is appropriated to build forts on the main pass to Oregon and within it, and to carry into effect the other provisions of the bill.

[From the *Picayune*, March 28, 1844.]

Washington correspondence, March 18, 1844:

Both houses of congress were employed the whole of this day's session in discussing the Oregon question. The senate, on Mr. Semple's resolution, to give notice of terminating the existing convention of joint occupation in opposition to which Messrs. Archer and Rives of Virginia spoke with much eloquence and effect; and in the house on a similar resolution, discussed at great length in committee of the whole on the state of the Union. The question in both houses remains in *statu quo*.

WASHINGTON, March 19.

The orders of the day brought up the Oregon subject in the senate. Mr. Choate of Massachusetts made a brilliant speech in opposition to the resolution for giving notice to Great Britain of discontinuing the joint occupation convention. Mr. Buchanan obtained the floor in reply, but the hour being late, the senate adjourned.

[From the *Picayune*, April 4, 1844.]

LATER FROM ENGLAND.

Her Majesty's Government has issued orders for the immediate employment of an additional force of noncommissioned officers and men belonging to the Royal Sappers and Miners, under the Boundary Commissioner, Colonel Estercourt. This detachment, which has been selected from the companies of that corps employed on similar service in England, on account of their experience and knowledge of the peculiar duties required of them, arrived at Woolwich from different places in England, on the first instant, and are now in hourly expectation of proceeding to Liverpool, where they are to embark for America, and on landing there will be sent to the Oregon territory to join those already employed in that service. This looks warlike.

[From the *Picayune*, April 4; from *Washington News*, of March 25.]

In the House of Representatives, Mr. Hughes' resolution to take

possession of Oregon, which Mr. Black moved to amend by adding Texas, was laid on the table by a large majority.

[From the *Picayune*, April 5, 1844.]

OREGON AND CALIFORNIA.

In the *Saint Louis New Era* of the twenty-fifth ultimo, we find a most interesting letter in regard to Oregon and Upper California. The writer appears to be a man of intelligence, and that he had abundant opportunity for observation his letter would afford ample evidence had we room for the whole of it. The writer was one of the party which left the United States for Oregon in 1842, and he has but recently returned to this country by way of the Californias, Mexico, and Vera Cruz. In regard to Oregon his remarks are very brief, as he conceives that public attention has already been sufficiently directed to that territory. He states one fact, however, of which we were entirely unaware before, as to the organization of the American emigrant under a definite form of civil government. We give the writer's own words:

"I arrived in Oregon on the fifth day of October, 1842, with a party of one hundred and sixty [sixteen?] persons. I spent the winter principally at the falls of the Willamette. During the winter the question with reference to an organization was fully discussed. Many were in favor of an independent government, but the majority were favorable to a government dependent upon and subject to the control of the United States for a limited time—five years, perhaps—when, if the United States had not extended her jurisdiction to that country, they were favorable to declaring themselves independent, not only of the United States, but of all the powers of the world. This discussion resulted in a determination to organize a government subject to the control of the United States, and in the spring following, in accordance with that determination, an organization took place. The various officers were elected—a supreme judge, members of the legislature, sheriff, justices of the peace, constables, and the different secretaries and protonotaries. They elected no executive, consequently their government must be very inefficacious. Their legislature was convened in the spring of 1843, and when I left they had a government in full operation."

[From the *Picayune*, April 14, 1844.]

OREGON.

We alluded the other day to a letter written by an Oregon settler to the editor of the *Platte Eagle*. The writer had been one year in the territory. He dates from the Falls of the Wallamatte, October 24, 1843. We find room for a short extract: "When I started for this country I did not intend to stay; but then I knew nothing of Oregon. But now I tell you, friend McLane, that nothing could induce me to

leave this country and return, for here we have health and everything else that can render a reasonable man happy. When I first looked upon the falls here I said to myself, 'This is the place for me.' There were then but four houses. A company of settlers were building a sawmill on one side of the rock islands in the river. They have since built a large flouring-mill. Doctor McLoughlin has also built since a sawmill and a very large flouring-mill, and in place of four houses, we have now fifty, and before the first of May next there will be one hundred. This may seem strange, but it is true. Lots that I was offered for \$5.00 can not now be bought for \$1,000. The country improves in like manner, for every man in the colony works hard. There is no new country in the world that is in such a state of prosperity as Oregon. The main reason is, we have no fire-water here. Every man pays his debts, and all are friendly. I have been here one summer and have had an opportunity of seeing the harvest, which was the best I ever saw. I do wish I could send you a sample of the large, pretty, white wheat of this country; but, in fact, everything put in the ground grows in like manner. There is no country like this for a farmer, nor no place where a man can live so easy. We had a meeting on the fourth of July to organize and form a code of laws, which was done, and the Iowa laws adopted. All civil officers and members of the legislature, nine in number, were elected. So if Uncle Sam don't watch over us, we will do it ourselves."

[From the *Picayune*, April 26, 1844.]

THE OREGON NEGOTIATION.

From various sources we learn that the negotiation of Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Pakenham in regard to Oregon have been suspended for the present. In the words of the *Charleston Courier* correspondent: "The British minister, it seems, had not the power to treat upon the basis proposed by Mr. Calhoun. The most open candor and energy, the first so rare with diplomacy, and both strikingly characteristic of Mr. Calhoun, have been brought to the subject. This ultimatum is said to be the parallel of 49° as the northern boundary of our territory. Instructions received by Mr. Pakenham would not permit him to accept it."

[From the *Picayune*, April 27, 1844.]

Washington correspondence, April 18, 1844:

In the senate to-day, Mr. Archer called up the bill authorizing the purchase of fifteen hundred copies of Mr. Greenhowe's "History of Oregon," at \$2.00 per copy. The object of the bill is to compensate in some measure Mr. Greenhowe for the labor and expense of compiling a work that places the title of the United States to the whole territory of Oregon beyond dispute; the purchase by the government of \$3,000 worth of the books insures the author a fair profit from the whole edition printed."

APPENDIX.

SUGGESTIONS FOR A CONGRESS OF INDUSTRY AND COMMERCE, AS A MEANS TO REALIZE THE CENTRAL IDEA OF THE LEWIS AND CLARK CENTENNIAL.

The Lewis and Clark Centennial movement was launched by the late L. B. Cox through the medium of the Oregon Historical Society. The president of the society was called upon to submit a name and legend for the proposed centennial observance. But the relations of this society with the fair can not normally end at this stage of the project's development.

The motive of the exposition is fundamentally an historical one. The best results, processes, and tendencies of modern industry and commerce are to be exhibited, and these are to-day based on science; so, if the central ideas of the fair—the historical and scientific—are to be upheld, and if the fair is to have unity of purpose, it would seem that the Historical Society must assume a most important part in its further development. This, however, involves no essential connection with the management or material organization of the exposition.

The fair, as the observance of the centennial anniversary of a great event, will be up to its occasion only if it suffices to introduce us into a new epoch. Centennial anniversaries are sources of inspiration, and, fitly observed, they effect a measure of advancement like that accomplished by the achievement commemorated. But no such transformation can be wrought by any magnificence of exhibits in architectural, æsthetic, and industrial arts that directors-general may organize, if the people have no part further than supplying a small portion of the materials and of passively viewing the displays. In order that the fair may mark an epoch in the development of the Pacific Northwest, the thinking and investigating representatives of the people must from now on be planning their part of this project with the same care that Lewis and Clark did theirs, and then must carry it through with the same indefatigable persistence as did they. And what is more natural than that the spirit expressed in the proposed memorial exposition should stimulate, harmonize, and give purpose to all patriotic impulse for the next four years? And thus the event, the fair itself, as a consummation, will actually usher us into a new era we have prepared ourselves

for. The potent influence that this idea of an historical commemoration has to inspire co-operation has already been manifest in the prompt and generous responses by our sister states.

The occasion to commemorate a great anniversary, then, is of the nature of a possible tidal event in the affairs of a people, through which it may emerge on a wider expanse of life and activity. To realize this outcome will require united action to a common end—an effort that will result in a new mastery of our environment and a better command of our relations with the outside world. This involves a critical historical investigation of every element of the civilization of the Pacific Northwest and a scientific exposition of its resources. The workers along these lines, if appealed to in behalf of a centennial observance, will respond to the charm of this exalted purpose.

That the Pacific Northwest may command the best advantages possible to it in the world's commerce, it must have the geography and principles of international trade laid before it and applied to our conditions and products. This, as I will show, the best authorities on commerce stand ready to do. The Pacific Northwest is a new point of view for them, and they are eager for the light it will throw upon the world's system of commerce.

In these two fields of economic history and science, and of the world's trade relations with the Pacific Northwest, lies the work that this society can do. First, it should organize what would virtually constitute an academy devoted to the preparation of accounts of the development of the economic, institutional, and social elements of our civilization, and of scientific expositions of our natural resources, with the recommendation of policies from which will result their utilization to the highest public welfare. Then, too, the Pacific Northwest has a unity and character of its own as a section of our nation, and therefore many problems peculiar to itself. These get but a scant attention from national agencies for their solution, since we are comparatively so small in population. The peculiar conditions confronted by the different classes of Northwest producers in the world's markets may be taken as representative of these problems. This centennial observance is the occasion for meeting them.

The different departments of our larger universities and agricultural colleges, co-operating with all real students of our problems, could take up this work of determining the essential tendencies of our civilization and the elements of our environment, and would thus be most normally applying their energies devoted to investigation. The patriotic purpose back of the appeal to them would no doubt secure a hearty response from them. In conducting their investigations they would have occasion to elicit the co-operation of the masses generally. The finished results of such investigation would naturally be printed as part of the proceedings of the exposition, and become for all time

the most valuable source material for a knowledge of this stage of the development of the Pacific Northwest—the best legacy to posterity. Such a plan carefully executed would give records that would have a place in the economic and social history of the Pacific Northwest similar to that held by the Domesday Book and Hundred Rolls in English economic history.

The second phase of the work which this society should do for the centennial observance would take the form of a congress of industry and commerce. To this the results of the preparatory work would be brought to be welded by discussion into general principles and practical conclusions. Here also would appear those authorities whose survey takes in the relations of the Northwest trade and industry and transportation to those of the world at large.

A dominant desire connected with the proposed fair is that through it the Pacific Northwest shall be brought into larger and closer trade relations with the rest of the world, more particularly the nations of the Orient. Our friends in consular positions there would be stimulated to make valuable inquiries in the interim, if they understood that their data and conclusions would have dissemination through such a congress. Lectures given before this congress would bring about the selection of materials of real significance for an industrial museum. To show how the idea of a congress of commerce and industry is regarded in the East, I append the communications received from the only authorities that have so far been consulted in the matter:—

DEPARTMENT OF STATE: ISTHMIAN CANAL COMMISSION.

Room 75, Corcoran Building.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 18, 1901.

Prof. F. G. Young, University of Oregon, Eugene, Oregon—

MY DEAR PROFESSOR YOUNG: I am in receipt of your favor of the eleventh, and am pleased to know that there is a project on foot to have a centennial exposition in Portland, Oregon, in the year 1905. I believe the idea is an excellent one, and I am sure the great wealth of the Northwest, its present commercial importance, and its bright prospects for the future trade with Pacific countries, and with those of the North Atlantic by way of an isthmian canal, afford all the conditions requisite to a most successful exposition. You ask my opinion in regard to the desirability of having a congress of commerce and industry for one of the features of the proposed exposition. Undoubtedly, one of the chief purposes of the exposition will be to present the commercial and industrial importance of the Northwest, and there can be nothing of greater moment to Oregon and the other Pacific Coast States than the development of facilities for transportation and commercial intercourse. It would seem to me highly desirable for the exposition to emphasize this phase of its educational work. I know of

no better way of accomplishing this work of education than that of having a congress on commerce and industry, or one on commerce and transportation and another on industry, at which lectures by those most qualified to speak should be given. These lectures would naturally form a part of the literature printed by the exposition, and its distribution should add much to the information of the people of the United States concerning the economic importance and possibilities of our Pacific Coast.

If I can be of any assistance to you in planning the work of the congress, and if you desire a course of lectures from myself bearing upon the relation of the isthmian canal to the Pacific Coast, and possibly upon other questions of transportation, I shall be pleased to serve you.

With assurances of my interest in the subject of your communication, I am with cordial regards.

Very truly yours,

EMORY R. JOHNSON.

SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS AND POLITICAL SCIENCE.

RICHARD T. ELY, *Director*.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN,

MADISON, Wisconsin, May 30, 1901.

Prof. F. G. Young, University of Oregon, Eugene, Oregon—

MY DEAR PROFESSOR YOUNG: * * * I am very greatly interested in your project of a centennial fair. I believe that a fair could be held in Portland, Oregon, in 1905, which would be successful. There are many features about the plan which would appeal to the people of the country very generally. Naturally, I am especially interested in your idea of a congress of commerce and industry in connection with the fair. I am sure such a congress would be attended by many men of national repute, and would be helpful in the development of the Pacific Northwest, both scientifically and practically. It ought to serve as a stimulus to your university and to the development of an interest in history and economics, showing the peculiar opportunities for scientific work along these lines. In fact, as I read what you write I become quite enthusiastic about your idea. You may use what I say in regard to it in any way in which you see fit, and you may count upon me for such co-operation as I am able to give in the development of your ideas.

I remain, ever faithfully yours,

RICHARD T. ELY.

These letters, it seems to me, go far towards proving the existence of an enthusiastic eagerness among the more profound students of the conditions of prosperity to help the Pacific Northwest find the key to a commanding position in the world's economic affairs. This assist-

ance could best be secured through a congress of commerce and industry in connection with the Lewis and Clark Centennial of 1905.

Possibly it would not be out of place to say a word on the other side of this intimate relation of interdependence between this society and the fair. At the Pan-American Exposition the New York building was put up as a permanent structure, so as to provide a suitable home for the collections of the Buffalo Historical Society. There is a movement on foot that promises a still more bountiful treatment of the historical society at Saint Louis by the Louisiana Purchase Centennial.

But what the fair of 1905 may do for us is a matter for the authorities to decide. Our duty in connection with the fit observance of the Lewis and Clark Centennial was urged on the fundamental ground that there is that in the spirit of the occasion to yield the largest and highest concerted action for advancement. By proceeding with a programme elaborated along the lines suggested, the leaders would be emulating the spirit of Lewis and Clark under the conditions of today, and would thus be doing them the highest possible honor.

F. G. YOUNG.

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[NUMBER 3

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REMINISCENCES OF EXPERIENCES ON THE OREGON TRAIL IN 1844.~II.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM FORT BRIDGER TO FORT HALL.

On August 31 we drove away late from Fort Bridger up the narrow valley of a small stream called the Muddy. An old Irishman, just arrived at Fort Bridger, came into our camp late at night as trader for Bridger. He gave such dressed skins as I had taken (ten of) for my gun, for three rifle charges of powder and lead each. That means, I gave a gun needing a twenty-five-cent repair, more valuable than any rifle for killing buffalo on the run, for thirty charges of ammunition; and I am told this is three times the cost of the skins to Mr. Bridger.

We judged the Ford and Saunders company, who followed the Walker cut-off, to be very little behind us, as this old trader came with the Ford company. Captain Shaw's company made camp just below us. This seemed

a general passway, and is steep and rocky in places. We camp near the head of the Muddy, and our course is southwest.

September 1.—We start with a rush this morning. I had just got my team onto the road when some one from Shaw's company drove up with the intention of passing me, which I was unwilling to allow. So it happened that the two companies drove much mixed. We reached the divide between Green and Bear rivers a little past noon, and stopped to lunch and rest the cattle on the summit. It was a grand outlook. I learned, however, that there was some feeling among the Shaw company boys because of the mix up. The steepest hill to drive down is soon after we passed the divide, and there was more strife to get the lead than before noon. As we came very near the levels of Bear River, one drove in between our wagons, and some words passed from me to the driver, whom I would not allow to pass me; but as we came to the wider valley Captain Morrison signed to me to drive to the left, and then I saw the wagon behind me carried some one sick, and I felt sorry I had not given the lead, and so the least dusty travel.

We camped that night in a very beautiful cove, up rather than down the Bear River, as our road lay. We had seen little sign of buffalo bones since leaving the Sweetwater, but here they were plentiful and did not look very old. They were the last I saw to know. This is one hundred and twenty miles west, as the bird flies, or two hundred miles by our meander from the last live buffaloes we saw.

September 2.—I was asked to spend the day catching trout; a few had been caught the evening before. More beautiful trout streams there could not be. At frequent intervals a good sized mill stream comes out of the mountain side under which the trout can go for safety. There

are two species—one red fleshed and another, and a smaller, with white flesh and very delicate flavor. I got of each kind the first day—one twenty-three inches long—and what a day of peaceful pleasure!

September 3.—I was again detailed to angle, but had fisherman's luck, catching only three, but among them one measuring eighteen inches, the others small.

September 4.—I was again asked by Mrs. Morrison to try for trout, but remarked in reply, "It seems to me I could do more to help along than catching a few pounds of fish." She then said, "John, I don't want to make you mad; but Wilson (Captain Morrison) thinks you drive too fast, and that the cattle will give out." She saw I understood, and was hurt; I had not thought of the consequences of overdriving, much less the consequences of losing the team by it. I went to my angling submissive and reflective.

The meander of the valley made the road hugging the foothills longer than the course of the river, and my mind not being entirely on that, night found me in advance of the wagons; but the companies were now breaking up, and I found myself at nightfall near a single family, who had taken in Daniel Clark, who had, up to our reaching South Pass, been an assistant to a Mr. Gerrish. I was made welcome to pass the night with them, during which Clark told me he and S. B. Crockett, who had also been in Gerrish's employ, were contemplating leaving the train and going forward on horseback from Fort Hall, inviting me to join them. I told him I could not do that without Captain Morrison's agreeing to it, but that if he was willing I would join them.

September 5.—This day was spent by me reflecting rather than angling, and I resolved I would not eat the bread of Captain Morrison unless I could do him service; but as he had been kind and generous to me, I could only

part with his good will and consent. But for this mental trouble the world I was in would have been one of delight. Late in the afternoon of that day I saw a fine contest between a falcon and a hare. I had started the latter near to the river. The hawk soaring near stooped with a swoop, but the hare squatted close to the ground; the bird rose then, and the hare ran till the hawk again swooped down, but the hare again doubled down, seeming to make itself into a small, round bunch. This was repeated four or five times, and bunny got to cover of some sage brush, and the falcon went off with an angry scream.

I struck the road again in advance of my friends near Soda Springs. There was in sight, however, G. W. Bush, at whose camp table Rees and I had received the hospitalities of the Missouri rendezvous. Joining him, we went on to the Springs. Bush was a mulatto, but had means, and also a white woman for a wife, and a family of five children. Not many men of color left a slave state so well to do, and so generally respected; but it was not in the nature of things that he should be permitted to forget his color. As we went along together, he riding a mule and I on foot, he led the conversation to this subject. He told me he should watch, when we got to Oregon, what usage was awarded to people of color, and if he could not have a free man's rights he would seek the protection of the Mexican Government in California or New Mexico. He said there were few in that train he would say as much to as he had just said to me. I told him I understood. This conversation enabled me afterwards to understand the chief reason for Col. M. T. Simmons and his kindred, and Bush and Jones determining to settle north of the Columbia. It was understood that Bush was assisting at least two of these to get to Oregon, and while they were all Americans, they would take no part in ill treating G. W. Bush on account of his color. No act of Colonel Simmons

as a legislator in 1846 was more creditable to him than getting Mr. Bush exempt from the Oregon law, intended to deter mulattoes or negroes from settling in Oregon—a law, however, happily never enforced.

September 6.—I took occasion to speak to Captain Morrison about going on in advance from Fort Hall. He could see nothing against this, if there was no danger from the Indians—and these people seemed glad, rather than otherwise, to see us. Those belonging to the region were few and scattered, and were ready to trade. Small parties were passing us going west, on the return from buffalo hunting. Our people are dividing up into smaller parties, a plan which, if safe, is better for the cattle. The grasses are thin on the ground and dry, except on damp lands, which, however, furnish but coarse sedge grass. In the most of places where the grass was thick enough for fire to run, the surface had been burned over and we travel in an odor of scorched willows. Some six or eight miles below (west) of Soda Springs we struck across a nearly level plain of volcanic rock formation. There is little soil, and there are many cracks and chasms large enough to hide a wagon and team in; the road winding about to avoid the cracks.

September 8.—We reached the first crossing of the Portneuf branch of the Snake River.

September 9.—We camped against foothills which seemed an outreaching spur of the Rocky Mountains.

September 10.—Daniel Clark and I started on in advance to reach Fort Hall, my purpose being to trade off my gun for a horse, but we failed to reach the post. We made camp in a brush patch, with songs for supper. Clark staked his horse with a long buffalo hide rope; but we found, after ceasing our songs, that something was making the horse restless, which continued until past midnight, after which we got a little sleep. But the

dawn showed us the rope cut within six feet of where we lay in the brush, and the horse gone. We accordingly, carrying the saddle and Clark's blanket, took the horse's trail, and found the horse quietly feeding about three quarters of a mile from where he left us, with about seven feet of the rope attached to his neck. The wolves had taken twenty-five to thirty feet of rope for their supper. There seemed no other kind of wild life but wolves.

Soon after Clark got his horse saddled and we were on the road toward the fort again, we were overtaken by a native gentleman—defining that word as one who voluntarily assists another without hope of reward: on the Christian principle of doing to a stranger as he would wish the stranger to treat himself.

We were beginning to feel the sun's heat, when we were overtaken by a single Indian, well mounted, with a loose horse following him. He looked at Clark's excellent mount, and then at me laboriously walking among the brush to avoid the loose, sandy road; then asked, by signs, if I would ride, and was answered affirmatively. He unloosed his hair rope from his saddle and dashed at the loose animal, catching him at the first throw; made a bridle of the rope by two half hitches on the lower jaw, took the saddle blanket from under his saddle for me to ride on, and signed to Clark he was in haste and would leave me at the fort. Then we set off in a gallop. I had a heavy buffalo gun carrying, and he soon perceived that riding at such speed without stirrups would be punishment to me. He therefore stopped again, put his saddle onto my horse and took the substitute himself, and away we dashed again. A mile perhaps from the fort our path led across a small stream. Here he stopped, dismounted and washed, took out a small pocket comb and glass, and thus prepared for company. Half a mile more brought us to the camp I suppose he had come to visit at, and we

alighted, and he pointed out the location of the fort. I signed that I would wait for my friend before going on, and gave him my thanks; so we parted, he entering the Indian camp a few yards away. As I sat there with my face towards the road we had come, a young girl came to me bringing the new lid of a gallon tin pail heaped with luscious, ripe blackberries. It was a great treat to me. I felt mean at the idea of offering compensation, but ventured to present her a few fishhooks as a means of thanks, and am sure I noted a flash of the eyes denoting pleasure.

CHAPTER VII.

THE GATEWAY TO OREGON—SIX HUNDRED MILES OF HUNGRY LAND.

Such was the treatment received from the first Oregon Indians seen by the writer.

Fort Hall had been built as a trading post, and the American flag unfurled over it first by N. J. Wyeth in 1834. But Wyeth had been crushed out by competition with the Hudson's Bay Company, and was compelled to sell after a few years of desperate struggle, and the post was now in control of Alexander Grant as chief trader for that company. It was at this date the trade center of a hungry land. Its supplies of breadstuffs came from Western Oregon, six hundred miles west, and its meats from the buffalo country about as far east. It was in the natural passway of native tribes to and from the hunting grounds, and west of it had been the land of privation from prior to its first traversing by white men in 1811.

Clark arriving soon after I had disposed of the luscious treat of berries, we went together to the fort. As

in the most of stockades built for trade purposes, there was one small common room used by trade transients. Mr. Grant came into this shortly after we arrived, and seemingly concluded at a glance that we were not worth much commercially, as without speaking to either of us, he returned to his quarters before I could state my business. Being both bashful and proud, we told no one of our hunger, but went out some two miles to the Portneuf, hoping to kill some ducks and find better grass for Clark's horse than was to be had near the fort. But ducks were scarce and wild and we lay down supperless again. But a lucky shot floated within range of our camp fire next morning. At the report of the gun Clark wheeled like a retriever and bounded into the pool waist deep; rushed back to the fire and held the duck in the blaze by its feet, rapidly changing hands, till the feathers came off in scorched masses, bringing much of the skin, and roughly pulling the bird apart, gave part of it to me. The cooking of that duck was never grumbled at.

We then made our way back to the fort, arriving just as the Owens Brothers, and James Marshall, who later discovered gold in California, drove up to the fort gate. Henry Owens, with whom Marshall went subsequently to California to get cattle to graze the Willamette Valley, was driving that day, and we told him we had eaten nothing but a raw duck in three days. "Well, boys," said big Henry, "there's a few pones of cold bread, and I can cut you some trim side bacon; that's the best I can do here and now." With thanks, we got a good square meal. They drove out to the Portneuf for grass; but their arrival had waked the trade habit of Grant, and I then had opportunity to show him the gun I proposed to give for a saddle horse. Grant was, I think, a coarser man than Bridger, but carried more outside polish of manner. He gave me fair treatment in trade,

however, furnishing a strong saddle horse for my gun, and finding I could get the bullet moulds for it, gave me an Indian saddle for that. I had just completed my trade when other members of the Saunders party drove up, ours closely following. What I observed here in the next few minutes greatly surprised me.

As our train drove up to the gate of the stockade more people came out from the establishment than I supposed could be housed there. I had been inside twice and had seen but a couple of rough mountain men, one of whom told me he was a hatter by trade and pursued his calling there from foundation principles, catching his own fur-bearing animals or using the fine hair of the wolf. Among the many others I had not yet seen was Pegleg Smith, a man widely known as one of the most reckless of his class—the Rocky-mountain men. He was now neatly dressed in navy blue, and would have been judged a steamboat captain in Saint Louis. Having heard of him from my friend Clark, who had seen him while visiting relatives in Missouri, I was wondering over his neat appearance, when a Catholic priest came out, and Mr. Smith passed before him, lifting his hat and receiving a few low spoken words which I supposed was such a blessing as would be given on a feast day in the City of Mexico.

Reverend Father Cave, a Baptist minister, was asking Captain Grant if the land around the fort would not respond to cultivation with crops. Mr. Grant said he could not tell; it had not been tried, to his knowledge. Father Cave declared his conviction that with irrigation it would yield rich harvests. He then asked whether we could get to the Columbia River with wagons. Grant's reply was, in substance: "Mr. Cave, it's no use my answering your question. It's just about a year since a lot of people came here just as you have done and asked me the

same question. I told them 'No; that we found it very difficult to pass the narrow trails with our pack ponies.' They went on, just as you will do: just as if I had not spoken a word, and the next I heard of them they were at Fort Walla Walla. You —— Yankees will do anything you like." Then Father Cave seeing Mr. Grant was becoming annoyed led the way out to the Portneuf, where the coarse sedge grass was plentiful and the ground damp and easeful for the cattle. Mr. Grant had handed out to Captains Morrison and Shaw a letter written by P. H. Burnett of the immigration of 1843, to the effect that if for any cause there was likely to be suffering before the families could reach the Willamette and we would let it be then known, relief would be sent. Both Morrison and Shaw had heard Burnett speak on Oregon in Missouri. Pegleg Smith advised against so small a number as three attempting to reach the Willamette Valley in advance of the wagons, and Clark weakened for awhile, but Crockett and I kept to our intent, and he joined us. So we set off on our new venture across "Six Hundred Miles of Hungrie Land"—

"Through the land of savage foes
See the long procession goes
Till it camps by the Columbia of the West;
Where the mountains block the stream,
And the cascades flash and gleam,
And the sun sinks to his distant ocean rest.

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the trains keep marching;
At length the deadly plains are passed;
But there's still the river trail
And the Cascade Range to scale;—
Then the fair Willamette homes are reached at last."

NOTE.—It was generally understood among immigrants of 1844 that between Fort Hall and Fort Vancouver there was danger of suffering from lack of food. Whitman Station, west of the Blue Mountains, was the only chance of relief, and was commonly spoken of as such. The Indians were not counted on for furnishing supplies, and by mountain men were reported as sometimes in great straits, being reduced to cannibal practices. They were not at this time thought of as dangerous, but in a few years they became so, and increasingly until in 1860. The most horrible massacre that occurred on the Oregon Trail took place near Salmon Falls. Thieving of live stock and clothing became more and more common also.

On the morning of September 16 we three young men left our friends on the banks of the Portneuf. Our leaders sent no letters by us, but we had reason to believe that some of the families were already short of food. We started with fifteen pounds of buffalo pemmican, purchased from a Kanaka servant of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Hall. Mr. G. W. Bush, always watchful, followed us out from the wagon and said, "Boys, you are going through a hard country. You have guns and ammunition. Take my advice: anything you see as big as a blackbird, kill it and eat it." We got three out of a covey of sage grouse that day, and that was the last we saw of that kind of game.

Next morning, as we passed Colonel Ford's train, three young men came out and joined us. One of them was on foot, and they had no provisions. Our store was exhausted, when at the crossing of Goose Creek we met a guide of the Hudson's Bay Company and a lay brother of the Catholic Church, to guide the priest we had seen at Fort Hall to the Missoula country. We mentioned our condition as to food supply, and asked the chances to purchase of Indians ahead. The leader replied, "It is not good, gentlemen, this side of Salmon Falls. I have a dozen salmon skins, however; and as we will reach Fort Hall to-morrow night, we'll make six do us; I will give you half." He would not hear of pay. "No, gentlemen; good-bye, and better luck to you."

Before we got to Salmon Falls, however, we were hailed by a middle-aged Indian, who held up a large salmon to show his meaning. We purchased the fresh fish and a few dried skins, and some roe dried in the smoke of the camp fire. We found fishhooks good small change for the purchase of fish—much better than money would have been. West of the American Falls the river bed (Snake) falls rapidly below the plain on the south

side. At one point the fire had been got to run in the thin grass and sagebrush, and the Indians were harvesting large black crickets, grasshoppers, and small black lizards. We met a small party of Indian families going eastward, seemingly on a hunting expedition. They had young deer heads prepared to use as decoys, and bows and arrows as arms. They looked poor and inferior as compared with some who passed us near Fort Bridger, returning from buffalo hunting. One party came to us with a small bay horse for sale, and Mr. Ramsay bought it and mounted Mr. Murray, who was on foot. Near Salmon Falls we came upon a young man utterly nude; he was lying against a steep sand bank apparently enjoying a very hot sun bath. He was a finely formed young animal as he stood up with glistening skin, smiling an apology for having left his clothes at home, apparently. The canyon was so deep that the dome-like wickiups below looked like meadow mouse nests rather than human habitations.

Soon after leaving the young man standing in the road looking after us, we descended a very steep and rough trail to the lower part of Salmon Falls, and found ourselves near three of those nest-like houses. We could see people busy along the river on both sides above us, but found only one very old woman housekeeper. She quickly understood that we wanted food, and led us into the lodge. A large unevenly molded earthenware pot stood near some live coals of burning sagebrush. She filled for each of us bowls of fish soup, which our hunger made taste good to us. The bowls, woven of plaited grass, seemed to be made soup proof by a fishskin glue. The pot itself took most of my attention, as it seemed to have been made of common brick clay, but had no crack or flaw. It was beyond doubt of Indian manufacture. We

purchased some salmon roe and skins, and left the old lady well pleased with our payment of fishhooks.

Near this point we overtook Major Thorp's company, and camped near by it. One member of this company claimed the horse Mr. Ramsay had bought as having been stolen from him by Indians. One of the party named Durben, not the owner or claimant, talked biggest about taking the horse from us. We truthfully put in the plea of honest purchase in protest. Mr. Durben made a second visit to our camp after we had demurred to giving the horse up, and talked very big about the foolkiller of their company coming and taking in the horse, and some of us if necessary. He was asked to give us fair warning if that was resolved upon—supposing that he was just talking. Long years afterwards the writer learned from William M. Case that Durben's proposition had been seriously discussed in their company, and that he (Durben) was himself the foolkiller, who later lost his life in California by meeting a bigger fool than himself.

We crossed the Snake River at the wagon ford below Salmon Falls, and were out of provisions again when we came to where the Boise River debouches from the hills to the plain. The Bannock Indians had a great fishery here, keeping a large drying rack constantly clothed with salmon drying on the skin. When cured these were put up in bales of about eighty pounds weight each, for storing for winter use, or for barter. They used a weir system of brush to catch the fish. The Bannocks were very friendly, and took so much pains to guide us to where we would get good grass for our horses that some of the boys became suspicious. The man who took this pains stayed with us all night, and parted from us next morning with every appearance of honest kindness. He showed us by signs that the fine horse Clark had got at Bridger in exchange for a mule had been injured chasing buffalo by

one of his friends. Leaving this fishery with a good supply, we were shortly overtaken by another party of the same tribe, as we supposed. Some of the young fellows drove their horses by us, yelling in a spirit of mischievous fun. The women came up sedately, leading pack horses. They let us know that they had been out gathering fruit by showing us cakes of what I judged to be choke cherries and service berries beaten together and dried in cakes of about four inches across and three quarters of an inch thick. The fishhooks were again successful as a medium of exchange. We passed portions of Boise River that day as rich with salmon, as a food supply, as the plains of the Platte had been with buffalo beef.

Near Fort Boise a single young Indian signed for us to stop and go with him into the timber; and led the way to a camp fire under cottonwood trees. He moved away the fire and the live coals, then began to carefully remove the sandy soil, uncovering a fair-sized salmon baked in the hot sand. Putting this carefully aside, he dug down further and unearthed a beaver skin, which he wished to sell. While we tried to convey to him by signs that we did not wish to buy the skin, his wife and a chubby little boy came timidly from the river. We made Fort Boise that evening, and mustered among us enough money to purchase twenty pounds of Oregon flour. The trader in charge refused to sell a little dried elk meat. It was "for the master," he said. We forded the Snake at the emigrant crossing below the little adobe trading post. A duck killed at Willow Springs the fourth morning from Fort Hall was our only game until this evening. Mr. Crockett killed a little cottontail rabbit.

The road so far from Fort Hall had not been very bad, and being generally down hill we made good travel. On entering Burnt-river Canyon, however, it meandered a good deal, and often followed the bed of the stream to

avoid the labor of cutting through the dense thicket. It was also steep climbing to get out at the head of the canyon. In doing so we overtook part of Woodcock's company, who left us the morning after our military organization. They had done better than we, both in expedition of movement and in keeping up their food supply. From Mr. Loomis we purchased a little buffalo pemmican—ten pounds I think. This was reduced to a very little by our supper and breakfast at Lone Pine camp on the bank of Powder River; but some wretch had cut the noble landmark, the pine tree, down. At noon we gave our horses an hour to graze on the top of the hill overlooking Grand Ronde Valley. We had not been in the habit of eating a midday lunch, and the little we had would not go far in abating our hunger. We took a vote on the proposition to eat it then and trust to Providence, and it carried five to one; after which we were out of food for the third time since leaving Fort Hall.

Getting our horses we led them down the exceedingly steep and rough trail. About halfway down this long hill we passed two prairie chickens which lit on the limb of one of two fir trees, the first of this timber we saw. A rifle shot got one of the birds. At the foot of the hill the trail was close against ash timber and brush, and here we found a family of pheasants—another shot got another bird. But we had not advanced more than half a mile till we were hailed by a party of Oregon men camped a little off the trail. They invited us to stop and camp with them. It proved to be James Waters, William C. Dement, and —. Rice, thus far out to meet the immigration, Mr. Waters expecting to meet his family, and we were compelled to give him the disappointing information that his family was not on the way. We dressed our game and placed it on to cook. Our

Oregon friends gave us rice and tea and sugar, and things looked generally pleasant as the result of our trust in Providence. To complete our satisfaction a cavalcade of Indian women now came along with horses loaded with camas roots. We purchased some fresh roots to boil with our game; but the squaws knowing better than we how to use camas, brought out some cakes of camas bread they had left over from their lunch. These cakes were eight to ten inches broad and one and a quarter thick, of brown color, and texture like new cheese, but more glutinous, with a sweet and agreeable taste; undoubtedly a very nutritious food. We bought all the women had, fishhooks being our money.

Next morning a very dense fog lay over Grand Ronde. We took the trail, however, and just as we got to where we started into the Blue Mountains the fog lifted and we found a number of Indians, all of whom were men, except one exceedingly handsome girl. She was well dressed in buckskin, highly ornamented, and mounted on a proud and beautiful horse. A fine man, past middle age, was her company—father and daughter they appeared. They took no part in the trading, which indeed seemed more pretense than business. A keen eyed, powerful man would have a quart or two of pease; another as much corn; the next a few potatoes; and over each sample would be five times the bargaining we had with the women the evening before. We took the mountain trail, which was as bad as Mr. Grant's description, and were soon overtaken by two of the Indians, who had followed to trade me a better horse and get the pistol—which I had fired in compliment to the Indian girl—to boot. They got their bargain, and I got much the worse horse.

We camped that night with the most advanced section of Woodcock's company, in a deep valley in the Blue Mountains. The Cayuse chief, Sticcus, and his

family are with these first teams of 1844 to cross these mountains. The family conducted worship by singing and prayer in the evening and morning. The singing sounded very sweet in the valley, but it gave me a feeling akin to shame to note that a supposed wild man was the only one who formally recognized God in his daily life.

Sticcus, as the sedate old character is called by people generally, leads the way over the road that he guided those who led the trains of 1843, with such men as the Applegates, Waldos, and Nesmith, the last next to him with an axe to cut out obstructive growth an ox wagon could not pass. By taking Dr. Whitman's advice and guidance to Grand Ronde, and the guidance of Sticcus across the Blue Mountains, this way was indicated and traveled in 1843, and though rough, was much more easily traveled in 1844. All honor to Dr. Whitman and his friend and proselyte Sticcus. The service the former rendered by his advice and help to get the immigration of 1843 to Walla Walla, and the service his Indian friend aided him in, well entitle both to the remembrance of Oregonians.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON TO THE COLUMBIA.

October 10.—About 2 o'clock P. M. we emerged from the timber on the west slope of the Blue Mountains. I am this day twenty-two years of age. The sight from this mountain top is one to be remembered while life lasts. It affects me as did my first sight of the ocean, or again, my first sight of the seeming boundless treeless plains before we saw the Platte River. From this point north and south there are no bounds in sight. Looking across this grand valley westward the dark blue

line of the Cascade Range of Mountains appears a forest-clad and impassable wall, out of which arise two immense white cones called, as I subsequently learned, Mount Hood and Mount Adams. Looking down the foot of the mountains we see a line of what appears brushwood, in which the glisten of water can be seen in spots.

For more than two miles we descend, sometimes in a deeply worn horse trail and sometimes in sight of the dim wagon tracks made the previous year. As soon as we reach the brush and tree growth on the bank of the Umatilla River we meet Cayuse Indians. We are invited to stop by a sign and the words "Swap Six" from a young Indian who has about a peck of potatoes in a sack in front of him on horseback. He conveys to us by a sign that he wishes a shirt in exchange for his potatoes. We need the potatoes, as we are utterly without material for supper. After consultation we find one of our party has yet a spare shirt, and the trade is soon effected with mutual satisfaction apparently. The young man goes toward the brush, and out of the thicket came two young squaws, to whom the purchase is shown. One of them holds the garment up to the light and perceives that it has been worn, and she points to its being thinner at the shoulder points. The women, or girls, both begin to laugh at him, and this ends in his coming back to us for a return of his potatoes. But we think he has got his dry goods very cheap, and being hungry easily conclude as it takes two parties to make a trade it takes two to break one. The Indian suddenly rides against the one who has charge of our purchase and throws it to the ground, and begins to gather up his lasso as if to use that. One of our party, keeping his gun in one hand, got to the ground, and putting the little loosely filled sack onto the horn of his saddle vaulted into his seat and turned the muzzle of his gun towards

the brave, who was swinging his lasso apparently for a throw. Four of the six of us had guns, and the brave quieted down and went away. We moved on a couple of miles and made camp, keeping a sharp lookout over our horses. This incident shows what we soon learned was a common trait of Indian trading.

October 11.—We reached the Columbia at the mouth of the Umatilla, and there met Gen. M. M. McCarver. We met one Indian on this day's travel, from whom we got a large fresh salmon in exchange for fishhooks. Though this man was ordinary in appearance, he carried with him a long and finely made double-pointed fish spear with which he had doubtless killed the salmon he had. His excellent seat on horseback, and the ease with which he carried his long spear, made an interesting figure.

But more interesting still was General McCarver. He, like James Waters, had come expecting to meet his family, but, learning they were not on the way, he returned with us to Western Oregon, turning over to us provisions he had brought for his family under our agreement to pay him in labor in taking care of his harvest, which he had left exposed to the chances of the weather. This was a pleasant arrangement for us, the pleasure being still increased by Mr. McCarver's company, for besides being an intelligent gentleman he was at this time Speaker of the Legislature of the Provisional Government of Oregon, so that through his conversation we learned much of men and measures of the Oregon government.

October 12.—We traveled rapidly, generally following the shore line of the Columbia River. We overtook an Indian traveling with his family, and under his proposition one of our party traded horses, leaving him apparently well satisfied. He soon overtook us, however, and insisted so persistently in ruing his bargain that he was

allowed to swap back. The wind swept cold and bleak up the river bed. We noted for the first time the Indian death wail.

October 13.—We crossed the John Day River near its mouth; the water was low and the bed so rocky that we could have almost crossed dry shod.

October 14.—We crossed the Des Chutes River at a dangerous ford, near its entrance into the Columbia. We had scattered during the day's travel so that only Crockett, Clark, and myself were together when we reached the ford, where an Indian offered to guide us over for a shirt. We had none to spare, so Crockett took the stream, while Clark watched the crossing. Then Clark went over, and I watched. Crockett was out of sight among some sand hills before Clark was over; then I followed. The care thus observed in crossing separated us two hundred and fifty to three hundred yards. As I entered the sand hills, into which both of my companions had passed, I was met on the trail by an old and small man who made the common salute of "Swap salmon, Six?" offering his hand in great seeming friendliness, trying to make me understand. Soon another, and then several others came, each offering his hand to shake. Last came one on horseback, and, on my offering to shake hands, drew back and scowled. I remarked in English, "Oh, I don't care if you don't wish to be friendly." He then, with a grin meant to be playful, signed that he would look at my gun, and took hold of the barrel near the muzzle in his right hand, with a twisting grip. I had my hand on the lock and trigger, and moved so the muzzle was at his breast. Instantly he let go as though the gun was hot. I cast my glance over my left shoulder in time to see an open hand withdrawn from being ready to close over on my horse rope. I then let out a yell which arrested Crockett and Clark,

the former now much out of rifle shot. I counted and found seventeen Indians scattering just like so many wolves driven from their prey. I had just missed being robbed and stripped by the length of time it took to close my hands on my gun. It is hard to say now whether the end would have been a white man robbed or an Indian shot in the breast in the next half second, as the gun was an old flintlock and often missed fire. I was very angry and talked very bad English as long as any of the cowardly wretches were in sight. That evening we met an Indian from the mission at The Dalles who spoke English plainly.

October 15.—We got to The Dalles and went into camp near the mission. We found it was Sunday, and we had camped right against the log building in which service was held in preaching to the Indians. We felt like trespassers, and had no right to complain of cold treatment, as our disregard of the Sabbath was an added obstacle to the objects of the missionaries.

At The Dalles our party divided: Crockett, Ferguson, and myself taking the horses across the Cascades *via* the trail the missionaries had used to bring cattle from the Willamette—the only one used until S. K. Barlow and others forced their way through on the south side of Mount Hood in 1845–46. The original trail passed close to the mountain on its north side. We camped one night in the dense timber without grass for our horses, and reached Oregon City on the evening of October 18, in three days from The Dalles; and it began to rain that night.

October 19.—We rode in a pouring warm rain from Oregon City to McCarver's farm on the Tualatin Plains, and found our friends had beaten us one day. There were five of them who made the trip from The Dalles down the Columbia in one Chinook canoe. These were General

McCarver and James Holman, of 1843 immigration, and Ramsay, Murray, and Daniel Clark, of 1844. The passage of the cascades delayed them only the difference between floating and walking the three miles portage, as Clark, with the rashness which was a strong trait in his character, shot the canoe down that very dangerous piece of river alone. Neither McCarver nor Holman, who knew the rapids and the chances taken, would run the risks and advised our three comrades against doing so.

Clark was by nature a man of great courage, and had left the position of ferryman on Grand River, Missouri, to come to Oregon. We renewed our bedfellowship on my arrival at the McCarver Farm, and Clark related with glee and pride his success in shooting the cascades. He told me also of his interview with a British ship captain as his party passed Vancouver. As in both incidents he showed the type of his class, age, and motive, I insert the latter here with my belief that he was much surprised when, thirty years later, I detailed the account to an audience of Oregon pioneers, and he had forgotten ever having told it to me: On arrival at Vancouver, the canoe party found a ship just arrived from London with the usual annual cargo of goods for the Hudson's Bay Company's Pacific Coast trade. Clark had never before seen a seagoing vessel to remember it, and learned it would not be deemed intrusive to go on board merely to see it. While waiting General McCarver's return from the fort, whither he had gone probably to give Doctor McLoughlin the information he had got from us of the number of immigrants approaching, and to ask in behalf of Clark, Crockett, and myself for the use of a bateau boat in which to assist our friends from The Dalles to the Willamette when they should arrive at the former point. Clark used his leisure by going on the ship alone, and making an inspection from stem to stern. He found himself at last face to face with the

captain, who, engaged with his log, or ship's accounts, looked up in surprise at the intruder, and addressed him in words to this effect: "Young man, who are you; and what do you want here?" Clark, somewhat flushed, answered, "Sir, I am an immigrant just come down the river. I do not wish to intrude, but I wanted to see the ship, as I never saw one before to recollect." The captain examined his visitor a few moments in silence, and then said, "Where do you come from and why do you come here?" He was answered instantly, "We come from Missouri, across the Rocky Mountains; we've come to settle in Oregon and rule this country." The captain took another silent stare, and then replied, "Well, young man, I have sailed in every quarter of the globe, and have seen the most of the peoples upon it; but a more uncouth, and, at the same time, bolder set of men than you Americans I have never seen."

October 20.—The six of us went to work in the timber near the McCarver homestead to get out material and build a rough barn in which to stack the wheat crop yet in the field. By the glancing of an ax from a barked tree to be used for roofing, I was cut to the bone of my left leg. Mr. Ramsay fainted at the sight of the wound. It was bound up, however, with some cotton rags, and he revived in time to help vote me into the office of cook for a working party of eight to ten. General McCarver had ample provision of flour, salt, and smoked salmon and bacon and garden stuff. It was not my skill as *chef* which prevented any waste of cold victuals during the ten days of the season of my service. It was the effect of a short supply of inferior food on the last half of the journey, and probably the change of air also, which caused the appetite to wait an opportunity for months after our arrival in Oregon. Yet half famished, as we

were, between Fort Hall and Western Oregon, never have I felt such delight in being alive.

Thus paying our obligation to General McCarver and also by getting his grain crop under cover, Clark, Crockett, and myself went into the woods between Oregon City and Tualatin Plains, as assistants of a small contractor, and built five claim-holding log cabins in six days. We had no team help of any kind. The law required sixteen-foot square, and the eaves of the roof six feet from the ground. This job done, our boss, known as Little Osbourn, took me to the residence of Hon. Peter H. Burnett, the most influential leader of the immigration from Missouri of those leaving that state in 1843 and 1844, to whom I was introduced as one who was willing to take a job of making rails. In a few minutes we agreed upon the terms on which I should make Mr. Burnett one thousand and five hundred cedar rails some two and a half miles from his residence. In a few minutes more Mr. Burnett was plying me with questions in order to learn how near the climates of England and Western Oregon were like each other. Crockett joined me in making the rails. It rained a warm, fine fall almost every hour of daylight, but we did not stop work. We split cedar slabs and made a roof to shelter us while sleeping, and we cooked and ate our three meals daily. We had finished our job on the second of December, when we learned some of the most forward immigrants had arrived at Linnton, and that Mr. McCarver, Burnett's partner in projecting that town, had a letter from Doctor McLoughlin, saying that the three young men who had applied by him for a boat in which to help their friends from The Dalles would find one tied up at Linnton waiting their use.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RELIEF EXPEDITION UP THE COLUMBIA.

Sunday, December 3, we left Mr. H. Buxton's, (McCarver's lodging,) on Tualatin Plains, at 1 o'clock P. M. and walked to Linnton by the recently opened wagou road. We found already there Mr. Jacob Hoover of Gilliam's train. Maj. John Tharp, leader of the train that came up the north side of the Platte, and Hoover, had brought his family down in the boat we were to get. Mr. Hoover had been elected colonel on the resignation of M. T. Simmons, when Gilliam's hunting mania disrupted our organization, and was of better stuff for a leader than either Gilliam or Simmons for such a journey. We accepted Colonel Hoover's invitation to a second dinner, having covered fourteen miles of rough mountain road from Buxton's. At the dinner table the chief dish was a fine wild swan.

Mr. Hoover, in telling us of our friends so far as he knew, related an incident of Mr. Gilliam's talk which was in its origin mere fun to the family, but grew to be serious in three years from that date. Doctor McLoughlin acted on a very common business policy. While ready to help the poorest of those in need, he took pains to conciliate persons of supposed influence. In accordance with this policy a boat and presents of both food and clothing, as the story went, met General Gilliam at The Dalles. In pure fun some of his family told him those presents and the boat were sent to "buy him up" for the British interest in advance. Gilliam, who was as near devoid of humor as a man could be, replied that he "was quite willing to live in peace and good neighborhood with the Hudson's Bay Company as long as they respected his rights, but if they went to cutting any *rustics* with him, he should have no hesitation in

knocking their stockade down about their ears.' It is quite likely this talk, perhaps reiterated by Gilliam at the news of the Whitman massacre, occasioned an exchange of letters on the subject of that threat between chief factor James Douglas and Governor George Abernethy. We enjoyed the story for the fun in it, and took boat after our swan dinner and rowed to Vancouver, ten miles, that evening.

We got there about 9 o'clock P. M. and had trouble to get entrance and an opportunity to speak with Mr. Douglas, Doctor McLoughlin being absent at Oregon City. Mr. Douglas, after learning our business and reasons for stopping at the fort, sent us outside the stockade to lodge, and a good supper after us. We learned next morning that we had lodged in a cot, or cabin, shared by a lowland Scotch blacksmith, who worked entirely on axes for the Indian trade, and an Orkney Islander, whose pay was £17, or short \$85 a year. He was shepherd of the flocks kept to supply the Vancouver tables. The smith's wages were five shillings per diem. These both were contracted at common fare, which might be salt salmon and potatoes, to be cooked by the laborers. We learned also that the wages of Sandwich Islanders, of whom the Hudson's Bay Company had a considerable number, were \$5.00 per month, and salmon and potatoes furnished for food; that is, as closely as could be estimated, \$65 per annum for common laborers.

December 4.—We entered Fort Vancouver, as the gate was opened about 9 o'clock A. M. Doctor McLoughlin was on the porch, or stoop, of the residence building, and beckoned us to him. He asked if we were the young men who had applied for a boat to assist our friends down the river. We replied we were. He said: "Young men, young men; I advise you, if you can, take your boat above the cascades and bring all the people down

to the cascades,—not your own friends only,—and I'll see ; I'll see they are all brought from there."

We assented to his suggestion, and then showed him some small orders we had from General McCarver, for which we desired food supplies for our trip. These he examined, and said : "Under our rules we are not selling goods just now ; we are taking stock for the year. But you are, I think, going on an errand of mercy and shall have what you need." He then called a servant and told him to show us to Mr. Graham's office, and bidding us good morning, turned toward his residence a few steps, but suddenly turned again and said : "Young men, young men ; perhaps you would like to communicate with your friends in the East. If so, there is opportunity ; an express will leave the fort to-day at 2 o'clock to our ship at the mouth of the river, which gives you an opportunity you may not have again for six months or more."

We thanked him, but said we could not write as we had no means of doing so with us. He began to beckon another servant, to whom he said : "Go to Mr. Graham and ask him to send by you paper, pens, and ink to the strangers' room." And then turning to us said (pointing to an open door across the northeast angle of the area from his residence) : "Go in there, young men, and write your letters first ; you can get your goods afterwards. But be in that room soon after the bell rings. Good day."

Thanking him again for the third time, we entered bachelors' hall, understanding the mention of the bell ringing was an invitation to dinner. The servant with the stationery guided us into the room, in which I labored nearly two hours on a brief letter telling my parents of my arrival in Oregon. I may say here that thus writing on December 4, 1844, I received my father's reply at

Point Adams on July 15, 1847. It was one of the first parcels of letters brought overland to Oregon from Saint Louis, Missouri, carried by J. M. Shiveley of Astoria.

After an excellent English dinner of roast beef and vegetables, we waited on Mr. Graham, clerk of the "shop." He asked if there were only three going to take a bateau up to the cascades, and on being answered affirmatively, said it was deemed fair work for seven of their Canadian boatmen—six at the oars and a captain to steer. It was deemed a three days' job to reach the upper or "short portage," one third of a mile carry; the rapids extended three miles, being the long portage. We took the boat up stream after 2 o'clock P. M. about three miles.

December 5.—By persistent labor we gained about sixteen miles, which enabled us to camp in one of the cave-like recesses on the east side of the Cape Horn precipice. The wind was hardly perceptible down stream as night closed about us.

December 6.—As day broke we could see a slight ripple on the river, as though the wind was chinook up the river, though it did not touch our camp. While one got breakfast two stepped the mast, which lay in the bottom of the boat with sail attached, and, eating hurriedly, we pulled out into the river from behind the cape. It was chinook wind, and freshened as the day advanced, covering the river with whitecaps and sending us forward faster than any six Canadian oarsmen could have done. At one point there is a deep notch in the top of the mountain on the south side, through which the southwest wind dipped to the surface of the river, making a chopped sea of it. Several times within a few minutes our sail filled backwards, and the boat made all kinds of ugly motions, as if to throw us out. By active use of the

oars we got above this cross current of wind and again steadily advanced.

The wind increased so that we were at the foot of the rapids at the lower portage about 2 o'clock P. M. For more than twenty miles the snow line on the mountain sides seemed to descend slowly towards the river till at this point it seemed there was but a few hundred feet in which the snow turned into rain. Thinly clad in our much-worn clothing, we were trembling with cold, and hardly able to walk on beaching the boat at the foot of the rapids.

The question now to be decided was how to pull that large boat up the shore, the usual course with even a light canoe. But the wind seemed to increase in power, and thus suggested trying the sail. Clark was skillful in steering with an oar, and it did not take us long in deciding to try it. Then for more than two hours we had an experience rarely if ever had in passing up those rapids before the day of steam navigation on the Columbia River. Sometimes the current would beat the wind in force, and we would be slowly carried downwards towards black rocks cutting the surface of the river like a knife, the current being truly terrific. Again we hung just above certain destruction had the wind suddenly failed, and disaster would have been almost certain any time had the steersman attempted to turn or go across current. However, the strength of the wind prevailed, and we reached the upper portage before nightfall.

December 7.—We were visited, while eating breakfast, by two members of the crew of another boat, which had been plying between the cascades and The Dalles. They proposed to assist us up with our boat, cordeling her around and up the rapids, and thus spare us the help of two Indians as rowers, and make it a joint business. This accorded with Doctor McLoughlin's advice, and

added a prospect of some compensation for our time, which had not been in our original plan. We agreed to stick together, we three leaving to the other party their proportion of the income ; and the two returned to their camp for ropes and help, soon returning, however, with ropes hardly deemed safe. The method now to be pursued was cordeling, the boat being simply towed by hand along the shore against the current, or from little bight to bight, where the eddies and shore water were not so violent, and strong ropes were essential.

In order to strengthen the ones procured, we cut and twisted hazel withes to add strength, but the added weight of our cable gave greatly added care to keep from running into the shore. This was my charge, as I was placed in the boat to fend her off the rocks. However, there was only a gallon can of sugar or syrup, and myself, to be damaged by water—if we avoided staving or wrecking the boat. The eight men who had hold of the cord succeeded in pulling me up, reaching the calm water of the landing above the cascades, and only a barrel or so of water shipped, and no damage done. Here I met Captain Morrison's family and many others of his company. He himself, however, was among the mountains, trying to recover the cattle, which had been caught and scattered by a snowstorm. The people were all in dire straits for food, waiting for boats to take them below, and we should have given a little relief had we not concluded Doctor McLoughlin's plan, and our promise, was the best course to pursue to secure the relief of all in the shortest possible time. I took the earliest possible opportunity to learn Mrs. Morrison's situation. She said she had traded the last and best dress she had, except the one she had on, the evening before for about a peck of potatoes. They would have eaten them all for supper, but had kept a few for breakfast. They now had not a single thing to eat in

camp, and Mr. George Waunch, who had joined them, was out trying to kill ducks. He, Mr. Rees, herself, and six children in the situation described.

I went immediately to my partners and told them I should have to have my share of provisions we had purchased. They protested, asking if I was going to back out of an arrangement so recently made. I replied "No;" but I was bound by a promise made in Missouri, which they knew was the cause of my being with them. I told them the condition I found Captain Morrison's family in, and that I would go with them and stay with them if I could be permitted to turn my share of the provisions we had to Mrs. Morrison's use. They consented. Mrs. Morrison was supplied, and within half an hour the two boats' crews, of four oarsmen each, started for The Dalles.

I can not well leave the condition of other families met here without some observation. It may be judged of somewhat by the fact that I learned subsequently that Mrs. Morrison divided the little provisions I turned over to her among her more needy neighbors. I saw one man, the father of four children, lying on his back upon a rock, taking the rain in his face, seemingly having given up all thought of manly struggle.

December 8.—We left the rain and clouds behind us, and blue sky, bright sunshine, and the sight of grassy mountains greet us as we ascend towards The Dalles.

December 9.—In passing the mouth of a stream now called Hood River, we found a party of men camped on a sand bar. We landed and learned that they had been with Captain Morrison extricating the cattle from the snow—these had been driven back to The Dalles by Morrison and a few others to be wintered there. These men and boys had a rough time of it, and one of them had lost mental control of himself. He was not violent—just listless and helpless, as the man I saw on the rock was

becoming. They had consumed their provisions and were separated from their cattle by a swollen stream and a dense snowstorm. They had a large and fat dog, and hunger suggested his sacrifice. His owner, a strong, healthy youth of eighteen, who had never felt the pangs of hunger before, cried while hacking the dog's throat with a caseknife. The boy was mending the fire, while one of the older men was telling this, and in a spirit of mischief, which is one of the best ingredients of camp life, I asked "John, was the dog's meat good?" The youth turned up his face, yet smeared with the fat, and said solemnly, "Yes, it was good," in a manner that set us all to laughing. They were waiting for an expected boat, and had not long to wait after we left them.

We plied our boats rapidly, though a few times we were windbound and were now on a very slim larder. We also saw signs of scarcity among the Indians, and heard the death wail often and more often intermit the tiresome tom-tom of the gamblers' drum. The fishing villages at The Dalles, Celilo, and the Des Chutes were gathering points for the gamblers, thieves, and desperadoes of the surrounding tribes, and several robberies occurred between John Day and The Dalles. One Indian was brought bound to The Dalles by one of the last parties to arrive. The question was, what to do with him? Most of the men were for shooting him, but Rev. Alvin Waller said, "No; if that was done Indian custom, by his kin or his tribe, would exact a life for a life unless those that shot him made satisfactory payment to his family or tribe, and Indians were more apt than white men to make revenge a race question. This thief," he said, "would be punished more severely by being whipped than in any other way," and Father Waller's reasoning prevailed. The Indian was flogged and turned loose.

A few of Gilliam's train remained for a time at The

Dalles. Capt. William Shaw, Gilliam's brother-in-law, stopped on account of the sickness of his son, T. C. Shaw. G. W. Bush, one of the most efficient men on road, stayed all winter taking care of the live stock.

We left The Dalles December 26 with the running gear of three wagons in our boat and seventeen persons, young and old, on top of that, leaving also our Indian oarsmen at their home. We reached and passed the cascades in safety, delaying only to transfer our load at the portage and pass the bateau down the rapids by cordeling, in the same manner as in coming up. We met with no unusual difficulty until some distance below the rapids. But on the twenty-ninth, as we entered the narrower gorge of Cape Horn from the east, a storm of wind entered from the west. It was the most awful effect of wind that I have ever seen. It seemed to take solid water from the surface of the river and throw it upward as spray, and lift it still higher as fog and cloud. It came rapidly toward us with a perpendicular face of upward movement, in front of which were a number of eagles circling and driving crosswise and up and down, screaming as in delight at the suddenness and ferocity of the storm gust. We two oarsmen were caught with surprise by the suddenness of the approaching danger to our top-heavy boat, but Clark at the steering oar, having complete control of the course to pursue, decided to land on the north bank rather than on a sand spit near us on the south side. This made it necessary to cross the river in front of the storm. We had scarcely time by a few strokes of the oars to turn the boat, heading up stream, before we received the wind like a blow. It struck on the stern quarter, but careened the craft so as to ship water on the lee side without capsizing it, but much accelerating our speed. The first blow received was the

most violent, and we crossed the river right on the crest of its turmoil. In being carried over, however, we were swallowed up completely from the sight of some Indians in a canoe, who hugged the south shore, and who believed they saw us sink, and so reported to our friends at Linnton.

A Mrs. James McAlister, with her four children, was among those in the bateau. (Her husband was engaged with the care of their property; the family had given Clark a temporary home, and to assist whom was his chief object in being there.) She sat mute under the onset of the storm, with her little ones close to her; she was the first to get out onto the bank, and her children were passed to her. After receiving the hand of the last and youngest she turned her face to Clark and said, "Dan Clark, I have been your good friend; but you have just put my children in great danger, without reason, and I never wish to speak to you again." Her face was bloodless with the intensity of her emotions, and Clark, naturally ruddy, was also as white as he could be.

It is but just to give his reason for his decision to reach the north shore: From this side a trail led to Vancouver, and had we been stormbound long, as a party of 1843 had been on the south shore, some of us could have gone to the fort for relief and not be compelled to boil buffalo hide for soup as they had done. The wind fell and the rain came down, but we succeeded, by breaking up a wood rat's nest of huge size, in starting a good fire. During the night the weather turned colder and a few inches of soft snow covered us at daylight. We rekindled our fire, however, and got a good breakfast. Against the chinook wind we made the Hudson's Bay Company's sawmill. There a "canny Scot" gave us the shelter of roofage and the warmth of his ingle side. He was alone, and so near yuletide he must have been reminded

of his childhood by the chatter and life we brought upon him. At all events, after supper, and hearing of our previous night's experience, he said he had made a "little gairden and had a wheen smal turnip the children might like," then stepped out of the firelight and returned with a pail full of nice white turnips, bidding the party generally to "help yersel's." Mrs. McAlister thanked him, and helped the children all around. There were nine young people from four years to eighteen, two of the oldest being near the latter age. This was a homely treat, but was greatly enjoyed, and not the least by the kindly care taker.

December 29.—On our entering the mouth of the Willamette we found the brig *Chenamus*, John H. Couch, master, riding at anchor. We were hailed from the deck, and asked if we would not come on board and pass the night. The party speaking said his name was Cushing, in charge of the vessel, Captain Couch being gone to Oregon City. We accepted the invitation, and were treated with the best supper the ship's larder could furnish, I think. The officers gave up their sleeping quarters to the women and children. After they had retired, Lieut. William Cushing, who was a nephew of Caleb Cushing, in a quiet gentlemanly way made us talk of our overland journey and the incidents thereof. It was very evident that there was more than idle curiosity behind his questions. His family were interested in the infant commerce of Oregon.

December 30.—We landed our last boat load of our immigration on the west bank of the Willamette at Linnton, which was at that day a village of tents, except the residence of the blacksmith, his shop, and a few small outbuildings. We returned the bateau and its belongings, undamaged, to the generous Doctor McLoughlin; and, returning to Linnton on December 31, assisted in

expressing the joy in our arrival by dancing the old year out and the new one in on the puncheon floor of a new log building finished that day.

Not all, but the most of the immigrants made Linn-ton their stopping place until they could choose the district of permanent location. Captain Morrison went to the mouth of the Columbia to look for a home. Rees went with him to stop and work at Hunt's sawmill, the first of the kind on the lower Columbia, and just then beginning to cut lumber. Regarding my agreement with Captain Morrison as not carried out until his family were housed and his cattle in Western Oregon, I waited till his return from Clatsop Plains, west of Astoria, and on his return with a large chinook canoe, assisted in getting the family down to the farm of Solomon H. Smith, twelve miles west of Astoria. It rained almost incessantly, and sometimes we were windbound on the voyage, in exposed positions, and had to endure the pitiless storms of wind and rain where dry fuel could not be had. For two such days we lay on the west side of Tongue Point, two and a half miles from Astoria, or Fort George, the worst days we experienced during the entire journey. This was about the fifteenth of January, 1845. The family left its residence the sixth of May, 1844; so we were somewhat over eight months from house to house. The oldest daughter had a severe attack of camp fever while passing the Rocky Mountains, as had Mr. Rees in the Platte Valley. But we all arrived safe and well, feeling poorer in our clothing supply than in anything else. The last two hundred miles of the journey was most uncomfortable by its being midwinter and by being made in boat or canoe.

CHAPTER X.

THE CONTRACT COMPLETED; A JOURNEY TO THE DALLES
IN 1845.

I returned to Hunt's mill as an assistant in cutting logs till about the first of March, when Mr. Rees returned from a trip to Clatsop Plains, bringing a rifle and a five-dollar gold piece to be used by either himself or by me to go to The Dalles and bring the live stock down; the route being through the gorge of the Columbia, and the animals to be left on the Washougal bottoms in charge of G. W. Bush. As Mr. Rees did not wish to make the journey, I made myself first mate to an Indian owner, and so captain of a canoe, the Indian going on some errand for Birnie, in charge of the Hudson's Bay post at Fort George.

We reached Fort Vancouver early the third day, under a dense fog, and I inadvertently became witness of what might, in view of subsequent history, have been a matter of significance. I bade my Indian friend good-bye, and started for the business gate of the stockade with the purpose of purchasing a little provisions for my trip and some cheap cotton goods, with which to pay my passage to The Dalles in some Indian canoe I might find going thither. As I advanced towards the gate and away from the river, I heard what I took for rifle shots, and as I reached the gate, the fog lifted so that I saw five or six young officers of the fort examining a pole or post they had been taking pistol practice upon. They seemed surprised to see me, and had been close together conferring, when the business bell began to ring and the gate was opened for the day. The men dispersed to their duties, as I inferred, except David McLoughlin, who came direct to me and asked rather brusquely where I had come from

and what my business was. Being told I had just come up the river from Hunt's mill, and was going to The Dalles to help drive the cattle down from there, he asked in a different tone if I thought the American settlers would support Alderman in jumping his father's claim at Oregon City. I replied that that was the first I had heard on that subject, but Mr. Alderman's reputation was such that few settlers, in my opinion, would care to have anything to do with him, and claim-jumping by any one was an unpopular proceeding. Such was the substance of our talk, and he then bade me good morning. It was five months afterwards before I learned the immediate cause of that pistol practice, though I heard much condemnation of Alderman's attempt to jump Doctor McLoughlin's Oregon City claim. This, moreover, was the first time my opinion on a public question was asked and given. I then went to the store, or shop, as most of the employees called it, and got my twenty pounds of flour and six pounds of salt pork (the company made no bacon); a gallon bucket of block tin, with a lid, and a pint cup; also six highly colored coarse cotton handkerchiefs. Upon asking if there were any Dalles Indians at the post, I was told that there had been some from above The Dalles, but my informant believed they had gone. He said there were some Americans camped above, who had just come from The Dalles, and they would be most likely to know.

Taking my outfit along, I went in search of the Americans, and found them to be my friend Dan Clark and some others with cattle of parties of Gilliam's train, who had settled on Tualatin Plains. They had heard of some Indians from above, but could give no definite information. I was standing towards the edge of the river bank from their fire looking at the water, when a canoe came in sight close in shore. I immediately hailed and the paddles stopped. I explained that I wished to go to The

Dalles and would give four pieces of *chum sail* (colored cloth) for a place in their canoe, and would help paddle. They hesitated a few seconds, then went on without speaking. This was odd conduct, and I was yet studying upon it when another smaller canoe, with three persons in it, came in sight, headed the same way. I now repeated my proposition, holding up the bright colored goods. They turned their canoe to the shore immediately, and I was thus on my way without loss of time. We soon overhauled the other party, and then both canoes put to shore, and one of the men in the canoe which had accommodated me got into the other and much larger canoe, which now contained four men and a young woman, who was handsome rather than good looking. There were now in our canoe a middle aged, strongly built man, his wife, of much the same description, and two children of two and four, perhaps. No one of either party had yet spoken to me. We then pulled on up to the gristmill, six miles above Vancouver, landed, and in a short time the entire party of Indians, without stopping to eat, were under blankets and sound asleep.

I was somewhat mystified by this conduct, and did not at the time think of nights and days, perhaps, spent in gambling. I occupied myself preparing my dinner. As this is simply an account of the manner in which we managed the details of travel in the early pioneer life, for which I have inserted this minute description of the canoeing, I will also describe getting my noonday meal. First, a fire was kindled; next, my bright new gallon bucket, half full of water, was hung over the blaze. Then a few slices of fat pork, cut thin with my pocket knife, were added. While the pot was coming to the boiling point I made me a rough wooden spoon, and getting a little water in my tin cup, poured some of it care-

fully into a cavity made in the middle of my little sack of flour, as this stood open. All the skill required at this point was to wet no more flour than I needed at one meal. The thin slices of meat were soon cooked, and into the boiling kettle I dropped from the wooden spoon the batter I had made. It did not take long to thus get a dinner of soup and drop dumplings, and I have since been served with restaurant soup not nearly so good as that. Moreover, mine was very simply prepared, and no dishes to wash afterwards. If I suffered from lack of variety I have no remembrance of it.

Towards evening the Indians woke up, and I became satisfied there was a cause for the conduct of the chief and his henchman, the married man in whose canoe I had a seat. Neither the chief in the large canoe or the women seemed to know I was there; but with the three men who, under the present arrangement, manned the large canoe it was different. They not only noticed me, but began to find opportunities to speak with me. As they did so I learned that the chief was the big chief of the Walla Wallas; the young woman who was for the time companion of the chief was unmarried, and the tallest of the three young men was her brother, and a medicine man. The other two were slaves of the chief. One of these was a well formed man of average size, and the other a small, alert, active man, whom I heard the chief reprove for noticing me.

I was utterly at a loss at the time to account for this behavior, and, under a feeling of restraint, met it in kind as far as I could. An idea occurred to me, however, and later information confirmed me in its belief. The chief had been to Vancouver to solicit the counsel of Doctor McLoughlin on something connected with the white race and was returning disappointed. From before this date until after 1855 there was but one Walla Walla chief

known to the whites—a silent, crafty, remorseless man, *Peu-peu-mox-mox*, or Yellow Serpent. At this very date subsequent history shows this chief just returned from California, where he had failed in a business venture, and also in getting satisfaction or revenge for the death of his son Elijah, killed by an American over property stolen from the latter by local Indians and by the Walla Wallas from the latter. During the five days I was with the party the chief rarely spoke, even to the young woman who sat beside him and evidently tried to engage his attention. His silence seemed to me yet more of sullen disappointment than of natural dignity. Only once did he show a different mood. Then his men turned the canoe from the north shore, which we were hugging, in chase of two men in a single canoe making from mid-stream to the south shore with all their might. We followed, all the Indians under excitement. My curiosity was greatly aroused to know what it meant. We landed by the canoe we had been chasing, and went into the lodge that had been so located as to make it extremely dangerous to invade it, so surrounded was it with rocks forming a cover for defenders. The manner of the inmates was very quiet; that of our chief as he went in was that of a friendly visitor. He spoke low, and was answered in the same manner. After a few minutes, during which but few words were said, one of the two men in the lodge brought out a small sturgeon and presented it to our big chief, who, by a nod, guided it to our little slave warrior, and we then ceremoniously left the family of chinook sturgeon fishers with this peace offering of one little sturgeon of twenty-five or thirty pounds. It was as if the large elk wolf, which the chief in some way resembled, had taken to mouse hunting.

A MOUNTAIN MIRRORED.

We were again quietly paddling up the north shore of this grand river, the sunlight striking the opposite side, but not yet reaching the still surface of the stream. The chief's canoe stopped and ours moved up alongside, and our leading man and myself, without a word spoken, got into the larger canoe, and the little brave with his gun got into ours in front, and the larger man behind; and thus rearranged they started across the river. I was mystified by these movements. The two women near me kept up a low conversation, looking constantly meanwhile into the water. They landed soon at the south shore, the river here being but little over half a mile wide, and the little brave going ashore started straight up the face of the mountain, which appeared perpendicular, but evidently was not, as brushwood and some small trees covered three fourths of it, the balance being rock, colored with mosses and lichens. The surface of the river showed this in all its hues, but with inverse lines, just as plainly as the best mirror, and this had been forced on my attention by looking repeatedly at the river surface as the two women near me continued to do. Ah! at last I see the hunter. He is now nearly half the distance from the canoe to the mountain top. I follow with my sight the direction in which he is climbing, and see there a large black bear quietly feeding on something. The hunter is moving cautiously, and now we see him stop and aim, and the smoke of the gun and the disappearance of the bear are all observed before the report reaches us. The shot was unsuccessful, as, under my observation, all Indian shooting has been so far. The hunter in this case, still seen in the reflection, hesitated a little, perhaps watching the bear, which we could not

see, then turned and made his way to the canoe, and we thereupon resumed our journey.

We arrived at the foot of the long portage of the cascades, chilled by a cold chinook wind, late in the evening. We passed a cheerless night under the roof of a building of logs which had not been chinked. In getting our canoes up this three and a half miles of shore—as we had to cordel to the still water above the cascades—there was much danger, both to the men who must climb from rock to rock along the shore, and to the cedar canoes, which were in constant danger of striking the rocks in the stream. I was, I believe, the most efficient man of the lot, and received the compliment of undisguised admiration of the three young men more than once. The whole party was traveling light, counsel rather than commerce, I judge, being the object of the chief's trip. The henchman and the women had completed carrying the goods before we succeeded in getting the canoes up.

We were not visited by other Indians during the five days I was with the party. We left the upper portage early, and no wind. Taking the south shore we came opposite Wind Mountain, when the chief's canoe stopped again. The young medicine man alone got out, taking no arms. Out of curiosity I followed him up the bank and onto the flat surface of a large coffin-shaped rock. Near the center of this the Indian placed himself, facing west, his feet wide apart, and taking up a flat stone there, evidently for the purpose, he drew it as far as he could reach from west to east along the rock and between his feet, making a noise like a rushing wind, to bring which was plainly his purpose. Taking to the canoes again we soon had indications of the chinook wind. This freshened as the day advanced, and by 2 o'clock P. M. the surface of the river was well covered with whitecaps.

There is a point of rock making out from the north shore near Memaloose Island. We landed at this and the wife and children got out. The medicine man got in, and with the henchman in the bow and me with the steering paddle, we started to pass the point. It was chopped water, but the wind and rocks made the danger. Three Chinook squaws would never have hesitated to pass that point sailing, but this young man who had raised the wind, or thought he had, actually became paralyzed with fear. He ceased effort when his strength was most needed, and did not recover himself until we rounded the point and landed. His action would have drawn upon him the derision of any party of white men, but I saw no sign of that among these natives. We had the fire kindled and matters under way for a late dinner before the mother and her children came to us. She had evidently taken off some of her garments to shield her children from the thicket of young nettles already two feet high, and her legs to her knees and hands and arms to the elbows were red with nettle stings. With smiles, which yet indicated the pain she was suffering, she related in a low voice her experience in reaching us; and such was her general conduct as wife and mother the few days I was in their company.

I was put ashore at length at the camp fire of some boys who were to be my associates in the cattle drive, now on the south side of the river near The Dalles, and I parted with the servitors of the great chief of the Walla Wallas without his apparent notice, and without hearing his voice, except in a low growl at his lively little warrior hunter for his notice of me.

I found Mr. Bush and others collecting the cattle we had to drive, and the second morning thereafter we started our herds. There were some eighty head of cattle, and about twenty head of horses in a separate

drove, following. The Rev. Mr. Waller sent with us one of his converts of his mission, a tall, sedate man, by whose assistance we got our stock safely across to the north side of the Columbia, making them swim from a large rock projecting from the south shore about two and a half miles west of Hood River. The cattle had had training in swimming the streams the previous year, and crossed without loss. We hired a large canoe of the local Indians, and with it took a few of the most valuable horses alongside the canoe, urging the others to follow free. This was successfully done, except that a fine high-bred mare of H. A. G. Lee died of fright in midstream. I held her by the head all the way across, and know that her nostrils never were in the water,—but she was dead ere we got to shore. The Indians said it was fright caused the death, and this was not unusual; “horses were not so brave in water as cattle.” They had the carcass out on the sand, skinned, and divided in a very short time.

We made an excellent day’s drive after crossing, and the evening exercises are yet well remembered. One of our party was a German watchmaker, and, moreover, a scholar, who had translated “The Spy,” by J. Fennimore Cooper, into German before coming to the United States. Among the songs he contributed to our evening’s pleasure was the rollicking little bacchanalian sergeant’s song from the novel, and some German songs of like character from the German rendered into English.

We had no trouble in our drive, making the distance from The Dalles to Washougal in four days of travel, including crossing the Columbia; but were hindered in our attempt to cross for two days by high wind. Leaving the cattle in Mr. Bush’s charge as ordered, I made my way to Clatsop Plains, and reported what I had done to Captain Morrison; and considering I had fulfilled my

verbal agreement made just about one year before, returned to Hunt's mill and worked there until about the middle of June, when, with others, I came to Oregon City to cast my first vote as a citizen of Oregon under the Provisional Government; my ballot being cast for George Abernethy, first Governor of Oregon.

JOHN MINTO.

PRIMITIVE CUSTOMS AND RELIGIOUS BELIEFS OF THE INDIANS OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST COAST.

In the presentation in this paper of the customs and religious beliefs of the Indians on the Pacific Northwest Coast, it is not contended by the writer that these customs and beliefs obtained among all the Indians of that region, but they are to be regarded as being held and observed more particularly by the tribes who practiced the custom of flattening the heads of their children.

The tract of country occupied by these people included all the region west of the Coast Range of Mountains from Yaquina (Indian, Ya-co-na) Bay on the south to Cape Flattery on the north, and thence extending easterly to the southern shores of Puget Sound, including the Nisqually and adjacent tribes, and following the Columbia River from its mouth to The Dalles, including the Cowlitz (Indian, Cowalitz) Valley and the Willamette Valley as far as the falls at Oregon City, and also embracing the Tualatin (Indian, Twhality) country.

South of these limits in the Willamette Valley this custom of flattening the head begins to fade away; that is, the head is flattened but lightly, and is practiced less as you proceed south, until it disappears entirely; and the same is true in going east from The Dalles.

Intermarriages between flatheads and nonflatheads were indulged in to a limited extent only. The different tribes composing these people oftentimes made war upon each other, but they never made prisoners of each other

for the purpose of enslavement. Within the limits of their territory no person having a flattened head was ever held as a slave. If any of these people should be so held by any outside tribe, no flathead would purchase him unless it was to ransom him that he might be given his liberty. This mark identified them rather as one people. Although several of these tribes speak an entirely different and distinct language from any of the others, and are classed by scientific writers as belonging to different stock, yet I believe that for centuries past they were one people. Their custom of intermarriages would unavoidably lead to this.

The men of the different tribes, to a large extent, especially from the principal families, sought wives from the various tribes other than their own. For instance, a Tillamook man would seek a wife from the Chinook or Chehalis (Indian, Tseh-hay-lis) tribe, and this compliment would be reciprocated by the men of these tribes going after wives from the Tillamook, or some other clan not their own, and in like manner of all the other tribes; and this process has been going on for ages, until these people have really become of one type.

They are very similar in facial contour, size, and form of body. Some writers seem to believe that the flattening of the heads of these people has had the effect of blunting their intellects. The facts in the case, I think, hardly warrant this conclusion. They certainly compare favorably with any of the other Indians inhabiting the old Oregon country in things pertaining to the affairs of this life. They constructed better houses for their habitations than the tepees used by those east of the Cascade Mountains. Their canoes for beauty of model, finish of workmanship, and for utility, were far superior to anything in that line made by the inland people; their methods of catching fish with the seine were ahead of any of the other

devices employed by those beyond the mountains; and some of these people north of Grays Harbor in the earlier days even used to pursue and capture the whale, it constituting a portion of their ordinary subsistence. Without question it required a far higher order of intellect and ability to launch out on the ocean in a small craft and to capture and compass the death of one of these monsters of the deep—the largest animal that ever lived and one of the most dangerous when aroused—and yet escape unharmed, than simply to shoot a buffalo after it had been chased down with a horse.

It is quite a fashion with some writers to institute comparisons between the Indians east of the Cascades and those on the west, and always to the great disparagement of those nearer the coast. They will speak of the squat bodies and bowlegs of the coast Indians, but in reality the bowlegs, so far as these people are concerned, are a myth. These Indians—and I speak of them as they were before the higher civilization of the whites began to interfere with their primitive customs—made it their aim to have the arms and legs of their children develop straight and shapely, even to the extent of binding the legs of the child together during its sleep if it were necessary to do so to constrain a correct growth of those members.

In the consideration of this subject the fact must not be overlooked that at all times there were two classes of people to be considered—the slave and the free. These tribes held as slaves members from the various tribes inhabiting the region north of the Straits of Juan de Fuca to nearly the Alaskan border, and also from those of Southern Oregon and Northern California, including the Rogue River Indians, Shastas, Klamaths, Modocs, and occasionally some from the Snakes. Almost every lead-

ing family held from one to half a dozen slaves, and some of the chiefs having even many more. Among these slaves, gathered in this promiscuous way from these various sources, it would be nothing strange to find a good many who would be bandy-legged and otherwise ill-shaped; and the earlier writers observing these, and not making the proper inquiries as to where they originally belonged, it was noted down by them that the Chinooks and other Indians on the lower Columbia were bow-legged, which statement is ever afterward reiterated by writers who are not themselves informed on the facts by personal observation. It is not denied here that occasionally some of these people were crooked-limbed, but the rule was the other way—that they usually had well-formed extremities.

In like manner, on imperfect information, a belief has become prevalent that the process of flattening the head of the babe is attended with great pain to the child. I find on careful inquiry that this is not so. It should be remembered that at birth the bones of the head of the child are extremely soft. When the babe has been properly wrapped and fastened in its wooden cradle, a little bag, say four inches wide and eight inches long, filled with feathers or some other soft material, is placed longitudinally upon its forehead and bound on; it is then nursed to sleep. When it awakens, this, in due time, is taken off. This treatment is kept up for eight months or a year, some mothers continuing it longer than others. The child is always laid on its back during the treatment, and the weight of the feathers causes the head to flatten in its growth, and it is attended with no pain to the child.

These Indians believed in one Supreme Being, the creator of all things, and they call him "Ecahnie." Then they have subordinate gods, and the principal one is

“Talipas.” This divinity possessed some creative power, and he came among men to teach them ways of living, and in his travels he would assume the form of the coyote, hence his name (Talipas being the name of the coyote). He taught the people the art of building canoes and of navigation, of making nets and seining for salmon, of building houses for their dwellings, and all the various customs and rites which they observed. On account of his creative qualities his character is sometimes blended in with the Supreme Being, and at such times, in referring to him, they award him the title of Ecahníe.

And, again, they have divinities presiding over certain special interests, such as the run of fish and the like. The heart of the salmon must never be given to a dog to be eaten, as on account of his base nature it would be an act of impurity, which would provoke the disfavor of the god presiding over the destinies of the salmon, and would cause a failure of the season’s run of fish. The first salmon caught in the spring season must never be dressed or cooked until after the sun dips below the horizon in the west—everything is got in readiness for the feast, but all must wait until the sun disappears.

When the species of wild raspberry, which abounds in the coast region of Oregon and Washington, first ripens in the spring, the salmon, when caught, are laid with their heads pointing up stream, and then a berry of this variety is placed in the mouth of each fish, to remain there, however, for only a limited space of time, and hence the name of salmon berry, which it now universally bears. From the observance of this ceremony the early traders on the Columbia River, who witnessed the same, gave the berry that name. This rite, however, is only a propitiatory offering to the divine influences which are supposed to control the migration of the salmon.

The "Tamanawas" is a tutelary or guardian spirit or god who is supposed to see to the welfare of its subject and to give warning of approaching events of a portentous character. Every person having a tamanawas is not necessarily a doctor or medicine man or woman, but every medicine man must have a tamanawas. These personal gods were not considered to possess equal attributes—some were supposed to be endowed with greater qualities than others. Some individuals claimed that their gods could disturb the elements of nature; that is, could cause storms to arise, the lightnings to flash and the thunders to rumble, and other disturbances as well.

These people believe in the immortality of the soul; they believe in a spirit life and in a spirit land; they believe that the spirit of other animals go to the spirit land as well as that of men. Their conception of the spirit land is quite beautiful and pleasing. There it is always spring or summer; the fields are perpetually green, flowers blooming, fruit ripening, and running waters diversify the scenery of the beautiful landscapes, with always an abundant supply of game, and of course the inhabitants are in a continuous state of felicity.

They believe that when a person becomes very sick the spirit leaves the body and seeks the shores of the spirit land, and unless it is recaptured and returned to its original tenement, the person will of course surely die. In such cases the services of a skillful tamanawas doctor are engaged, and an assistant is furnished him to accompany him on his journey of discovery to the land of the dead. The assistant is given a baton, ornamented in the upper part with plumes of birds and claws of beasts. The doctor manipulates his assistant until he has him mesmerized; also the baton, which is in a continuous state of agitation; he then places himself in a

trance state, meanwhile keeping up a vigorous chant, and they start on their excursion to the shadowy shores. If they should be fortunate enough to find the absconding spirit, the doctor secures it and brings it back with him, oftentimes keeping it over night, and restoring it to the patient the next day. Should the patient recover it is proof of the great powers of the doctor, but if, on the contrary, the patient pass away, it is evidence that the spirit ran away the second time.

They also believed in giants who possessed a more material nature, having the human form. These inhabited the recesses of the woods and devoured humankind as well as other animals. They name these giants "Cheatco." If a tree should happen to fall in calm weather as is often the case, it is at once attributed to the cheatco striking it down with his cane.

I will close this article by relating the legend of the surf as given by the Clatsop Indians. Before we come to the story, however, I think a little explanation may be needful. In speaking of the surf in this instance, I do not mean the breakers nor the noise that accompanies them as they roll in on the seashore, but I mean the other roar of the sea, that which, at any distance from one half mile to five miles away from the ocean, may be heard as coming from some particular point at sea, either southwest, west, or northwest. When stormy weather is approaching the roar is at the south; when fair weather is to prevail the sound is in the northwest; when the sound is directly west it indicates a change, that is, it may become fair, and in that case the sound will bear to the north, and in like manner it will bear to the south in case of a storm. This sound is really caused by certain meteorological conditions that prevail out at sea, and when these conditions change, the direction of the sound

changes also. The detailed explanation of which is not now necessary to give.

THE LEGEND OF THE SURF.

In the long ago there dwelt an Indian on the Columbia River at or near Point Adams with no companion other than his faithful dog. This was in the time when all animals possessed the faculty of speech, and oftentimes the dog and master would hold sweet communion together. Upon a certain evening, as the shadows of night began to gather, and while the man and dog were rehearsing the events of the day, a loud knock was given at the door. In answer to the call, the man opened the door and what should meet his startled gaze but the gigantic form of a monster cheatco, who was awaiting there the answer to his raps. He wished to know if he could be entertained there with a supper and lodging for the night. Of course there was but one thing to do and the man invited the monster in and to partake of his hospitality, otherwise he might have invited immediate destruction to himself. He prepared his guest with as sumptuous a meal as his limited larder and bachelor skill could provide, and in due time showed him to bed. Soon after the dog and his master also retired.

Some time in the night, as the Indian awoke from a sleep, he overheard the cheatco talking and chuckling to himself as to the nice meal he proposed to make of his host. Upon discovering the evil design of his guest, terror seized the soul of that poor Indian, and he immediately resolved to find some way of escape. He thought it not safe to attempt to go out by the front door lest the giant should notice him as he passed the place where he lay. So he dug a hole through the ground under the walls of the lodge at the rear end. He laid a stick of wood in his

bed and covered it with his robe to carry out the deception that he was still there. He told his dog his proposed plan of escape, that he intended to seek safety in flight beyond Tillamook Head, and that he wished him, after he had gone out, to lay curled up at the mouth of the hole so as to obscure the passage. If the cheatco should ask him which way his master had gone to send him off in the opposite direction; then bidding his dog a hasty farewell he hastened away. Fear lent speed and strength to his feet as he sped down the coast. The dog lay at the hole as he was directed to do.

When the giant got up to have his feast as he had planned, he lunged upon the bed of his host, but clutched only the stick of wood; he found that his intended victim had outwitted him and had already made his escape. As he looked around the room he saw the dog lying down, and asked him which way his master had gone. The dog pointed his nose up the river and said, "Ya-wa," (that way). The monster rushed out and took his course up the river. After running about two miles, looking the meanwhile for tracks or other signs of flight and not finding any, he concluded that he had been misdirected, and his wrath against that faithful friend of the Indian knew no bounds. He determined that the dog should suffer for the deception he had practiced; so he returned to the lodge. The dog was still at his post, blocking the hole with his body. The giant went up and said, "You lying dog, you deceived me!" and gave him a kick; the toes striking the dog, tore him into pieces and threw him away from the hole. This revealed the way the Indian had gone. The cheatco immediately devoured the fragments of the dog and then gave pursuit down the ocean beach after the man. He was so large and fat and his weight so great that his tread as he bowled along the ocean shore sounded like the rumbling of distant thun-

der. About two miles north of Tillamook Head the Necanicum (Indian, Necaynilum) River empties into the ocean. The one who ferried people over at this place was "Old Thunder" ("Kon-wahk-shoo-ma"). He had his seat somewhere on Tillamook Head. His foot was of great length, and his method of ferrying was to reach his foot over the water and it would span the stream from shore to shore, over which the passengers would pass in safety. The Indian was considerably ahead of the giant, and had been ferried over some time before his pursuer reached the stream. The cheatco carried a great staff or cane, made from the bones of the dead. Now the dead, or things pertaining to them, were unclean and impure to the gods. They were considered to have an evil taint which would defile the gods if they should come in contact with them. So when the cheatco hailed to be set across, Old Thunder, immediately perceiving that his staff was of the dead, told him that he would ferry him over, but warned him that he must not touch him with his cane, to which the giant agreed. Old Thunder then swung his foot across the river, over which the ogre started to pass, but, in his eagerness after his prey, was peering in different directions in his effort to catch a glimpse of the fleeing Indian, so that when about midway over he forgot the ban that had been placed against his staff, and set it down on the foot of the god. Instantaneously Old Thunder felt the defilement, and as quickly withdrew his foot, plunging the cheatco into the river. There being at the time a great freshet in the stream, the current was rushing out with fearful force, and it immediately swept the monster into the breakers and was carrying him out to sea. Then Old Thunder promulgated one of those unalterable decrees of the gods, saying to the cheatco: "You will pass on out to sea, and for the information of all mankind your office will be, for all time to come,

when storms are gathering, to pass and roar at the south; and when they prepare to pass away you will pass and roar at the north.''' And the cheatco ever since that fateful day has faithfully attended to the duties assigned him by the thunder god; so when storms threaten you will hear his angry tones in the south, and when the clouds begin to roll away you will notice the song of his milder mood in the north.

SILAS B. SMITH.

REMINISCENCES OF ALANSON HINMAN

BY JAMES R. ROBERTSON.

The task of gathering the reminiscences of the early settlers of Oregon is one both of pleasure and of profit. It is a real delight to listen to the narration of experiences which can never be repeated in a section now so far advanced in social and industrial life. These narratives are a heritage of which we should take advantage. The preservation of them is the best service which the present generation can render to the future. Nothing can be of such value, as times goes on, as the record of those who have been actors in the development of our commonwealth.

In a series of conversations with Alanson Hinman, it has been a privilege to the writer to go over the early history of Oregon with one who was a part of it and to gain a more realizing sense of the life and romantic situations of early days. Although now seventy-nine years of age, Mr. Hinman is still vigorous and retains an accurate memory and a discriminating judgment of men and events. Because of his excellent judgment and keen insight, Mr. Hinman's recollections are of especial value to the student of history. He makes no statements without careful consideration.

Mr. Hinman was born in Columbia County, New York, May 1, 1822, and was one of a family of eleven children. After several changes within his native state and Pennsylvania in search of an opening for a young man, Mr. Hinman finally decided to go West, with no particular point in view, and the year 1844 found him at

Booneville, Missouri. Here he fell in with Col. Nathan Ford, a local politician of some considerable reputation in that locality, and a man who was very much interested in Oregon. Colonel Ford was just about to start for Oregon with a few others, and as a young man was considered a valuable addition to the party, Mr. Hinman was invited to join and decided to do so.

The immigration of 1844 followed, in the main, the trail which has been described in a former number of the *QUARTERLY*. It consisted of several parties which traveled separately on account of the greater convenience in pasturing the stock in small groups rather than large. The first part of the journey was made with difficulty on account of the rains and the soft prairie soil, but after the Platte River was reached the trail was comparatively easy. To the present generation this journey seems unprecedented in the history of emigration, but the old pioneers speak of it in a matter of fact way. Mr. Hinman regards it as a remarkably easy undertaking on the whole, with nothing that could be called hardship, except the tediousness of the journey that arose from the time consumed. The Ford party had no encounter with hostile Indians, and only one horse was stolen on the whole journey. No one in the party considered himself a hero, or realized that he was to become a part of a movement which would determine the future of the Northwest. The immigrants knew considerable about the country, principally from the letters which Peter Burnett had written to the local papers of Missouri. They knew also of the discussion in congress, and they confidently expected the passage of the bill then before congress granting to each settler six hundred and forty acres of land. No one in the party seems to have doubted that the United States possessed a good title to the

country to which they were going and had a right to grant them land on which they could establish homes for themselves and their families.

When the party reached the present site of Baker City, Mr. Hinman left his companions, and under the guidance of Black Harris, the guide who had conducted Doctor Whitman across the Rocky Mountains, went to the mission station at Wailatpu for supplies. During the week spent there, not only were the supplies secured, but the beginning was made of an acquaintance with Dr. Marcus Whitman, of whom Mr. Hinman speaks with great respect and affection. He recalls distinctly the meeting and describes Mr. Whitman as tall, with high cheek bones and prominent eyebrows, beneath which were grave and kindly eyes of gray. Mr. Hinman was invited to remain during the winter and conduct the school which had been started for the white children of the mission. He decided to do so, and thus became a resident of the mission at a time when its connection with the history of the country was important. He was in close relations with the family, taking his meals with them and acting as commissary for the mission in supplying provisions to immigrants who were passing. For this reason the recollections of Mr. Hinman are of great value in throwing light upon questions pertaining to this critical period in our local history.

It has always been known that under the direction of Mr. Whitman the mission was a great assistance to the immigrants in the matter of furnishing supplies, and that great suffering would have been incurred in many cases if it had not been for the existence and policy of the mission. No one, however, but an eyewitness could adequately impress upon us the sacrifice with which this was often accompanied. Mr. Hinman recollects that during the winter of 1844 the family at the mission had

nothing in the way of meats for their own use but the necks of the beef, which were made eatable by boiling, while the better part were distributed among the immigrants. Mrs. Whitman was not always so long-suffering as her husband, and would sometimes protest that it was not fair that the immigrants should get all of the best parts while only the leavings were available for the family. To these protests Mr. Whitman would reply, in a jesting tone, that he could stand the scolding of his wife far better than he could stand the complaints of the immigrants, and so it went on through the winter. Mr. Hinman, also as commissary, would sometimes protest against giving supplies to immigrants whom he knew could pay, but who misrepresented their condition. His orders, however, were always to take the people at their word, and if they said they had no money to take their notes. Supplies were never refused, and if they could not be paid for they were practically given. While the action of Doctor McLoughlin in assisting immigrants has been prominently dwelt upon, the action of the missionary should be placed beside it, and according to the opinion of Mr. Hinman, the sacrifice was greater in the latter case than in the former. Both suffered from the ingratitude of some of the immigrants, for many of the promises to pay for the supplies were never redeemed, and in many cases even the feeling of gratitude was lacking. Not only were provisions supplied, but a mill was erected about twenty miles from the mission for the purpose of giving employment to the immigrants while they tarried. Located as it was, the mission could not be anything but of great assistance to immigration, and Mr. Whitman as its directing genius could be nothing but the friend of the immigrant.

Of Mr. Whitman himself, only the pleasantest recollections remain with Mr. Hinman. He is not inclined

to make a hero out of him, but speaks of him as "brave and discreet, full of energy, and living only for others." Reserved and careful in his speech he never spoke of others unless he had something good to say. However much he worried in regard to the coming of the Catholic missionaries, and the difficulties incident to the harmonious working of the two systems in a new country, he did not say unkind things, and with some of these missionaries he was on friendly terms. During the winter of 1844 there was nothing to indicate strained relations, although there was a growing anxiety upon the face of the Protestant missionary.

Not only was there no trouble between the Protestants and the Catholics, but the relation between the Indians and the whites was friendly. The Indians often came to the mission and seemed to be very fond both of Mr. and Mrs. Whitman. The mission was prospering, the religious exercises on Sunday were well attended, and Mr. Whitman was welcomed in the homes of the Indians during his visits through the week. Many of the Indians were engaged in agricultural pursuits and stock raising, and were quite prosperous. The principal anxiety that existed arose from the killing of the Indian Elijah on his return from California with cattle. He was a prominent Indian, and, in accordance with the custom, it was expected that some leader among the whites would be selected by the Indians for death in atonement. The two men who were most in danger of being selected were Mr. McKinley, the agent of the fur company, and Mr. Whitman of the mission. An Indian council, however, was held, at which Mr. Hinman was present, and the question was carefully and lengthily discussed, with the result that the Indians decided not to take any of the white men in revenge for the death of Elijah. Thus everything seemed once more harmonious and the mission and its

leader out of danger. There were, to be sure, bad Indians, and they were the occasion of considerable anxiety at times. On one occasion Mr. Hinman recollects being called from his duties in the schoolroom by the arrival of some Indians, who were taken into the Indian room for a conference of some kind. Mr. Whitman at this time seemed to be considerably worried, and asked Mr. Hinman to watch, unobserved, a certain Indian, called the murderer, who was described to him. Mr. Hinman knew nothing of the cause of the conference, but remembers the occasion as indicating some difficulty between the Indians and the whites. If the trouble was growing, which ended in the massacre of 1847, it had not become openly manifest in 1844-45.

The winter of 1844-45 was the second winter since the return of Mr. Whitman from his journey to the East, and Mr. Hinman's recollections and opinions in regard to that event are important to the student of history, in view of the discussion that centers about it. He remembers that Mr. Whitman often spoke of it in the family, but never in a boastful way nor with claims to extraordinary service. He was particularly fond of speaking of the surprise which he created among the people of the East in his frontier costume of skins and fur. In regard to the visit to Washington Mr. Hinman is decided, because he recollects that Mr. Whitman told him that he made it. He did not, however, hear, while he was with the family, anything of the conversations which Mr. Whitman is quoted to have held with the government officials at Washington. Mr. Hinman is clear that the visit to Washington was made before he went to Boston on missionary business. Mr. Hinman believes that the interests which Mr. Whitman had in Washington were the ones which took him East at that time of the year. He does not believe that any question regarding

the mission would have made it necessary to start until the spring. Mr. Hinman has no recollection of hearing about any trouble of a serious character connected with the mission. Nothing was said about it during the winter that he lived with the family.

During the course of these conversations the paper which was read by Professor Bourne before the American Historical Society was placed in the hands of Mr. Hinman for examination and comment. He read it carefully, and does not think it correct. Of the journey to Washington, for which Professor Bourne does not find sufficient evidence, Mr. Hinman is sure, unless he was told a direct falsehood, which is improbable. Concerning the results of the visit to Washington, Mr. Hinman is conservative. He says we do not yet know how much Mr. Whitman succeeded in accomplishing, but he feels certain that he had primarily in view the settlement of the country when he went East, and that his visit to Washington had something to do with that. Mr. Hinman does not indorse the opinion set forth in the paper of Professor Bourne in regard to the character of Mr. Spaulding. He is spoken of by Mr. Hinman as a man impulsive in nature, deeply prejudiced, excitable, and not possessed of the best judgment, but not purposely dishonest or false. In regard to the lack of contemporary evidence concerning the purposes of the journey East, Mr. Hinman criticises the article of Professor Bourne as lacking in a clear understanding of the local conditions. Mr. Hinman calls attention to the fact that if Mr. Whitman had the purpose of encouraging settlement when he made his journey East, he would have taken every precaution to conceal that purpose, even from those with whom he was most intimate, in order to prevent a knowledge of his purpose from becoming known to the fur company and to the Catholics. If he was interested in furthering the

settlement of the country, caution, and even secrecy, was an absolute necessity, and Mr. Hinman characterizes Mr. Whitman as a cautious man.

After the winter of 1844, which had been spent with pleasure and profit at the mission at Wailatpu, Mr. Hinman accepted the offer of a similar position in the Oregon Institute, which was located on the present site of Salem. This institution was not distinctively a mission school, but had a board of trustees of its own. The Methodist mission had by this time been discontinued in the Willamette Valley, although many who had been connected with it were living in the region on claims of land. Although Mr. Hinman did not have an opportunity to become acquainted with the early history of the mission, yet he was acquainted with many who had figured prominently in it, and he speaks of them with great respect. The settlement on the French Prairie was not far below on the river, but of it Mr. Hinman has no recollections of importance. Farther down the river, at Oregon City, was the seat of the Provisional Government, which had been created just two years before. Mr. Hinman gives us an impression of the peaceful conditions of those times. There were few disputes, and most of these were settled without recourse to a trial. There was little fear of Indian outbreaks at that time, and as little feeling of hostility between the Americans and the English,—among the people as a whole. The claim of land taken up by Doctor McLoughlin at Oregon City was the only thing that gave rise to any strong feeling, and upon this question the people were divided. In fact, things were so peaceful that Mr. Hinman, in reply to a question in regard to the civil government, said, with a twinkle of the eye, "People were so civil in those times that they did not need a government." What

need for a government there was well supplied by the one formed by the settlers. Of political differences there was little, for almost every man was a Democrat. With the coming, however, of Mr. Dryer and the establishment of *The Oregonian*, the Whig party began to create an opposition. According to the opinion of Mr. Hinman, it was the influence of political aspirants as much, if not more, than the real needs of the community that led to the clamor for territorial government. So far as the government itself was concerned, it was little more than the change from Governor Abernethy to Governor Lane.

In the year 1847, Mr. Hinman was at The Dalles, which was the last of the Methodist mission stations, and had been purchased by the American board to be used as a basis of supplies. Previous to this, it had been necessary to bring all supplies from the fort at Vancouver. Mr. Hinman had been chosen to act as secular agent for the mission at The Dalles, and with his family, and Perrine Whitman, a nephew of Dr. Marcus Whitman, was living here at the time of the famous massacre. His experiences during this period are as interesting and thrilling as a romance, and add a valuable chapter to the history of that event. It is the firm conviction of Mr. Hinman that the massacre at Waiilatpu was but one part of a more general massacre which was to include the mission of Mr. Spaulding, the mill, and the agency at The Dalles. All of the white people (Bostons) in the region were to be killed. This belief is founded upon incidents to be related, and upon a letter which was read in his presence in the office of the chief factor of the fur company at Vancouver.

About four or five days after the massacre of Mr. Whitman and his associates, an Indian came to Mr. Hinman, as he was engaged with his usual duties, and told him that there was a Canadian below who had been try-

ing to get a boat from the Indians to go down the river. This Indian had not been sent to Mr. Hinman but had come of his own accord. Mr. Hinman immediately went down to the river, and when the Canadian saw him he said that he had been unsuccessful in his attempt to get a canoe from the Indians, and asked Mr. Hinman to get the boat for him. He said that he had been instructed by the company's agent at Fort Walla Walla to call upon Mr. Hinman for a boat if he was unsuccessful in getting one alone. This attempt to get a boat without the help of any one has to Mr. Hinman a significance which becomes apparent later. The messenger had evidently come thus far on horseback. Mr. Hinman had no trouble in getting a boat and some Indians to paddle. As the station was in need of medicine for the neighboring Indians, Mr. Hinman proposed to accompany the Canadian to the fort at Vancouver. An attempt to get medicine at the mission at Waiilatpu had been made a short time before, and two Indians had started up the river, but the sickness of one had necessitated a return. Mr. Hinman was, therefore, desirous of going down the river to obtain the medicine, and took advantage of this opportunity.

The Indian chief was requested to get the canoe ready, and Mr. Hinman and the Canadian went to the station to get dinner. Mr. Hinman recollects that the Canadian ate little, seemed nervous, and looked occasionally in the direction of the fort at Walla Walla. Mr. Hinman did not think seriously of it, however, and the meal was finished. Everything was ready for the journey after dinner and the two set out. It was soon apparent that the Canadian was for some reason in a great hurry and continually urged the Indians to hasten, and when night came he was desirous of continuing the journey into the night. The Indians objected, however, as they were becoming tired, and finally an appeal was

made to Mr. Hinman, who counseled to let the Indians have their way as they needed the rest. They landed, therefore, and pitched camp for the night. As soon as it was light, however, Mr. Hinman heard his companion up and stirring around in the preparation of breakfast. Again the purpose to hasten was apparent, but aroused no special alarm as the reason was not yet known. The journey was continued and the cascades reached; the portage was made, but no further progress could be made on account of a storm of rain and wind which came up and made the river very rough. They were obliged to pitch camp. It was at this time and under these circumstances that the Canadian volunteered to tell the cause of his haste. He told Mr. Hinman that a massacre had occurred at Waiilatpu, and that Mr. Whitman and his associates were dead. He gave a graphic description of the scene. He said that he had been out looking for horses, and when standing upon a hill had seen below him a crowd of Indians. Desirous of learning the cause of their assembling, he had gone down and among them before he became aware of the massacre. No attempt was made to do violence to him as he was known to be an employee of the company. He stated that he had been sent by the agent of the company with a dispatch to the fort at Vancouver to acquaint the officials of the massacre. The cause of the haste was now apparent, and the indignation of Mr. Hinman was aroused. He demanded to know why he had not been informed of this before, as he would not have left his station at The Dalles if he had known it. The Canadian replied that he had been instructed by the agent of the company at Walla Walla, Mr. McBean, not to tell. The significance to Mr. Hinman of this order not to tell becomes apparent when the contents of the dispatch were learned later. The situation was a difficult one for Mr. Hinman. His natural impulse was to

return, but the portage had been made, and a return would deprive the messenger of the boat and delay a dispatch which should go on its way as quickly as possible. It was determined, therefore, to continue the journey, but with considerable misgivings on the part of Mr. Hinman.

After about two days and a half from the start the fort at Vancouver was reached in the afternoon. Mr. Hinman and the Canadian landed and went directly to the house of Mr. Ogden. He inquired for news from up the river, and was informed of what had happened so far as Mr. Hinman had learned it from the messenger. Taking in his hand the dispatch, he told Mr. Hinman to accompany him to the office. Here they found Mr. Douglas, the chief factor of the company and successor to Doctor McLoughlin. Mr. Hinman was on excellent terms with both of these men, and regarded them highly both as business men and gentlemen. The seal was then broken and the dispatch read. In the condition of mind in which Mr. Hinman was, every word made an impression on his mind. After an account of the massacre of Mr. Whitman and his associates, the dispatch went on to state that three bands of Indians had started, painted and armed, for the mission of Mr. Spaulding, the mill, and the station at The Dalles, with the purpose of killing the Bostons at these places. When this was read, Mr. Douglas stopped, and, looking intently at Mr. Hinman, exclaimed that he should have remained at The Dalles; that he should have been informed by all means by the agent at Walla Walla of the massacre. As the dispatch was read through, the anxiety of Mr. Hinman increased to almost a certainty that when he returned he would find his family and associates dead. At the suggestion of Mr. Hinman that the letter be sent to the Governor of the Provisional Government at Oregon City, a copy was made and dispatched at once. As Mr. Hinman

was a friend of Governor Abernethy, he wrote him a letter on his own account, containing the news to which he had listened a short time before in the office of the fur company, and, in particular, mentioning the three parties which the dispatch had indicated as headed for three points, including The Dalles. Both of these letters were presented at the same time to the provisional legislature, which was then in session. They were also published in the *Oregon Spectator* of the time, and the attention of Mr. Hinman was called to the fact that his own letter contained an account of the three parties sent out to kill the whites, while the letter of Mr. Douglas made no mention of it. It is the opinion of Mr. Hinman that the clause was purposely left out in order to shield the agent of the company at Fort Walla Walla. Whether he was criminally implicated in the plot or not, the circumstantial evidence would have been damaging, and the officers of the company saw it. The circumstances would show, when put together, that Mr. McBean, the agent of the company at Fort Walla Walla, had sent a dispatch to Fort Vancouver, containing information that a party of armed Indians were headed for The Dalles, with the purpose of killing the inmates of the mission station; that he had instructed the messenger bearing that dispatch to ask for a boat only after he had failed to get one himself; that the messenger had used every effort to get one without succeeding; that Mr. Hinman had learned of his wishes incidentally through an Indian who had not been sent to ask for the boat; and that Mr. Hinman had been told that the agent at Fort Walla Walla had instructed the messenger not to tell Mr. Hinman about the massacre. Mr. Douglas saw at once that warning should have been given at The Dalles, and that the failure to do so, together with the accompanying circumstances, was an embarrassing position for the agent at Fort Walla Walla. Mr. Hin-

man has never been able to get a satisfactory explanation of the action of Mr. McBean, although he requested his friend, Mr. Ogden, to seek for it when he went up the river a little later to capture the murderers. Mr. Hinman has remarked, during the course of these conversations, that if Archibald McKinley, or a man like him, had been in charge of the fort at Walla Walla, the massacre would never have happened.

Mr. Hinman started upon the return trip as soon as possible. The journey was necessarily slow, and to add to the delay, one of the Indians had died. In about three and a half days, however, the return was made; when about fifteen miles from The Dalles the home of his Indian boatman was reached, and it was learned that the mission was safe. Reaching The Dalles, Mr. Hinman went as quickly as possible to the house. He hastily greeted his wife and called Perrine Whitman to the upper chamber to tell him privately what he had learned upon his journey down the river. Scarcely had they reached the room when Perrine Whitman told him in rather a careless way it was rumored that there was a band of Indians in the neighborhood, and that they had come to kill the Bostons. No sooner had this been said than, looking from the window, they saw five powerful Cayuse bucks coming toward the mission. Mr. Hinman naturally supposed that they were the Indians mentioned in the dispatch which he had heard read in the office of the fur company at Vancouver, and that there were more of them. Calling upon Perrine Whitman to barricade the doors and windows, he went out through the Indian room in the rear of the house and started to run towards the camp of the Wascoes for assistance. He had run but a hundred feet when one of the Indians appeared round the house. He disappeared again, and Mr. Hinman, supposing that he had gone to get his pony to ride him

down, made an attempt to get to a place on a bank of the river where it would be so rocky that the Indians would be unable to follow on their ponies. The Indians did not pursue him, however, and he reached the Wascoes in safety. They were told of the need of assistance, but refused to have anything to do with the matter, evidently fearing that they would get into trouble with the more powerful Indians of the upper river country by helping the whites. They even refused to give a rifle to Mr. Hinman when he tried to get possession of one to use on his way back. Unsuccessful in the attempt to get assistance from the Indians, Mr. Hinman started back towards the mission. As he ascended the hill leading from the river two Indians, mounted on ponies and armed with guns, came riding towards him. They looked sulky and Mr. Hinman supposed that his time had come. He had no weapon of defense, but determined to make an effort to save his life by strategy. The revolver had but recently been invented, and the Indians were deathly afraid of the "pepper boxes," as they called them. As Mr. Hinman approached the Indians to offer them a greeting he put his right hand into his breast pocket as though holding a revolver. He offered them his left hand, but they were sullen and only grunted a half greeting. They complained of the manner in which they had been received upon their first visit; they complained that they had found barricaded doors instead of an open welcome. Mr. Hinman at length turned to go and they also wheeled their ponies around and accompanied him, one on either side. As the heads of the ponies were alongside of Mr. Hinman, the bodies of the Indians were just a little behind. Mr. Hinman recollects that walk from the river to the mission as the most uncomfortable one of his life. His hand was kept in his breast pocket all of the time, and he turned his head now to

one side and now to the other, keeping a watch upon the Indians, who rode along silent and sullen, well armed with guns.

When they reached the building the Indians began to bluster and again complained of the treatment which they had received. It was Mr. Hinman's plan to enter the house as he had left, through the Indian room. Unlocking the door he stepped in and was followed by the five Indians. The windows were all closed with wooden shutters and the room was dark. It was not a pleasant experience to be in a dark room with five Indians suspected of evil intent. The Indians, when they entered, had closed the door, and one of them had placed himself against it to keep it shut. Mr. Hinman requested him to step aside in order that the door might be opened, but he made no sign of moving. Mr. Hinman taking hold of him pulled him away, but without a word the Indian shut the door again and took his place against it. Fearing that a second attempt to open the door might precipitate trouble, Mr. Hinman went to one of the windows, and pulling back the shutters, thus let in a little light.

Then began a conversation in which, Indian fashion, only one of the five took part while the others remained silent and sullen. The Indians were asked to tell what they wanted, and in reply said that they wanted to see Perrine Whitman. Mr. Hinman went to the door and called to Mr. Whitman to come. He hesitated, thinking that it would mean death, but was told that it would be better to come and see what was wanted, as the Indians could kill them all any way if they intended to do so. As Perrine Whitman entered the room one of the Indians raised a large rawhide whip which he carried and made a motion as though to strike. Mr. Whitman dodged as though he expected the blow to come, and the Indian asked what he was afraid of. In case of danger there

would have been little chance for escape, as the guns of the mission were not in good repair, although there was ammunition in the station. Mr. Whitman did the talking in the conversation which followed, as he had an unusual facility in the use of the native languages, and could speak Cayuse almost as well as the Indians themselves. Mr. Hinman dictated most of the subject-matter of the conversation. The Indians were asked what they wanted, and replied that they wanted powder and balls. They were told that there was no powder or balls to spare, but as this was their first visit to the mission they should have, as a present, a shirt apiece. This did not satisfy them, and they renewed their request for powder and balls. The parley was kept up for some time, and finally Mr. Hinman determined that the best thing to do to stop it was to tell them what was known about the massacre. Mr. Whitman thought it was not wise to do so, but finally agreed to do it. They were then told that they could not have the powder and the balls; that the massacre of the missionaries up the river was well known by people at The Dalles, and that they intended to keep the powder and balls for their own use. The Indians at once protested that it could not be so; that they had just come from up the river, and that everything was all right. They were told, however, that they were not telling the truth, and the incident of the messenger to the fort at Vancouver was related to them. When they heard this they immediately stopped their demands. If they had come in the first place with the purpose of murder, as Mr. Hinman firmly believes, they now realized that their plan was detected and that the missionaries were on their guard. The parley continued, however, but the Indians seemed willing to accept something else. They held out for a long time for blankets, but finally said they would accept the shirts and went away, much

to the relief of the party at The Dalles. On their departure they drove off with them a band of about thirty horses which had been left there, some of which belonged to the immigrants.

It is the firm belief of Mr. Hinman that a massacre would have occurred at The Dalles had it not been for the fact that he had happened to learn, in that peculiar way on the journey to Fort Vancouver, of the massacre of Mr. Whitman and his associates.

They had escaped from massacre, and the next thing to do was to get away. That was no easy matter for the Indians in the neighborhood wanted them to stay, and refused to render any aid in departing. For several days, and even far into the night, the matter was discussed in one of those prolonged conferences which the Indians seemed to like so much. The Indians were always giving plausible excuses. The chief, whenever he made a speech, mounted a chair and did a great deal of talking. Their principal reason for refusing to give assistance to the missionary party in getting away was the fear that they would be held responsible for aiding the whites by the Indians up the river, of whom they seemed to stand in considerable fear. Furthermore, they seemed to be fond of the whites and really wished them to remain. When at length the delay was intolerable, Mr. Hinman brought the matter to a close by telling them that the whites would agree to remain, but that they would be held responsible to Governor Abernethy for their lives if any harm befell them. Hardly had these words been spoken when the old chief jumped down from his chair saying that they might go. From that time on the Indians did all they could to assist the departure. A large canoe was secured, and the Indians took the party down the river. On the way they met a party going up at the request of the Provisional Government, for the purpose

of giving protection to the mission. With them Mr. Hinman went back, but as there was no need of their services at the mission, they continued up the river, and Mr. Hinman rejoined his family on their way down the river.

From The Dalles Mr. Hinman came to the Willamette Valley, and he has made this his home ever since. The greater part of the time he has lived on his farm on the edge of Forest Grove, but has also been engaged in mercantile pursuits. Twice during the gold fever he went to California, overland. The journey was one of considerable danger on account of the hostility of the Rogue River Indians. Mr. Hinman, in order to avoid trouble, traveled during the night and camped during the day. Several times the Indians were seen at a distance, but were successfully avoided. The conditions in early days in California are well remembered by Mr. Hinman, and had it not been for sickness, which caused his return on both occasions, he would have remained longer.

The life of a merchant in the early times is well illustrated by the experiences of Mr. Hinman. It was a matter of considerable difficulty to get a stock of goods in those days, and was sometimes accompanied with interesting experiences. San Francisco became a basis of supplies; merchants often went there for their supplies. On one occasion, when returning with a cargo of goods, Mr. Hinman experienced a shipwreck. The ship had proceeded on its way from San Francisco as far as Cape Mendocino, when it struck a rock. Proceeding on its course for about an hour, it was finally beached just outside of Blunts Reef, and turned broadside to the sea. The sky was cloudy, and a strong breeze was blowing. Boats were lowered, and women and children sent in them to the shore. Some of the boats were lost, but not before a cable had been extended from the ship to the shore. The men were

urged to save themselves, if possible. There were plenty of life-preservers on board and every one had one. Mr. Hinman recollects the situation as the ship was breaking up. He decided to make a trial to reach the shore, and let himself down into the sea. Just before he dropped into the water his hat fell off, and he remembers thinking to himself, "good-bye, old hat, I will soon follow you." After the first fall he rose to the surface and began to swim. A heavy sea carried him a little distance, and he rose again no worse for wear. The cable was heavy with the water and was so much submerged that to hold on would have meant death. He had, therefore, let go, trusting to the sea to carry him to land in time. As every wave took him a little nearer to land, he realized that his chances for life were good and courage rose. There was not any great discomfort in the conditions, except fear of floating debris. He watched for the big waves and was carried by each one a little nearer the shore. He knew that the shore was getting nearer, because things looked darker and darker every time he came to the surface. At length a big wave took him on its crest and when it receded, he could feel the sand beneath him, and strong arms were put around him, and a voice was heard saying, "Well, old fellow, you are safe." In this shipwreck, about a third of the passengers and crew were lost.

Mr. Hinman has had some connection with the political history of the state, having served in the state legislature in 1866. He took an active part in the senatorial contest between Governor Gibbs and John H. Mitchell, favoring the nomination of Gibbs; but when it was apparent that he could not be elected, giving his support to Mr. H. W. Corbett. Mr. Hinman gives a vivid impression of the disappointment of Governor Gibbs, who broke down and cried like a child. From 1867 to 1873, Mr.

Hinman was collector of customs at Astoria, and since that time has resided upon his farm on the edge of Forest Grove. He has always taken an active part in local affairs, giving much time and attention to the public interests; he has been mayor of the City of Forest Grove twice; he has also been interested in educational matters, and has been a trustee of Pacific University during its whole history.

I have read the above and deem it to be correct.

A. HINMAN.

ITEMS FROM THE NEZ PERCES INDIANS.

The Nez Perces have been the romantic tribe of the Columbia River Valley, and have ever been performing startling deeds ; and have, moreover, been, with but one exception, and that involving but one band of the people, the steadfast friends of the white peoples, and particularly of the Americans. Without their friendship, and their most signal assistance at more than one crisis, the history of Oregon would have at least been quite different ; and possibly the valley of the Columbia would have been British rather than American territory—the government at Washington, fifty years ago or more perhaps, being unwilling to pay the price that would have been involved in an Indian war if the thousand Nez Perces fighters had taken the side of the Cayuses in 1848, or of Kamiakin in 1855. A recent valuable contribution to the services of these Nez Perces is found in the very interesting life of Gen. I. I. Stevens, by his son Hazard Stevens, containing an account of the great council at Walla Walla but a short time before the general Indian war, at which some two thousand Indian warriors were present, and the Cayuses and Yakimas made a secret agreement to massacre Governor Stevens and all his party. But the plot was discovered by Lawyer, the Nez Perces chief, and word was circulated by him that the Americans were under his protection, which was effectual, as Lawyer's force numbered at least half the whole aggregation of Indians.

The friendship of the same tribe during the Cayuse war is also well known, as well as their welcome and steadfast kindness to the American missionaries. In Joseph's war—when it was shown that Nez Perces were desperate fighters—the main body of the tribe was faithful, and very valuable services were rendered by James Reubens. Just the reason why this tribe has maintained such relations to the Americans would be an interesting study and just theme of minute investigation. During a brief visit to the old tribal station at Lapwai, the writer was fortunate enough to obtain two manuscripts, one of which has never been published; and probably the other has not in its present form. These will be presented here in their historic order: The first being a tradition still current among the Indians, explaining the presence of a remarkable mound in the valley of the Kamiah, and the origin of the various tribes—the Nez Perces, or Nimipu, “the People” as they called themselves, having been derived from the very heart-blood of the primitive monster. The story was related to me by Mr. James Grant, a Nez Perces living on the Lapwai; a man of much intelligence and substance. But, in order to preserve it more exactly in his language, I secured the notes of the same, taken some time ago from Mr. Grant by Dr. O. J. West, United States physician at Lapwai. Doctor West's narrative is understood to have been published in *The Western Trail*, a magazine devoted to Pacific Coast literature, and published at Tacoma, Washington; but the story is worthy of permanent place in the OREGON QUARTERLY also. It should be explained that these notes were taken from Doctor West's waste table, he being in San Francisco at the time, by leave of his obliging friends in the agency building at Spalding; and we feel that we violate no trust in transferring them to Oregon literature.

THE STORY OF THE OLD COYOTE.

Doctor West says by way of introduction: Of Nez Perces folk lore I had heard only detached bits, but enough to learn that Coyote—"Old Coyote"—was the medium through which their flights of imagination found vent. Old Coyote was all that the subject of imaginative tales should be; at one time endowed with power almost godlike, at other times, the butt for some merry jest, or even ridicule. He could change form at will, and also produce rivers, canyon, or plain, by a simple motion. Yet at times he would walk into a predicament so palpable that a child would have shown surprise. I often asked Ilitamkat (James Grant) for Coyote stories, but he put me off with a laughing "some time." One evening, however, as the log fire crackled and roared in the fireplace, and the pipe of peace had gone the rounds, he said, "Well, I tell you the story of Old Coyote."

He did, and I inscribe it here with all the Indian idioms and terseness of phraseology, but I can not transmit the gestures and sign language which made it so realistic.

He continued: "It is a beautiful story—the best story ever told,—a story that has been handed down among my people for hundreds of years, yet we have no written record as has the white man. The old men tell it to their children around the camp fire in the evening, and these in their turn transmit it to their children, and thus it has come from long, long ago, to the present day.

"Well, a long time ago, before there were any human beings, a monster stood by Kamiah—Iltswowich, Indian name. It faced south. This monster was B-I-G,—so big that when it breathe all living animals near by were drawn in, and go down its throat; when monster stand

up and draw in its breath hard, so—s-o-o-oo-p, every living thing flew into his throat, no matter if long way off—hundred mile, maybe.

“Well, other animals look on Coyote as big chief—no, not big chief, but smart man”—kind of father counselor? —“That’s it, counselor. Well, Coyote, he trot around everywhere, but couldn’t find any one—all gone down Iltswowich’s throat.” (Here occurs a break, the story being, however, that the Coyote went to his partner, Kots-kots, the fox, and together they devised a way to investigate the interiors of the monster, and discover in what condition the animals were after having been swallowed, and, if possible, to let them out. The fox was to creep up slyly, almost to the jaw of the monster, while the Coyote went off to a distant mountain in the Wallowa country, and made medicine, and tried his strength before actually intrusting himself within his jaws—in order to prove, probably, that he was able to take the risk of being swallowed and coming through alive. So he went off thither, climbed to the top of the highest mountain, and sighting the monstrous Iltswowich rose up and whistled. He was so far away that he looked no bigger than a single stalk of grass to the monster sitting at Kamiah, and he was not at first seen. But he continued to whistle and to make a challenge that the other should draw him in with his breath, which the monster tried, breathing in all directions; but, as had never happened before, no one came to his mouth, and he began to suspect some great medicine. The Coyote’s medicine, however, was nothing more than a grass rope, by which he had tied himself to the mountain. But by it the monster was nonplussed and still gazed abroad to see what thing so small could still exert such force to resist his breath. The story goes on: “He (Iltswowich) rise up like any animal who hears challenge and look. Has eyes just

like telescope,—see long way,—but no see Coyote yet. Coyote calls out again, ‘Wako keape-wast-komahliksit, Iltswowich,’ and shake just one stalk of grass (looks no larger than one stalk of grass).

“Then Iltswowich he see and recognize Coyote. He say, ‘Ungh, ungh, wy-ya im neshawyam weaptsim? Is that you, Strong-Medicine Coyote?’

“Coyote just call out again, ‘Wako keape-wast-komahliksit;’ but Iltswowich want to talk—make friends; he afraid now. He think Coyote mean mischief. So he call him big medicine; but Coyote just keep on making challenge, ‘Wako kea,’ etc.

“But by and by Iltswowich (thinking probably to test the actual strength of the Coyote’s medicine) he say, ‘All right, but you try first.’ Coyote, he say, ‘No, you first;’ but Iltswowich he think maybe he get out of the test of strength, so he not try.

“Then Coyote, he try first; he drew in breath hard, so-s-o-o-oo-p, and Iltswowich moved towards him one step. This first time anything like that happen to Iltswowich, so he surprised; ‘Ungh, ungh, Coyote big medicine; now I try,’ he say. Iltswowich try—‘s-o-o-oo-p,’ he drew his breath, and for one hundred miles around every living thing fly toward him—just like big wind; but Coyote not go; his rope hold him. Then Iltswowich try again—‘s-o-o-oo-p;’ all same; can’t move Coyote. Then Iltswowich ’fraid; “ungh, ungh, ungh, Coyote big chief, big medicine,’ he say.

“Well, Coyote he come down from mountain and cross by Seven Devils, (in Snake River country,) and cross to Salmon River country. All time when he come to high place where he can see Iltswowich he make challenge, but Iltswowich not answer back; he sullen now; he think pretty soon something going to happen.

“When Coyote come this side of Salmon River he cut

off grass rope, because he know Iltswowich scared now and not try to do harm, and he walk over into Clear-water Valley where was Iltswowich. When he come up to Iltswowich he say, 'Iltswowich, open mouth; I want to go inside to see my people.' (Here follows a somewhat lengthy description of the Coyote's descent into the mouth and stomach of the monster, by the assistance of Kots-kots, the fox, his partner, and of the interior arrangements of Iltswowich. Here were rooms and passages, and within these labyrinths, slightly illuminated, were found the bodies of the animals that had been swallowed. They were in all stages of emaciation, some still but little shrunk, while others were but mere paper of skin upon the bones; yet all were alive. He conferred with them, as he found them here and there, asking why they did not go out at the mouth or nose of the monster; and pointing also to the great lobes of fat with which the passages were lined, he asked why they did not make a fire and have it light and warm as long as they remained. The animal characteristics were preserved, however, even in this dim abode, and some said as he approached, "There's Old Coyote; he thinks he is a big medicine, but he is only the drippings from Iltswowich's nostrils." But others were disposed to take the suggestion about the fire, and soon had the fat piled and burning, and were gathered about the blaze. They also ate of the new crisped flitches, and were no longer either cold or hungry. But this was not the end of the Coyote's plan. After conference with Kots-kots, his partner, the fox, he decided to cut the arteries about the monster's heart, which could be plainly seen far above them.)

"Coyote take five long flat knives Kots-kots tell him to bring, and begin to cut near heart. Hurts bad, and Iltswowich grunts, 'Ungh, ungh, ungh,' and say 'Coyote

big man, good fighter;’ and Coyote he say, ‘Yes, and when I get hurt I don’t complain,’ and keep on cutting at artery. Four knives break, and Coyote have just one left, but heart nearly drop (from its place), and monster nearly dead—sway from side to side.

“Well, when just little bit more to cut, Coyote says, ‘Push all bones of our people to openings of monster’s body, and when comes last stroke I push all out, and then they come to life again.’ So when comes last stroke, and heart fall, Coyote push, and all bones and all animals rush out, except muskrat. Muskrat little slow, and tail gets caught in monster’s mouth, but muskrat pull pretty hard and tail comes out slow, but all hairs are stripped off, and thus has been muskrat’s tail ever since.

“When animals all get outside, and bones Coyote push out came to life, all begin to wander off, because nice day, and they feel good to be outside. But Coyote calls to them, ‘Come back all together for last wonder. For now, my friends, from present time through all the years to come, there shall be a new race of people on this earth—called Human Beings; so I cut up this dead Iltswowich, and from head I make the Flatheads; from feet, the Blackfeet; from other parts I make the other tribes of men.’ So he cut up the monster into pieces, and cast the pieces to the north and east and south and west, and from the pieces came all the tribes on the earth. But after this was done, Kots-kots, the fox, the partner of the Coyote, looks over the valley of the Clearwater, and saw that all parts of the earth had men but this. Then he speak up and say, ‘See, here is all this beautiful Clearwater Valley and you have made no people to inhabit it.’ Coyote look around and see monster all gone; then he sees his hands all blood from dividing up the monster (and from its heart), and he say, ‘Bring me some water.’ They bring water and Coyote wash hand, and as he wash

he sprinkle blood on earth, saying, 'Here on this ground I make the Nez Perces, a tribe few in number, but strong and pure.'

"Here the Nez Perces have lived since that time, and by Kamiah is still the heart of Iltswowich, the monster."

This "Heart," indeed, stands nearly in the center of Kamiah Valley, and is a low, stony hill, elongated a little, and about the shape of a heart.

The above is no doubt essentially the Nez Perces story, being that told by James Grant, and noted by Doctor West, and also told me by Miss Macbeth, who learned it of Indians at Kamiah. Bancroft gives a somewhat different version, making the monster a beaver.

NEZ PERCES' FIRST MEETING WITH LEWIS AND CLARK.

The following has never been published hitherto. It was prepared by Miss Kate C. Macbeth of the Lapwai mission school for the Northern Pacific pamphlet, "Western Wonderland," but owing to some misunderstanding of its purport on the part of O. C. Wheeler, the editor, was not inserted in the publication. It is not intended as a critical study of the Indian story, or comparison with the account of the American explorers, but a simple rendering of the tradition as now held by the Nez Perces. Its value is in the light it throws upon the first bias this tribe received in respect to the Americans. This was favorable. Whether the story upon investigation would prove true to veritable objective fact, in any or all details, is of second importance to the fact that the scribe has ascribed to a definite cause the traditional friendship for Americans, and the Indians themselves refer it to the first meeting with them. It is thus the story of a sentiment—the sentiment being more than the story.

Miss Macbeth has condensed what the Indian nar-

rators would probably extend into an epic the length of *Hiawatha*, and which some American poet may yet turn into a new *Evangeline*.

WAT-KU-ESE.

Miss Macbeth writes : The Lo Lo trail was a very old one and was used before there were any whites in this country to help make it. It was over this that Lewis and Clark came into the We-ippe country. Later it was improved by the whites, and for a time was better than another, that they sometimes used, called the Elk City trail, which is also a very old one.

In olden times the buffalo country in Montana was the camping (and hunting) ground for all the tribes, far and near. There many battles were fought among each other, and those taken captive were made slaves to the victors. A Nez Perces woman, Wat-ku-ese, was taken captive by a tribe, who, while on their return to their own land, fought with still another tribe, and the Nez Perces woman was again captured, and carried farther and farther away ; and it was while there, still a captive, she was the first Nez Perces to look upon a white face. We are inclined to think she must have been taken to a place near the Red River Settlement.

Some time afterwards, with her child upon her back, she made her escape, and along the way met with much kindness from the whites, whom she called "So-yap-po," or the crowned ones (because of the hat). Her child died, and she buried it by the way in the Flathead country. There she was fortunate in finding some of the Nez Perces, who brought her home, a poor, diseased woman. She had much to tell about the strange people with the white eyes, who had been so kind to her.

Later on this poor woman was with a great company

of Nez Perces on their best camas ground, the We-ippe (pronounced Weé-ipe), when Lewis and Clark came over the Lo Lo trail and surprised them there. Their first impulse was to kill them (the white strangers). Wat-ku-ese lay dying in her tent, but was told about the strange people who were on the ground. She at once began to plead for them, saying: "Do not harm them, for they are the crowned ones, who were so kind to me. Do not be afraid of them; go near to them."

Cautiously they approached, and the whites shook their hands; this they had never seen (done) before, and in surprise they said to one another, "They dandle us." Wat-ku-ese died that same day, but had lived long enough to keep Lewis and Clark from being put to death by these naked savages (the Nez Perces). Their fear of the paleface soon vanished and they became friends.

Some of the Nez Perces guided them (the explorers) into their beautiful Kamiah Valley, and on down the Clearwater River. At North Fork the Indians presented the leaders with some very fine fish. Lewis or Clark carefully unrolled a package containing a piece of cloth, the first they had seen—they now think it was a flag—and tearing a red band from it, wound it around the head of the man who had given the fish, and by this act was the first Nez Perces chief made. They separated at (the present) Lewiston, Lewis and Clark intrusting many things of value to them, and found them safe when they returned the following year."

Such is the story as now in circulation among the Nez Perces; and any one knowing Miss Macbeth would be sure that it is given by her with perfect accuracy.

An interesting comparison would be to follow the trail on the spot and see the points indicated in the Weippe. Reference to Doctor Coues' fine edition of Lewis and Clark's journal shows that the explorers had attempted

to cross the Rocky-mountain divide into the Salmon River Valley, but found the country too rough for travel, and turning back worked along the crests of the difficult double chain northward, following for a time the headwaters of Clark's Fork of the Columbia, but finally struck west over the Bitter Root Mountains by the Lo Lo trail. They had suffered considerable hardship, encountering storms of rain and even of snow, the time being in August and September, 1805. They had been eating colts and old horses, in lack of game, and their pack animals were almost incapable of travel from sore feet.

On page 603, of Coues, is stated, in the language of the journal, the first discovery of the Nez Perces, as follows: "He (Captain Clark) continued for five miles, when he discovered three Indian boys, who, on observing the party, ran off and hid themselves in the grass. Captain Clark immediately alighted, and, giving his horse to one of the men, went after the boys. He soon relieved their apprehensions, and sent them forward to a village, about a mile off, with presents of small pieces of ribbon. Soon after the boys reached home a man came out to meet the party with great caution; but he conducted them to a large tent in the village, and all the inhabitants gathered around to view with a mixture of fear and pleasure these wonderful strangers. * * * They soon set before them a small piece of buffalo meat, some dried salmon, berries, and several kinds of roots. Among the last is one which is round, much like an onion in appearance, and sweet to the taste. It is called 'quamash.' * * * They (Clark and seven men) then went on in company with one of the chiefs to a second village in the same plain, at a distance of two miles. Here the party were treated with great kindness. * * * The two villages consist of about thirty double tents, and the inhabitants call themselves Chopunnish, or Pierced Nose.

The chief made a chart of the river and explained that a greater chief than himself, who governed the village, was now fishing down the river. This chart made the Kooskosky Fork a little below his camp; a second fork was below; still farther on a large branch (Snake) flowed in on the east side, below which the main river passed the mountains. Here was a great fall of water, near which white people lived." (Coues here inserts a note that whites did not then live at the cascades, but Franchere mentions that there was a white man, named Soto, who had lived long at that place—writing but ten years after Clark.)

On page 608, we find this entry, as to the Nez Perces chief: "Captain Clark passed on with Twisted Hair, who seemed to be cheerful and sincere."

On page 609, an Indian is mentioned thus: "The man received us without any apprehension, and gave us a plentiful supply of provisions; the plain was crowded with Indians."

On page 610: "The chiefs and warriors were all assembled this morning. * * * We gave a medal to two of the chiefs, a shirt, in addition to the medal, received by Twisted Hair, and delivered a flag for the grand chief."

On page 611: "Captain Clark set out with Twisted Hair and two young men in quest of timber for canoes." (James Grant states that old Indians still know where the stump stands from which a tree was cut for a canoe.)

Stating characteristics of the Nez Perces, page 623, Coues, the journal says: "The Chopunnish are in person stout, portly, well-looking men; the women are small, with good features, and generally handsome. * * * Their life is painful and laborious." In disposition, however, they are not described so favorably as the Shoshones, who were bountiful in the extreme, and asked no pay;

but the Nez Perces were "indeed selfish and avaricious," but their intelligence and integrity were beyond question, and they "proved perfectly reliable. * * * They were healthy, except for scrofula, for which they practiced both hot and cold bathing."

These descriptions are so exact that even if the locality and the name was not known, the Nez Perces would be indicated. In business affairs they are disposed to be grasping, and in politics, crafty; but they are the most industrious and honest of any, absolutely reliable. The men are still portly and well-looking; the women still small and handsome; and they are still ruddy and healthy, except for scrofula, leading too many to death from consumption.

NEZ PERCE NAMES.

From a very brief glance at the subject in a Nez Perces dictionary compiled by a missionary of the Society of Jesus in the Lapwai Valley, the language seems to be what might be called pre-ideographic. It is said that there is a picture writing which, however, is not peculiar to the Nez Perces. The ability of this tribe to make charts is referred to above in Lewis and Clark's journal. This was also recently very strikingly shown by an old Indian familiarly called Billy Williams. (His Indian name was Ku-ku-lu-yah, signifying a pelican or other sea bird, and illustrating, perhaps, the wide wanderings of the tribe.) At the request of Miss Fletcher of Harvard University a few years ago, he made a chart of the ancient territory of the Nez Perces, which extended from the Blue Mountains to the Bitter Root Mountains, and located seventy-five streams and the band of Indians originally occupying the valley of each, with the original name.

There is also a very complete sign language, known

to all the tribes. Mr. Lee Morehouse of Pendleton, Oregon, formerly agent of the Umatilla Reservation, mentions the universality of this language as he discovered at Washington City. Indians of all tribes were holding a council, and the necessity of interpreting many times sentence by sentence, made the proceedings very tiresome. Suddenly the assembled Indians began using the sign language, and Sioux and other eastern Indians were conversing freely and with great animation with those of the Columbia Valley. This sign language has been charted and is used very freely by the missionaries of the Nez Perces in preaching to other natives. It is of interest to find also that the Indian songs, or music, which Miss Fletcher has been reducing to written notes, is universal, the stick-bone gambling tune, which she took from a performance at Vancouver Island, British Columbia, being instantly recognized by Indians at Omaha, and by Nez Perces also, some of the latter being shocked to hear it on an organ.

While the language was not written, the next step, if it had not been reduced by missionaries to a phonetic form, would have been to a picture signifying the word; or rather, perhaps, a picture signifying an entire phrase or sentence. This is shown unmistakably in the names of men and women, each name often signifying a whole sentence. It is also shown in the verb, which often, by an inflection, indicates what we express by adverbs and prepositions. This also seemed to me well confirmed in the formation of plurals, as told me by a somewhat notable Indian, White Bird, or Peo-peo-otilikt, one of Joseph's band, who explained that "good dog" was expressed by "talts tsuk-am-tsuk;" but ten dogs by "putimt te-talts tsukamstuk," talts, or tahts, being the adjective good, and putimt the numeral ten; but the plural is not expressed in the noun, but in the adjective.

The mental picture is not of the dogs, but of the good dogs. The adjective denotes the picture; the noun the abstraction.

However, abler philologists should take up the subject. But the following list of names from some two hundred and fifty, taken by Miss Macbeth, may be an interesting beginning for study; or, perhaps, stir others to contribute names still extant among other tribes, with the meaning. The names are numbered according to Miss Macbeth's list. She remarks that the names of women are taken mostly from inanimate objects, or the smaller animals; and the names of men from the larger beasts or birds. The prefix "Ah" is not necessarily the sign of the feminine, but refers more likely to Alalimya, the spirit of the wind, who reaches almost to the clouds, never rests, but moves to and fro and sighs in the trees, and sometimes weeps:—

NAMES.

3. *Ah-la-lim-yah*, *Ah-la-lin-te-yukt* (fem.)—Echo on the mountain.
6. *Ah-lu-yim-yah-tah-kas-min* (masc.)—Filled with the spirit of the wind, when the wind becomes a whirlwind.
7. *Ah-la-lim-yah-tan-my* (fem.)—Sings together; weeps together.
9. *Ah-la-yim-ya-we-sun* (fem.)—Always she weeps as the wind in dry forest trees.
12. *Alew-ta-laket* (fem.)—Going with heat of the chinook wind: goes to the mountains.
14. *Alew-toe-tas-i-eye* (fem.)—But a little light on the mountains.
13. *Ah-leu-toe* (fem.)—Daughter of Piles of Clouds. *Aleyu Aleuya*, signifying extreme cold; *Toe*, light on the top of the mountains.
16. *Alew-yah-we-nun-my* (fem.)—Now the chinook wind has sent all away.
18. *Ah-lew-yet-kikt* (masc.)—It snows in the spring.
19. *Ah-lew-gone-my* (fem.)—All covered with snow and ice.
28. *Ah-na-wite* (fem.)—See mud and water on the dress and am surprised.
37. *Ah-pots-te-ya-la-ne* (masc.)—The black stone crumbles down.
44. *Ah-to-kah* (fem.)—Come in.
47. *Ah-we-yo-tson-my* (fem.)—The echo of the feet.

48. *Ah-ya-we-te-late*—The fish meet in the sea at the time to bring forth their children before they go up the shallows.

54. *Ah-ya-toe-te-yakt* (fem.)—Cloud rests gently on the mountain; voice from the winter.

63. *Ant-as-in* (masc.)—The arrow has passed through the body.

66. *At-pips*—Many dead bones old long ago.

67. *Ats-so* (masc.)—Enters the enemy's camp.

80. *E-la-ips* (masc.)—Intense heat.

E-la-n-sa-le-ka-tsai—Singing on a hill.

84. *E-yan-steamed*—Sound from the breaking up of ice on the river.

154. *Heh-haught* (fem.)—Always laughing.

168. *He-meem-il-ip* (masc.)—Red wolf.

169. *He-meem-ka-yse* (fem.)—Laughing wolf.

209. *He-yume-la-son-my* (fem.)—Noise from passing bears.

212. *He-yume-pe-tits*—Daughter of the bear.

E-lo-win-my—Heat of summer.

113. *E-ya-tis-ke-lik* (fem.)—Tree, roots and all floating down the river.

122. *Ha-hats-il-lack-ne* (masc.)—Many white bears.

123. *Ha-hats-kuts-kuts* (masc.)—Little white silver bears.

130. *Ha-hats-il-pilp* (masc.)—Red bear.

133. *Ha-hats-mox-mox* (masc.)—Yellow bear.

Te-yokt—Echo.

NAMES OF PLACES.

Emalypo—Place above Asotin, where grows a flower, and root good to eat.

Nah-to-in—Mouth of the Potlatch.

Ya-tain—Creek above Potlatch.

Hat-way—First creek above Lewiston.

Pis-nis-tain—Place above Lapwai ferry.

Asotin—Asotin, where lived a band of Nez Perces.

Ah-no-toe-no—Place above Asotin.

Lapwai—Place of waters (said by some to mean place of butterflies).

A casual glance would seem to bear out Mr. S. B. Smith's idea that places rather than streams were named, but since the coming of the whites the idea of naming streams has probably been adopted.

Any idea that the Nez Perce language is scant or inexpressive is at once dispelled by a glance at the dictionary compiled by the Jesuits, in which upwards of five thousand words are defined. The great work on this language, however, has not yet been published. This was compiled by Miss Sue Macbeth, and listed and defined upwards of eleven thousand words—possibly as many as fifteen thousand. This was forwarded, according to the provisions of her will, to the Smithsonian Institute, where it has remained. It is to be hoped that the attention of the authorities will be fittingly called to the desirability of speedy publication, as the Nez Perce is a living language, and is extending to nearly all the Rocky Mountain Indian tribes, and is doubtless a much better medium of civilization and religious thought to a people still accustomed to think in images rather than by definitions, than our English.

Miss Kate Macbeth, a sister of Miss Susan, who is still carrying on the mission at Lapwai with great earnestness and success, has also her own working lexicon, but this is by no means equal, so she says, to her sister's.

H. S. LYMAN.

REMINISCENCES OF CLEMENT ADAMS BRADBURY, 1846.

“Forty Thousand Miles to Oregon” might very appropriately be the title of Mr. Bradbury’s narrative. His way of coming illustrates the manner in which Oregon gained some of her best people—the restless sailor element to which she has owed so much in a commercial way. Without the pioneer seamen, the farming people from the interior, remarkable as they were on land, would probably have remained comparatively torpid so far as trade and navigation were concerned, and thus been unable to develop a truly progressive industrial community.

Mr. Bradbury, it should be said, has not been personally identified with commercial enterprises in this state, but his recollections throw light upon the experience of his class of pioneers, and now given in some detail by him at the age of eighty-two, form a valuable contribution. The story illustrates how Oregon from the very first acted as sort of a magnet, attracting hither many of the most unsettled of persons, from sea as well as land; but once getting them, kept them as permanent citizens, and offered them, on the whole, the best environment for development of personal character, as well as social usefulness. One can hardly repress the thought, either, that there was something of a subtle providential selection bringing citizens to a community that even more positively than the old thirteen states was dedicated to the doctrine of human liberty and equality.

NATIVITY.

Clement Adams Bradbury was born March 18, 1819, in York County, Maine, at a point some thirty miles west of Portland. He was of rugged Yankee stock, and distantly related to the Bradburys, of reputation in American science and music. His parents, however, were not in affluent circumstances, and in order to better their condition, became pioneers of Aroostook County, far up the coast, near the border, in the pine forest belt. It is interesting to notice that forty years after leaving that section, Mr. Bradbury, upon revisiting his old home, found the fields which he had ploughed reforested with vigorous young pines.

From the age of thirteen until twenty-five the young down-easter lived in the woods, becoming expert in the use of an axe, and priding himself equally upon his ability to swing the scythe, for every settler must have besides his timber lot, his field of hay. In consequence of his early training and labor he grew up tall and strong. He became a logger and lumberman, and naturally might have remained contented with life in the Pine Tree State; but the stories promulgated about Oregon penetrated even into the depths of the Aroostook woods. Young Bradbury felt their influence and attraction, and formed in his imagination vivid pictures of the Columbia River; which, moreover, were so accurately drawn in his mind that when he once saw the stream some years later they made the actual vision seem like a fulfillment of his day dreams. He finally got news that there was a ship at Bangor fitting out for the Pacific Coast, and went down to secure some sort of a passage; but, being disappointed, returned home with the conclusion that the Oregon fever was simply a disorder of which he must cure himself.

In the spring of 1844, however, being employed on the Penobscot, and coming down the river on the log drive with the freshet, he decided to go on to Boston, with the intention of finding employment for about a year, and then returning home with a little cash. It actually took him forty years to get back, and that simply as a visitor. Finding no work in Boston, he went on to New York, and there being still unsuccessful, returned to Boston, whence he went to New Bedford, still bent on his quest. His determination not to go home until he had made some money, and some little experience that he already had on coasting vessels, induced him to accept the only job in sight, which was to ship on a whaling vessel, the Sally Ann, Captain Clark.

WHALING.

No small part of the industry of America has been in providing the world with illumination. The New England student and professional man, burning the midnight oil, created quite a part of the demand for which his brothers chasing the whales of the north or south seas found the supply—until the discovery of petroleum in large quantity.

Mr. Bradbury recalls freshly the numberless incidents of his whaling voyages, and the risks run in harpooning these leviathans, into whose noses the Yankee sailors managed to put a hook. In the southern Indian Ocean, where the Sally Ann went first, there were a number of narrow escapes. Once a vicious whale had been harpooned and in its violence was lashing the sea, and making dangerous lunges towards the boat. "Boat astern! boat astern!" came the order of the mate. Bradbury was at one of the oars, and recalls distinctly the energy which he put into his movement, and how he glanced

over his shoulder at the body of the monster, which despite their best efforts was still plunging toward them ; and at the last lift and sweep of its body brought down its flukes with the precision of an enormous knife, just striking the nose of the boat, and cutting off clean a few inches of it. Such a stroke a very little further would have shivered the boat completely, and probably have brought death to every man in it. At another time, spearing a whale proved even more serious ; three boats were smashed on his body, and a boat steerer killed.

As to treatment on shipboard there was little to complain of, says Bradbury. The American whaler was quite an independent man. He took his share, or "lay," in the voyage, and realized according as the fishing proved successful. On the *Sally Ann* there was an abundance of pork and beans ; and on Sundays and holidays,—and every day that a whale was captured it was a holiday also,—there was duff. Sunday was observed as a day of rest, unless a whale spouted ; when all hands were ready to man the boats.

The officers, with but a single exception, were agreeable men. It was a temperance crew and there was no grog. The exceptionable officer was a mate by the name of Swayne, a Virginian, and of so fiery a temper and behavior that he was dubbed "Red Gills. Between this man and a little Englishman named Jack Richards, there were frequent quarrels, Bradbury once interfering to prevent the mate attacking Richards with a capstan bar ; then being complained of as "preventing discipline," he was himself ordered "into the rigging," and the three mates were proceeding to enforce the command. But the sailors from the fore-castle demurred, and Bradbury's explanation to the captain was accepted as satisfactory. Bradbury considered that he, no less than officer, was a man, and claimed a man's treatment. The final fate

of "Red Gills" illustrated the soundness of this principle. He afterwards ran a ship with a crew of negroes, whom he treated inhumanly, until they turned upon him, a husky darkey taking the chance to fall upon him from the rigging, and the whole crew then setting upon and beating him severely.

The fishing season in the south Pacific proving very disappointing, the course of the Sally Ann was directed toward the north Pacific, and after about equally poor success there the course was retraced southward, with a stop at Honolulu for restocking the ship with provisions. Then the run was continued, with a stop at Sidney, Australia. By this time, however, the most of the crew were tired of the vessel, and the prospect of getting a full cargo of whale products seemed unlikely. Moreover, Australia was a new country and looked very attractive. In consequence, a large proportion of the crew of the Sally Ann who got leave to go ashore forgot to come back, and prospects of obtaining other men to fill the vacancies were not encouraging. Bradbury, therefore, rather than stay with a ship that might be detained long, and might at last return to New Bedford half empty, concluded that he also would try life for a while in rural Australia, making the adventure with a companion nicknamed "Long Charlie."

It was inexpedient to stay in Sidney while the ship was there, and the two young Americans enjoyed immensely their clandestine shore leave, proceeding directly into the country. They were struck with its beauty, which much resembled what was afterwards seen by Bradbury in California—open fields and hills, intersprinkled sparsely with timber, but of species hitherto unknown to him. A convenient stopping place was at length found with an old Scotchman, by whom the two were nominally hired to work.

After receiving word at length that their ship had sailed from Sidney, Bradbury and his companion returned to that port and looked for work. But here they met with difficulties. Australia was then just emerging from the conditions of a convict colony, and employers were careful to hire only those who had regular passports, or recommendations of some kind. Bradbury and Charlie had, of course, no discharge, and could get none except from the American consul, but on applying to him they got no comfort. He proved to be much of a martinet and insisted upon regularity. The young men, therefore, one evening, in the privacy of their room, made out for each other, properly drawn and signed, the necessary discharge, Bradbury becoming, for the time being, Clement Adams. However, he never made use of the document, finding at length employment without it, and at the rub not wishing to take advantage of an indirection, although seeming to him justifiable.

TO BERING'S STRAITS.

Being impressed at length that it was not agreeable to be under suspicion of being an ex-convict, and finding no way of acquiring regularity, except by shipping again and getting his discharge papers, Bradbury, finding a whaler, the old Baltic, an American ship from New England, soon to sail for the Arctic, enrolled himself once more as an able seaman. The voyage for the north Pacific was soon begun, the objective point being the Petropulaski fishing grounds.

The season proved stormy, and, as is frequently the case in the high latitudes, when they reached the northern Pacific they were invested with interminable fogs. On one such period of continuous mists and high winds occurred a singular accident—nothing less than the

wreck of their ship and the consequent detention of Bradbury, along with the rest of the crew and the officers, for some time upon a waste island. It happened as follows: All sails were set and the old ship was plunging along before the wind. A high sea was running and the tide was at its full. It was the sixteenth of June, 1846, and in the middle of the afternoon. The fog rested so densely on the water that it was difficult to see even a ship's length ahead, and still the ship was driving at top speed. Suddenly the order came to shorten sail, and the men willingly climbed the masts and began reefing, for all knew the rashness of running at such a speed in the obscurity. But as the men were in the midst of their work, the vessel struck—just what was not immediately known, but so suddenly that the sailors were all but thrown from the yards.

The obstruction proved, however, as soon discovered, a reef of rocks, and the Baltic was hard and fast on Bering's Island, as then known, near the entrance to the straits. The command now came to lower away the boats, and make to the shore, as heavy breakers on the vessel threatened to soon batter her to pieces. The fog seemed to lift a little at this juncture, as they loaded into the boats and cleared away, and there appeared before them a smooth, sandy shore, white with sea foam; and also with flocks of what looked to the sailors as large and white as sheep—but proved, of course, to be white-breasted sea birds. Riding well on the tops of the combers, the boats made a good landing, running half their length on the sand as they struck; and this being on the crest of the tide, they were then readily drawn up above water line and turned over to form a shelter, under which the men spread their blankets. "It was a lucky landing," says Mr. Bradbury. Almost anywhere else on the island the shore was rocky and bluff, and the ship going at storm speed,

would have been broken to pieces and all lost. It seems almost incredible that the ship should have been allowed to drive thus in the fog, and illustrates with what recklessness, as often noticed by the European writers in regard to the American seamen, sailing was carried on at an early day ; though the suspicion was formed in the minds of the sailors of the Baltic that as the ship was old, the wreck was not wholly accidental. It was but a few hours after striking before the ship went to pieces, and the wreckage coming in on the waves, strewed the shore. Among this was much provision. Guns and ammunition and some barrels of sea biscuit had also been hastily stowed into the boats, and as there was an abundance of game on the island, there was no immediate danger of suffering from lack of food. There were pheasants, resembling the Mongolian species, of fine flavor. They also tried eating sea gulls, which were too fishy to be good ; and once they tried eating a bald eagle, which, says Bradbury, was the toughest mouthful he ever attempted to chew, the muscular fibers very much resembling steel wires.

Nevertheless, with all its comforts of boat bottoms for roofs, plenty of driftwood for fires, and pheasants, sea birds, and bald eagles for food, the island was a bleak place. The upper part was still covered with snow. It was, therefore, with much joy that a ship was at length sighted, and its attention gained. The question rose whether to divide their company, and let a part take this vessel, and the other part wait for another ; or all take this and place what stores they had on board, and trust to having enough provisions to do them all to port. The latter was decided upon, the stores dug up and placed in the boats, and all loaded away for the Bengal,—for such the vessel turned out to be, an American ship from New Bedford. She was bound for Honolulu, and with a double

crew, very jolly times, and without much hard work to the man, were enjoyed. Care sat lightly on the young seamen, and they all had regular rations as if there was no thought of shortage, though upon making harbor it was found but a day's supply remained aboard.

TO THE COLUMBIA.

At the Sandwich Islands, Bradbury found ships ready to sail for New England, but having made no money thus far on his two and a half years' cruising, he felt very averse to returning home just yet. Finding Captain Crosby, a merchant of Oregon in port with his bark, Bradbury decided to try this new country at last, in hope of finding here his fortune. Crosby at first rather hesitated to accept a man to work his passage, as Bradbury must, but upon looking the young sailor over again, decided to give him a trial; and until the voyage was half completed, Bradbury did his full share of work. About this time, however, he was attacked with low fever, and as the disease was prolonged, became at last so much reduced that all consciousness left him, and to this day he has no recollection of the last half of the voyage, or even of crossing the Columbia bar. The first return of perception was to find himself within the river, and he recalls the refusal of his request to go ashore, as he was too weak to move.

Sailing up the Columbia proved a slow process, but in the course of time the vessel was met, at some point perhaps about Deer Island, by a capacious boat from up the river, under David McLoughlin. Into this Bradbury was allowed to enter, and in the course of the day was rowed up to Portland, then a town of one house, and there he paid his last fifty-cent piece for bed and breakfast. Men that he remembers aboard the vessel, besides

Crosby, were the first mate, Drew; the second mate, "One Armed" Robinson; and the boatswain, De Wit, who afterwards settled on a farm on Tualatin Plains, but later went into business in Portland.

FIRST EXPERIENCES IN OREGON.

The season was now advanced into late November, and the weather was damp and cloudy. Bradbury was still weak from his long illness, and had not regained fully the use of his faculties. He was entirely destitute, also, except for his mattress and blankets, which he carried with him. He was a total stranger, and the fact that he had drifted in from the sea was but a poor recommendation. "It was a terrible sin those days in Oregon," he says, "to be either a Yankee or a sailor—for whatever reason I can not imagine." This was, perhaps, some exaggeration of the feeling, but the early Oregonians being largely from the South and West, and unused to the sea, did probably feel some provincial prejudice against those belonging to the more versatile race of Yankee sailors and traders, and looked with suspicion upon their cleverness. Bradbury's introduction to life in Oregon was not wholly agreeable, but well illustrates how our state was built by men who brought nothing here but their strong hands and hearts.

At Portland he found a boat about leaving for Oregon City; into this he was taken upon what terms he hardly understood. He did not learn, either, that at the Clackamas Rapids, where they arrived in course of time, and were set ashore while the boat was cordeled to the calm water above, that he was simply to pass around and enter the boat again; but he left the boat altogether, and wandered off to the first house he saw, which was Straight's. He was there hospitably entertained over night, and in

the morning was directed to follow the road "up the river," which led to Oregon City. However, it was not noticed that he was still a sick man and a total stranger, or that, instead of going up the Willamette road, he took an old trail up the Clackamas; but this he did and wandered all day, following uncertain cattle paths, and not until night did he conclude—weak as he still was in his mind—that he had taken the wrong road. He heard frequently the sound of axes in the distance, but was unable to obtain reply to his calls. Finding at last, towards evening, an opening in the woods, where, however, there stood a few immense fir trees, he prepared to spend the night. He had no material to strike a fire, and but one blanket. He dared not lie on the damp ground in his state of health, and passed the night alternately dozing, leaning against the big fir tree, and in walking about it to keep up his warmth. Next morning, following down the river, he was taken by an Indian in a canoe, who, on account of the "skookum chuck,"—which was then all jargon to Bradbury,—would not take him to Oregon City; nor would he take him at all for his shirt, which Bradbury offered, but must have the "passissi," or blanket. For this, in payment, Bradbury was landed by the Indian at Foster's, on Green Point, and there hospitably entertained without charge; he thence very readily made his way to Oregon City, stopping at Sidney Moss' hotel. "We have enough to eat, thank God," said Moss, when Bradbury told him of his circumstances, "and you can pay me when you get work." His bedding he found at Abernethy's store, and against it stood a charge of a dollar for transportation, for which he settled with all the tobacco he had left. At Moss' he found another Yankee sailor, Frank Aikin, who had come to Oregon on a previous trip of

Crosby's. He was now cooking at the hotel. He afterwards settled at Mount Solo, on the Columbia.

Bradbury met with the misfortune of losing his blankets as he was off looking for work at Dick McKay's, which was something of a hardship, as every man carried his own bedding, and he was now left with only a mattress, and a Sandwich Island rush mat for cover. By George Gay, however, he was very kindly taken, without charge, up the Willamette River, and to French Prairie, where he looked for work; he was entertained there by a Frenchman. His destitution and still lingering illness were the main troubles.

A JOB AT LAST.

Drifting down once more to Portland, he was there delighted to find the track of work. This was with Henry Hunt, who had brought sawmill machinery across the plains in 1843, and had set it up at a fine waterfall at Cathlamet Point, on the Oregon side of the Columbia, a little above the present town of Clifton. The pay was to be \$20 a month, in "script and grindstones." There was no specie in the country at the time, and the medium of exchange consisted simply of orders on the merchants; Allen & McKinley, Pettygrove, Abernethy, and the Hudson's Bay Company at Oregon City, being then the principal dealers. Some of them were accused of keeping nothing but grindstones in full stock when holders of script appeared to draw orders.

Bradbury was promptly dubbed "The Yankee," by Hunt, who was a Western man and used the term somewhat contemptuously. But once he was at the mill, the name was made honorable. He was given an ax to fell timber. The first tree to be attacked was a yellow fir, and the day January 15, 1847. He began after dinner,

thinking to bring down the giant, an eight-foot-diameter trunk, before night. But, after sinking the undercut about sixteen inches, further progress was arrested by striking a copious flow of pitch, which ran literally barrels of a crude turpentine. This was something new, even to the Yankee, and at night he had little to say. But the next day the liquid was found drained off, and not only did he fell that tree, but brought down five others, to the amazement of Hunt and all the others. His reputation, which his employer was ready to back with a wager, as the best chopper on the Pacific Coast, was then established.

TO THE GOLD MINES.

The summer was passed at Hunt's mill, with the exception of a run down to Clatsop Plains, where some of the first settlers of Oregon made homes, and with whom Bradbury made lifelong friendship. He also began to look upon life in Oregon as a permanency, and with a young man named Day, as partner, bought of a Scotchman, Charlie Wright, the claim at Oak Point, the original "Point" being on the Oregon side of the Columbia, on the alluvial lands where the oak trees grew. This was the old site of Major Winship's venture in 1809, and sap-decayed logs of oak and stumps, with bark and root fibrils gone, still attested this earliest attempt at occupation of Oregon by Americans.

But late in the summer of 1848 these plans were halted by the exciting news brought from California by the brig *Henry* that gold had been discovered. The men at the mill immediately decided what they would do—they would build a small vessel and go down to the mines. Fred Ketchum, who had come a few years before as a beardless boy, undertook the task of supervising construction of the craft. He was from Wood-

stock, New Brunswick, which, as it happened, was but some twenty miles from Bradbury's old home. He was not a regular shipwright, but was a man of great mechanical ingenuity, and had already built a number of boats and was fully competent to work out a larger design. The result was, *The Wave*, a keel boat of rather broad beam, of schooner rig, and about twenty tons burden. She was one of three that were built and launched about the same time on the Columbia, all out crossing over the bar the same day, which was about the middle of September. One of the two other boats had been made from the Peacock's launch, and was commanded by Geer. The other was built further up the river. Thus is illustrated how, even in 1848, scant as was her population, Oregon could promptly meet almost any demand required of skill and ingenuity.

There were fifteen men that went on *The Wave*, and their various supplies and a cargo of flour nearly filled the decks. Fifteen days were spent in the voyage, though the boat proved a good sailer; but an unnecessarily long distance was covered. However, the time was spent agreeably, and the Golden Gate was passed safely. The schooner had been painted and was well rigged, and lacked but one convenience, which was a stove; but this was partially made up by a fireplace of clay, with a few bricks to facilitate cooking.

Mining was followed with varying fortune for about a year. The first venture was on the north fork of the American River, in partnership with John and Richard Hobson and Marcellus. After digging amid snow and frost for about three months and making \$3,000 each, they discontinued operations. Provisions were bought at a regular rate of a dollar a pound of another party of Oregonians, among whom were Robb and Jeffers. Two

ounces per day was the regular dig, but when this gradually dwindled to only \$25 each, they thought it time to look for something better.

With Marcellus the schooner *Star* was now purchased and freighting on the Sacramento was undertaken, but this was abandoned by Bradbury at length, on account of severe attacks of ague, from the infection of the river.

Another turn was taken at the mines, about thirty miles from Coloma, where the gold occurred in coarse nuggets, which were covered with iron oxide, and were sometimes overlooked as mere gravel, unless scratched by the pick. Mr. Bradbury here struck a nugget of over two pounds weight, for which he afterwards refused \$1,000, though its actual assay value was about \$500.

He recalls some of the Indian troubles, and the murder of Ben Wood and two other Oregonians at a place which he recollects as Spanish Bar, afterwards called Murderers' Bar. He was himself, with his partners, once confronted with the prospect of a massacre, many Indians suddenly appearing, as if from the rocks, and drawing their bows; but the timely appearance of rifles caused the dark bodies of the Diggers to sink into their burrows almost as soon as they had risen. This was while the miners were at work on their claims.

In December of 1849 Bradbury decided to return to Oregon, which he now considered his home, and taking ship at San Francisco arrived at Bakers Bay January 6, after a thirty days' voyage. In the course of the year he was married to Miss Anne Hobson, who came with her father to Oregon in 1843. Of their family of four children two survive, Mrs. Bethenia Quigley and Clement. Both have reared large families. Title to his claim at Oak Point was completed in due time, and here the pioneer made his home until in 1885, when he removed with his son to Seaside, Oregon.

In person, Mr. Bradbury is about six feet in height, of wiry and athletic build, with large hands, and long arms ; forehead high and dome-shaped ; eyes blue ; hair and beard sandy, and complexion florid. He is abstemious and temperate in his habits. He has been one of the substantial citizens of the state, doing his part in public and private enterprises.

II. S. LYMAN.

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OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

POLITICAL HISTORY OF OREGON FROM 1865 TO 1876.

By WM. D. FENTON.

Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated President of the United States March 4, 1865, chosen as president the second time, and receiving two hundred and twelve electoral votes out of the total two hundred and thirty-three cast. At that time only twenty-four states voted: Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, and Virginia, representing eighty-one electoral votes not participating. The election occurred November 8, 1864, and the electoral votes were counted February 8, 1865. Abraham Lincoln of Illinois and Andrew Johnson of Tennessee were the republican candidates for president and vice president, although Mr. Johnson was a democrat; and George B. McClellan of New Jersey and George H. Pendleton of Ohio were the democratic candidates. The republicans polled two million two hundred and sixteen thousand and sixty-seven votes, and the democrats one million eight hundred and eight

thousand seven hundred and twenty-five. The states carried for McClellan were New Jersey, Delaware, and Kentucky, and all the others voting, including Oregon, voted for Lincoln. In Oregon, Lincoln received a total vote of nine thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight; McClellan eight thousand four hundred and fifty-seven, a majority of one thousand four hundred and thirty-one in behalf of the republican electors. The thirty-ninth congress which, if convened, would have begun the first Monday in March, 1865, was made up as follows: Senate, ten democrats, forty-two republicans; total, fifty-two; house, forty-six democrats, one hundred and fifty-four republicans; total, one hundred and ninety-one. The main issue of the election had been the vigorous prosecution of the war and the indorsement of the administration in its war measures. Addison C. Gibbs was then Governor of Oregon, and on January 12, 1865, issued a call for a regiment of cavalry "to aid in the enforcement of the laws, to suppress insurrection and invasion, and to chastise hostile Indians in this military district." The call was issued at the request of Ma.-Gen. Irwin McDowell, then commanding the department of the Pacific. The regiment was to be called "First Cavalry Oregon Volunteers," and to consist of twelve companies, seven of the old regiment to be recruited to the minimum strength required, and five new companies to be raised. The state provided by law for payment of a bounty of \$150 in state interest-bearing bonds, payable in gold, to each volunteer mustered in for three years, in addition to the bounty authorized by the United States of \$100 for each volunteer enlisted for one year; \$200 for each enlisted for two years; \$300 for each enlisted for three years; one third payable at date of muster. Neither drafted men nor substitutes were entitled to the bounties, and, in addition, each man was to be paid \$16

per month, and to receive clothing, equipments, rations, medicines, medical attendance, and other allowances furnished by the government. First sergeants of cavalry were to be paid \$24; sergeants, \$20; corporals, \$18; buglers, \$16 per month. Each company mustered in was required to have not less than eighty-two enlisted men, and not to exceed one hundred and one. Horses were to be furnished by the government also. The close of the war approached, and orders were received to suspend recruiting, and only one hundred and eighty men had enlisted at the time. Oregon had already placed in the field the first regiment of infantry in obedience to a requisition of Major-General McDowell, made October 20, 1864, and this had been recruited in less than thirty days. Lieut. Charles Lafollett, of Polk County, was the first to present a full company ready to muster, enlisted in about a week in Polk and Benton Counties, known as Company A, of which he became captain. George B. Currey was commissioned colonel.

In addition to this military force furnished to the United States, the state had eleven thousand five hundred and ninety-four men enrolled as militia in the twenty counties in which the state was then divided, varying in number from thirty-five in Tillamook, and sixty-eight each in Columbia and Curry, to one thousand three hundred and forty-two in Linn, one thousand two hundred and sixty-four in Marion, one thousand three hundred and twenty-three in Wasco, nine hundred and twenty-five in Baker, and nine hundred and eighteen in Multnomah. These men were never called into active service, although an available force at any time.

The counties in the state in 1865 were Baker, Benton, Coos, Columbia, Clackamas, Clatsop, Curry, Douglas, Jackson, Josephine, Lane, Linn, Marion, Multnomah, Polk, Tillamook, Umatilla, Washington, Wasco, and

Yamhill. On September 1, 1864, the assessed value of the property in the state was \$22,188,513. Estimated population, ninety thousand; and the assessment of Multnomah slightly exceeded \$4,000,000.

On March 4, 1865, George H. Williams succeeded Benjamin F. Harding as United States senator, Williams having been elected at the third legislative session, which convened at Salem, September 12, 1864, and adjourned October 22, 1864. Judge Williams was at that time forty-one years of age; a man of careful training, well equipped by education and experience to perform the great duties then pressing upon him. He had been admitted to the bar in his native state, New York, in 1844; and going that year to Iowa was elected in 1847 judge of the first judicial district of that state; was chosen a presidential elector for Franklin Pierce as a democrat in 1852, and by President Pierce in 1853 was appointed chief justice of the Territory of Oregon, which office he filled with great ability. He was reappointed by President Buchanan, but resigned in 1858. His associates on the bench was Cyrus Olney and Matthew P. Deady, and for a short time O. B. McFadden was an associate justice. Joseph G. Wilson was clerk of this court, and its official reporter, then a young man when first appointed of twenty-six years of age. Judge Williams, when appointed chief justice, was only thirty-four years old. He was elected and served as a member of the constitutional convention, representing Marion County, and is one of the framers of the existing state constitution. His term as United States senator expired March 3, 1871, and while in the senate he served on the committee on judiciary, claims and private land claims, finance and reconstruction. He helped to frame and pass the resolution proposing the Fourteenth Amendment; was a member of the Joint High Commission for the settlement

of the Alabama Claims; was attorney-general of the United States in the cabinet of President Grant, and while such was in 1874 nominated for chief justice of the supreme court of the United States to succeed Salmon P. Chase. At his own request and because of bitter political opposition, his nomination was withdrawn. Since then he has held no office, and for nearly a quarter of a century has continuously followed the practice of his profession in this state. No man has made a deeper impression upon the times, or contributed more to the state's history than Judge Williams, and in his old age no man is more highly regarded—a great figure in the life of his state and the nation.

At this time also James W. Nesmith was a senator from Oregon, elected in 1860, as a union or war democrat, taking his seat March 4, 1861, his term expiring March 3, 1867. Colonel Nesmith was in his forty-first year when elected, and was a warm supporter of President Lincoln, and urged the vigorous prosecution of the war. He was a member of the senate committee on military affairs, and no man wielded greater influence in the conduct of the war in so far as the same depended on the action of congress. He supported McClellan for president in 1864 as a democrat, and after the death of Lincoln became an ardent friend and defender of Andrew Johnson in his bitter quarrel with the republicans in congress. A man of great plainness of speech and of the keenest satire, he made warm friends and bitter enemies. He opposed the reconstruction policy of the republicans, and thus came in contest with his colleague Judge Williams. President Johnson nominated Senator Nesmith to be minister to Austria, but a republican senate refused to confirm, and when Judge Williams was nominated by President Grant as chief justice, the opposition and influence of Nesmith, although not a member of the senate,

induced the voluntary withdrawal of his name by Judge Williams. It is much to be regretted that the nomination of Senator Nesmith as minister to Austria should have been defeated, and that a sort of political reprisal should have overtaken the nomination of Judge Williams as chief justice. The services of both men were needed by the country, and both names would have honored the great offices designated. The bitterness of those days changed the career of two of Oregon's greatest men, and it is not too much to say that the country shares the regret which Oregon has deeply felt for many years. Senator Nesmith was chosen in 1873 a member of the forty-third congress to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Joseph G. Wilson, who was elected in June, 1872, but died in July, 1873, before he took his seat. Colonel Nesmith served out his term, and then retired to private life. He was a candidate for United States senator in 1876, but Governor L. F. Grover was chosen over Nesmith and Slater by less than a majority of all the democratic members of the legislature. Nesmith had an actual majority, but enough refused to go into the party caucus to leave those who did participate, in a small minority, and when once the vote in caucus was taken, these friends of Nesmith thus outvoted felt bound to submit, and support the caucus nominee. The refusal of these Nesmith men to participate in the party caucus defeated him for United States senator. Senator Nesmith was a man of the people, mingled freely with all classes, a loyal friend and patriotic man, and one of the most forcible speakers the state has produced. He enjoys the enviable distinction of being the only democrat in the senate who voted for the resolution proposing the Thirteenth Amendment, which constitutionally established the abolition of slavery, and which resolution passed congress February 1, 1865. This act alone is a passport to fame. He now lies buried

at his farm at Derry, Polk County, Oregon. His death occurred there June 17, 1885.

The third legislative assembly had held its regular session, convening September 12, 1864, but the necessity that the Thirteenth Amendment should be ratified by three fourths of the states at as early a time as possible induced Secretary Seward to request Governor Gibbs to call a special session to ratify the same. This he did, and, pursuant to his proclamation, the legislature, then consisting of a house of thirty-eight members, and a senate of eighteen members, convened in its first special session on December 5, 1865. I. R. Moores was speaker of the house, and John H. Mitchell president of the senate. On the same day Senator James M. Pyle, of Wasco, introduced Senate Joint Resolution No. 1, ratifying the Thirteenth Amendment, and on motion of T. R. Cornelius, Senator from Washington, Columbia, Clatsop, and Tillamook, it was made the special order for 10 o'clock Wednesday, December 6, 1865. The resolution passed the senate on that day by a vote of thirteen in its favor, three against, and two absent. The negative votes were cast by C. E. Chrisman, of Lane; C. M. Caldwell, of Josephine; and Bartlett Curl, of Linn; and those absent were D. W. Ballard, of Linn, and H. W. Eddy, of Clackamas. In the house the democratic minority opposed a vote on the resolution upon the ground that the legislature had not been chosen upon the issue, and Lafayette Lane on Friday, December 8, 1865, offered a resolution to adjourn *sine die* that day, the motion being tabled by a vote of twenty-eight; he, Thomas F. Beall of Jackson, Isaac Cox of Josephine, and James D. Fay of Jackson offered a long protest against the proclamation of the governor convening the special session and the further sitting of the house, the main ground of which protest was that the issue had not been voted on, but the real basis there-

for was opposition to the ratification. Lane at that time represented Umatilla County and was twenty-three years old. On Friday evening, December 8, 1865, the house amended the verbiage of the resolution and passed the same by a vote of thirty in its favor and four against—the negative votes being cast by Beall, Cox, Fay, and Lane. The senate refused to concur in this amendment or to appoint conferees, and on December 11, 1865, the house reconsidered the same, and passed the resolution as it came from the senate by the same vote. On December 11, 1865, the secretary of state, Samuel E. May, was instructed to telegraph Secretary Seward that the legislature had that day ratified the amendment. The legislature adjourned December 19, 1865.

At this distance it seems impossible to understand the degree of feeling that existed at the time when this great amendment to the federal constitution, recognizing and in a sense making legal that which the fortunes of war had settled, was under discussion. At this same special session a memorial to congress was adopted praying that Walla Walla County, Washington, might be incorporated in the State of Oregon, so that the boundaries of the state might conform to those embraced by the constitution as adopted, making Snake River to the mouth of the Owyhee River the northeastern boundary line, as specified in Article XVI.

James H. D. Henderson, the candidate of the union party, elected to congress in 1864 over James K. Kelly, democrat, took his seat March 4, 1865, serving on the committees on Pacific railroads, mines and mining, and Indian affairs, and as a member of the special committee appointed to consider appropriate resolutions and services in memory of the death of Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Henderson died at Eugene in October, 1885, at the advanced age of seventy-five years, respected by his fel-

lows and honored by his state. He was born at Salem, Livingstone County, Kentucky, July 23, 1810, and came to Oregon in 1853.

The governor of the state at this time, Addison C. Gibbs, was an important figure in the affairs of the state, and had been such for many years. He had defeated for the office of governor Aaron E. Wait, his democratic opponent, and had taken the oath of office September 10, 1862. He was the second governor of the state, and the first republican who had been elected to the executive office in either state or territorial government. At the time of his election he was only thirty-seven years old, but had some experience in public affairs, and was the first representative to the territorial legislature from the County of Umpqua, now Douglas, in 1852; he was a member of the house, representing Multnomah, in 1860. His term as governor expired September 1, 1866, and at the legislative session of 1866 he was the caucus nominee of his party for United States senator, but was defeated. The legislature elected Henry W. Corbett, after a prolonged contest between Governor Gibbs and John H. Mitchell. He was appointed United States attorney for the district of Oregon by President Grant in 1872, and served until removed in 1873. He died in London in January, 1887, at the age of sixty-two. As the war governor of Oregon he did not fail in his intelligent support of Lincoln and his administration. Samuel E. May was Secretary of State during his term; E. N. Cooke, State Treasurer; and for the first two years of the term Harvey Gordon was state printer, and for the last two years ending September 10, 1866, Henry L. Pittock filled that office. The justices of the supreme court from 1865 to 1876 were as follows: Paine Page Prim, Chief Justice; Erasmus D. Shattuck, Reuben P. Boise, Riley Evans Stratton, and Joseph G. Wilson, Asso-

ciate Justices from 1864 to 1866. Erasmus D. Shattuck, Chief Justice; Paine P. Prim, Reuben P. Boise, Riley E. Stratton, Joseph G. Wilson, and Alonzo A. Skinner, Associate Justices from 1866 to 1868. Reuben P. Boise, Chief Justice; Paine P. Prim, Joseph G. Wilson, William W. Upton, and John Kelsay, Associate Justices from 1868 to 1870. Paine P. Prim, Chief Justice; Reuben P. Boise, Andrew J. Thayer, William W. Upton, B. Whitten, and L. L. McArthur, Associate Justices from 1870 to 1872. William W. Upton, Chief Justice; Paine P. Prim, Andrew J. Thayer, B. F. Bonham, L. F. Mosher, and L. L. McArthur, Associate Justices from 1872 to 1874. B. F. Bonham, Chief Justice; Paine P. Prim, L. L. McArthur, E. D. Shattuck, and John Burnett, Associate Justices from 1874 to 1876. From 1862 to 1870 Judge Prim was the only democrat upon the bench, although Judge Shattuck later affiliated with and became a member of the democratic party. From 1874 to 1876 there was no republican on the bench of the circuit or supreme court in Oregon. Joseph G. Wilson was clerk and reporter from 1853 to 1862, and reporter thereafter up to 1874, and as such reported the first, second, and third Oregon Reports. Lucien Heath became clerk of the supreme court in 1862, was succeeded by Richard Williams in 1864, who was succeeded by C. G. Curl in 1870. C. B. Bellinger succeeded Wilson as reporter and Curl as clerk in 1874, and as such reported volumes four, five, six, seven, and eight, Oregon Reports, and remained clerk until 1880.

Sylvester C. Simpson, a democrat, was appointed the first superintendent of public instruction by Governor Grover under an act of the legislature, which took effect January 29, 1873, and held this office until September 14, 1874, to be succeeded by L. L. Rowland, elected that year as a republican, to serve four years. W. A. Mc-

Pherson was chosen state printer to succeed Mr. Pittock at the general election in 1866, and held the office from September 10, 1866, to September 10, 1870. Thomas Patterson was elected his successor in 1870, and resigned June 20, 1872, to be succeeded by Eugene Semple, appointed by Governor Grover, and who as such appointee held until September 14, 1874. Mart V. Brown, elected in 1874, took office September 14, 1874, and filled the office until September 9, 1878. The first three state printers named, Gordon, Pittock, and McPherson, were republicans, and the last three were democrats. Samuel E. May was re-elected secretary of state in 1866, and was succeeded September 10, 1870, by S. F. Chadwick, democrat, who was elected in June, 1870, and re-elected in 1874, serving two terms and until September 2, 1878. George L. Woods, republican, elected governor in June, 1866, was inaugurated September 14, 1866. Governor Grover was re-elected in 1874, and served until February 1, 1877, when he resigned to take the office of United States senator, to which he had been elected by the legislature in September, 1876. D. Fleischner, a democrat, succeeded E. N. Cooke, republican, as state treasurer September 12, 1870. Cooke had held two terms. A. H. Brown, democrat, was elected in 1874, took oath of office September 14, 1874, and served until September, 1878.

The state librarians during the period were: P. L. Willis, July 5, 1864, to October 19, 1866, first appointed by Governor Gibbs and elected by the legislature his own successor; P. H. Hatch, October 19, 1866, to October 26, 1870, elected by the legislature; George J. Ryan, October 26, 1870, to May 20, 1871, elected by the legislature; Sylvester C. Simpson, May 20, 1871, to September 13, 1872, appointed by Governor Grover; John B. McLaine, September 13, 1872, to October 27, 1874, elected by the legislature; A. F. Wagner, October 27, 1874, to October

23, 1876, elected by the legislature. Willis, Hatch, and Wagner were republicans; Ryan, Simpson, and McLaine were democrats.

The presidents of the senate during the period were: John H. Mitchell, republican, of Multnomah, elected September 12, 1864, third regular and first special session, December 5, 1865; T. R. Cornelius, republican, of Washington, elected September 10, 1866, fourth regular session; B. F. Burch, democrat, of Polk, elected September 15, 1868, fifth regular session; James D. Fay, democrat, of Jackson, elected September 12, 1870, and September 10, 1872, sixth and seventh regular sessions; R. B. Cochran, democrat, of Lane, elected September 14, 1874, eighth regular session; John Whiteaker, democrat, of Lane, elected September 11, 1876, ninth regular session.

The speakers of the house during the period were: I. R. Moores, republican, of Marion, elected September 12, 1864, third regular and first special session, December 5, 1865; F. A. Chenowith, republican, of Benton, elected September 11, 1866, fourth regular session; John Whiteaker, democrat, of Lane, elected September 4, 1868, fifth regular session; Benjamin Hayden, democrat, of Polk, elected September 12, 1870, sixth regular session; Rufus Mallory, republican, of Marion, elected September 9, 1872, seventh regular session; J. C. Drain, republican, of Douglas, elected September 14, 1874, eighth regular session; J. K. Weatherford, democrat, of Linn, elected September 11, 1876, ninth regular session.

United States senators during the period were: Benjamin F. Harding, democrat, September 11, 1862, to March 3, 1865; James W. Nesmith, democrat, March 4, 1861, to March 3, 1867; George H. Williams, republican, March 4, 1865, to March 3, 1871; Henry W. Corbett, republican, March 4, 1867, to March 3, 1873; James K. Kelly, democrat, March 4, 1871, to March 3, 1877; John

H. Mitchell, republican, March 4, 1873, to March 3, 1879, first term.

The congressmen were: John R. McBride, republican, March 4, 1863, to March 3, 1865; J. H. D. Henderson, republican, March 4, 1865, to March 3, 1867; Rufus Mallory, republican, March 4, 1867, to March 3, 1869; Joseph S. Smith, democrat, March 4, 1869, to March 3, 1871; James H. Slater, democrat, March 4, 1871, to March 3, 1873; Joseph G. Wilson, republican, elected June, 1874, but died before taking his seat; James W. Nesmith, democrat, March 4, 1873, to March 3, 1875; George A. LaDow, democrat, elected June, 1874, but died before taking his seat; L. F. Lane, democrat, October 25, 1875, to March 3, 1877. It thus appears that Senators Harding and Nesmith were colleagues nearly three years; Nesmith and Williams for two years; Williams and Corbett, four years; Corbett and Kelly, two years; Kelly and Mitchell, four years. Williams succeeded Harding; Corbett succeeded Nesmith; Kelly succeeded Williams, and Mitchell succeeded Corbett. Williams, Kelly, Corbett, and Mitchell are living, and Harding and Nesmith are dead. No congressman succeeded himself. Two died before taking office; one had been a United States senator before he was elected to the house; another became a United States senator after serving in the house. McBride and Mallory alone survive. The remaining eight are dead. All the congressmen belonged to the legal profession, excepting Henderson, and he was a clergyman. All the senators were lawyers, except Corbett, a merchant and banker. Senator Nesmith did not practice his profession after his election as senator, but lived upon his magnificent farm near Derry, Polk County, and devoted himself to farming until his death. Senators Kelly and Williams have both been chief justices of the supreme court, one of the territory and the other of the

state. Nesmith was elected supreme judge June 3, 1845, under the provisional government, and Wilson was a justice of the supreme court and circuit court judge of the fifth judicial district by virtue of his office from 1864 to 1870. During this time three of the senators were democrats, three were republicans. Five of the congressmen elected were democrats, four were republicans. Nine were elected, two of whom died, and seven took office. Senator Harding was elected to succeed Benjamin Stark, appointed October 21, 1861, by Governor Whiteaker to succeed Col. E. D. Baker, killed at Balls Bluff, October 21, 1861. John R. McBride was born in Missouri in 1832, was the republican nominee for the first congressman for Oregon at the election in 1858, but was defeated by L. F. Grover, who took his seat February 14, 1859, and served only seventeen days, his term expiring March 3, 1859. McBride was the only republican elected as such in the constitutional convention, although others were chosen who were republicans. He was elected to congress in June, 1862, as a republican, took his seat March 4, 1863, and his term expired March 3, 1865. Later he became chief justice of Utah, and is now a leading lawyer residing at Spokane, Washington. Mr. Henderson was elected his successor, and in June, 1866, Rufus Mallory was elected as the candidate for congress of the union-republican party, and served from March 4, 1867, to March 3, 1869. Mr. Mallory was born June 10, 1831, in the State of New York, came to Oregon in 1858, resided at Roseburg, Oregon, for some time after his arrival, where he read law and taught school, and he was admitted to the bar in 1860. He was a member of the legislature in 1862 from Douglas County, and elected as a union-republican. Later he removed to Salem, Oregon, where he was elected district attorney of the third judicial district in 1864 upon the

union-republican ticket. He was a delegate to the republican national convention in 1868, which nominated General Grant for president; was elected to the legislature in 1872 from Marion County, as a republican, and served as speaker of the house at that session. He was appointed United States attorney for the district of Oregon by President Grant in 1874, reappointed in 1878 by President Hayes, and has since the expiration of his term held no other public office. He has at all times been an able exponent of the soundest views of his party and an interesting advocate of its principles. He is a successful and able lawyer in every field of professional endeavor, and a man free from hypocrisy, deception, or any species of indirection.

Joseph S. Smith, democrat, was elected in 1868 over David Logan, republican, to succeed Mr. Mallory, and served from March 4, 1869, to March 3, 1871. Mr. Smith was born June 20, 1824, in the State of Pennsylvania. He came to Oregon and located at Oregon City in the year 1845, where he was admitted to the bar, and in 1853 removed to Puget Sound, where he was elected prosecuting attorney for the third judicial district, and where, in 1855, he was elected to the territorial legislature and chosen speaker. He was appointed United States attorney for the territory of Washington by President Buchanan, and at the expiration of his term of office removed to Salem in 1858, where he became connected with many large manufacturing interests. In the year 1870 he removed to Portland, Oregon, which continued to be his home until his death in 1884. While a member of congress he was largely influential in securing the passage of the joint resolution of 1870, which authorized the construction of the main line of the Northern Pacific Railroad down the Columbia River to a point at or near Portland, and conferred upon this company an additional grant of land

from Portland to Puget Sound. He was a faithful public servant and useful citizen, and took a deep interest in the political affairs of his state. In 1882 he was nominated by the democratic convention to the office of governor, but was defeated by his opponent Z. F. Moody. He was a churchman, prominently identified with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and although not a licensed minister, he frequently officiated in public address in the pulpits of that church. He was an able and polished speaker, pleasing and forcible in manner, merited and received the universal respect of all who knew him.

James H. Slater succeeded Mr. Smith as congressman, and was elected in June, 1870, took office March 4, 1871, and served until March 3, 1873. Mr. Slater was born in Illinois in 1826, and died in February, 1899, at La Grande, Oregon. He came to California in 1849; to Oregon in 1850, and for two years taught school at Corvallis, Oregon. He was appointed clerk of the United States District Court in 1853, and admitted to the bar in 1854. He was elected as an independent of democratic antecedents to the territorial legislatures of 1857, 1858 and 1859, and the first state legislature. He was editor of the *Oregon Weekly Union*, at Corvallis, from 1859 to 1861; was postmaster also at that place, and in 1862 removed to Baker City, Oregon, and in 1866 to La Grande, where he has continuously practiced his profession of a lawyer, except while holding the offices of congressman and United States senator. He was elected prosecuting attorney of the fifth judicial district in 1866, serving two years. He was chosen a presidential elector for Seymour and Blair in 1868, and in 1870 was nominated and elected as a democrat to the forty-second congress. He was elected United States senator in September, 1878, taking office March 4, 1879, and his term expiring March 3, 1885, to be succeeded by Senator John H.

Mitchell, who had been elected for the second time. Senator Slater also served two years as railroad commissioner of this state from 1887 to 1889. He was a man of the strictest probity, and represented the state honestly, faithfully and with ability. He belonged to the old school of public men, lived a plain and simple life, and retired with the respect of his fellow-citizens. Unaided by wealth or influence, he reached the highest office in the gift of his state.

Joseph G. Wilson, who was elected in June, 1872, as a republican, to succeed Mr. Smith, died in 1873 at Marietta, Ohio, where he had gone to deliver a college address, and never took his seat, although his official term began March 3, 1873. He was born in New Hampshire December 13, 1826, graduated from Marietta College in 1846, came to Oregon in 1852, located at Salem, where he became clerk of the supreme court that year and served several years, and in 1860 was appointed district attorney of the third judicial district, and in 1862 was appointed by Governor Gibbs judge of the fifth judicial district, then comprising all of eastern Oregon. He was elected judge in 1864, holding the office until 1870, and as such judge was a justice of the supreme court, thus sitting upon the supreme bench eight years. Mr. Wilson was the republican candidate for congress in 1870 against Mr. Slater, but the entire republican ticket was defeated, Mr. Slater receiving a majority of only three hundred and forty-three. In 1872 Mr. Wilson received a majority of eight hundred and fifty. At the age of forty-seven Joseph G. Wilson was cut off in what promised to be a most brilliant career. No man gave greater promise by what he had already so well done. His death was universally lamented, and his contemporaries without dissent testify that he was an able lawyer, a skillful debater,

a polished orator, and an honorable man. His most enduring monument is found in the record of his career as a jurist, and it is to be regretted that death overtook him as he was entering upon a career of wider usefulness.

Mr. Nesmith was elected to fill the vacancy thus caused, serving until March 3, 1875. George A. LaDow was elected in 1874, as the eleventh representative to congress from Oregon, but died before taking his seat.

Lafayette Lane was elected to succeed Mr. LaDow, and held the office until March 3, 1877. Mr. Lane was always an ardent democrat. He was born in Indiana November 12, 1842, and died at Roseburg, Oregon, November 24, 1896. He came to manhood in the stormy days of the civil war, was a student in college at Washington, where his father, Gen. Joseph Lane, was first a delegate and next a senator in congress. He was trained for public life under the skillful eye of his father, and early imbibed his strong feelings and sympathies for his Southern kinsmen and party associates. He was elected to the legislature in 1874 as a member of the house from Umatilla County, and at the special session, convened December 5, 1865, to ratify the Thirteenth Amendment, joined with James D. Fay and two other members of the house in a vigorous protest against the proclamation of the governor convening the session, and the sitting of the house in pursuance thereof. Governor Grover appointed him and Matthew P. Deady to compile the laws of Oregon in 1872, and they gave us the code entitled "General Laws of Oregon, 1843-1872, compiled and annotated by Matthew P. Deady and Lafayette Lane," and which continued in general and sole use as a code until the code of 1887, compiled and annotated by William Lair Hill, and published in 1887 by authority of an act of the legislature approved February 26, 1885. Mr. Lane was a candidate in 1876 for re-election, but was

defeated by Richard Williams, the republican candidate. He retired from public life March 3, 1877, and for nineteen years thereafter practiced his profession at Roseburg, taking such interest in political affairs as his failing health would permit. He was kind-hearted, genial, brilliant, and eloquent. He had many qualities of head and heart that made General Lane famous, popular, and strong. In brilliant repartee and sharp retort he had but few superiors. In his relations in private life he was a courtly gentleman of the old school—generous and warm-hearted, but strong in his political convictions and fearless in their defense and advocacy.

Benjamin F. Harding, James W. Nesmith, Henry W. Corbett, James K. Kelly, and John H. Mitchell were the senators during this period. Senator Harding was born in Pennsylvania January 14, 1823; came to California in 1849; located in Salem, Oregon, in 1850, where he resided many years, and was regarded as one of the brightest democratic party leaders of the state. He was trained a lawyer, but did not practice his profession for any great length of time, except while United States attorney before the organization of the state government. He was elected three times to the territorial legislature, appointed secretary of the territory by President Pierce, and held the office from January 27, 1855, to March 3, 1859. He was chosen, as we have already seen, United States Senator in 1862 to succeed Stark, and was succeeded March 4, 1865, by Judge Williams. The leading Douglas democrats of Oregon in 1862 were Benjamin F. Harding, George H. Williams, James W. Nesmith, and Asabel Bush, and the issues of the war made them all war democrats, logical followers of Senator Douglas, and ultimately drove Judge Williams to the republicans. Senator Harding was appointed circuit judge of the third judicial district by Governor

Thayer in 1878, and served as such until July, 1880, since which time and until his death, June 16, 1899, he has lived in retirement in Lane County on his large farm, devoting himself to agriculture and stock raising. He was a profound student of men, of keen intuition, careful in promise, strict in performance, and exact in plan. He is regarded as one of the big four that had a controlling influence in the politics of Oregon at the organization of the state government.

Henry W. Corbett was elected United States Senator to succeed Senator Nesmith; took office March 4, 1867, and served until March 3, 1873. Mr. Corbett was born in Westboro, Massachusetts, February 18, 1827, and came to Oregon by way of Panama in 1850, locating at Portland, where he has been continuously engaged in business as a successful banker and man of affairs. After a prolonged contest in the legislative assembly in 1866 between Mr. Mitchell and Governor Gibbs, who were the rival candidates, Mr. Corbett was chosen as United States Senator. Gibbs at the time was the republican caucus nominee over John H. Mitchell, the two men having almost an equal number of votes in the caucus. The majority upon joint ballot in favor of the republicans was small. Dr. J. R. Bayley and John White, and some others, who were ardent friends of Mitchell, refused to abide by the action of the caucus, and withheld their votes from Governor Gibbs, thereby rendering his election impossible. Senator Corbett was chosen as a compromise candidate. In 1869 Mr. Corbett became interested with Henry Failing in the purchase and management of the First National Bank of Portland, which has since become the greatest financial institution in the Northwest, and of which at this time, Mr. Corbett, since the death of Mr. Failing, is the actual and controlling head. Senator Corbett was a member of the committee on finance, and took a leading

part in the senate of the United States in the establishment of the existing financial system, and in the preparatory legislation for the return to specie payment. In 1872, after a spirited and bitter contest consuming almost the entire session of the legislature, Senator Corbett was defeated for re-election by John H. Mitchell. Senator Corbett is a pronounced republican of the old school, adhering with great firmness to his political convictions and at the same time is conservative and respectful toward the opinions of others. The legislative assembly in 1897 failing to elect a successor to Senator Mitchell, Senator Corbett was appointed by Governor Lord to fill the vacancy thereby occasioned; but under the rule claimed to have been established by the senate in previous cases, he was not admitted to a seat in the senate, and at the extra session of the legislative assembly chosen in June, 1898, and which convened in October in that year, he was the most prominent candidate for election to the office, and received the support of a large majority of the republican members, but not enough to secure the election. In the interest of harmony, and to avoid failure to elect, he withdrew his name, and Joseph Simon was elected for the unexpired term. Henry W. Corbett, William S. Ladd, Henry Failing, and C. H. Lewis may justly be said to have had the largest influence in the upbuilding and development of the City of Portland, of all the men prominently known to the financial world, and at this time Mr. Corbett is the leading figure in the financial circles of the state, and his influence upon its business and political interests is perhaps superior to that of any other public man.

James K. Kelly, who succeeded George H. Williams as United States Senator, and who was elected at the session of the legislative assembly for the year 1870, took office March 4, 1871, and served until March 3, 1877.

Senator Kelly was born in Center County, Pennsylvania, February 16, 1819. At the age of twenty he graduated at Princeton, was admitted to the bar in the State of Pennsylvania in 1842, came to California in 1849, and in 1851 located in the Territory of Oregon. He was a colonel of volunteers in the Indian war against the Yakima Indians in 1855; a member of the legislative council from 1853 to 1857; a member of the constitutional convention, and was a member of the state senate from 1860 to 1864. He was appointed United States district attorney for the district of Oregon by President Buchanan in 1860, but declined to accept the appointment. Upon his retirement from the senate and in 1878 he was appointed by Governor Thayer chief justice of the supreme court under the act of the legislative assembly, approved October 17, 1878, which authorized the appointment of three judges of the supreme court as a separate judicial body, and who should perform appellate duty only. His opinions while a member of the supreme bench are found reported in seventh and eighth Oregon Reports. His term expired July 4, 1880, since which time for several years he devoted himself to the practice of his profession at Portland, Oregon, and later removed to Washington, D. C., where he now resides. He faithfully discharged the obligations of public office in whatever capacity his services were required, and his record is one of which the state is justly proud.

John H. Mitchell was born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, June 22, 1835; admitted to the bar in Pennsylvania; later removed to California and practiced law in that state, and in 1860 came to Portland, Oregon. He was elected city attorney of the City of Portland in 1861, and in 1862 was elected to the state senate and served as president of the senate at the regular session of 1864 and the special session in December, 1865; a

candidate for the United States senate in the legislature of 1866, he was defeated in caucus by one vote, and on September 28, 1872, he succeeded Senator Corbett and served in the senate of the United States, his first term expiring March 3, 1879. He was re-elected to the senate in 1885 and in 1891, his third term expiring March 3, 1897. For eighteen years a member of the senate of the United States; he was a colleague of Senators Kelly, Grover, Dolph, and McBride, serving upon the leading committees of the senate; a candidate for re-election at the session of the legislative assembly for 1897, and received the votes of a majority of all the republicans, but not sufficient to elect, and the legislative assembly adjourned without having effected a legal organization, and consequently failed to elect his successor. Differences of opinion in his party upon the leading issues of the last presidential campaign were undoubtedly instrumental in securing his defeat. It is the truth of history to say that Senator Mitchell in public life has been a most important figure, and has filled the great office to which he has been three times elected with signal ability. Since his retirement from the senate he has continued to practice his profession at Portland, Oregon.*

La Fayette Grover was the fourth governor of the State of Oregon, elected in June, 1870, and re-elected in 1874. He held the office of governor from September 14, 1870, to February 7, 1877, when he resigned that office to accept the office of United States Senator, to which he had been elected in 1876. He was born at Bethel, Maine, November 29, 1823; he came to California in 1850, and the next year to Oregon, and became clerk of the first judicial district in Southern Oregon, and later prose-

*Senator Mitchell was re-elected United States Senator February 23, 1901, receiving forty-six votes, Henry W. Corbett twenty-nine votes, and A. S. Bennett fifteen votes.

cuting attorney of the second judicial district. In 1853 he was appointed territorial auditor, and was a member of the territorial legislatures of 1853, 1855, and 1857. He was also a member of the constitutional convention and was elected first congressman for Oregon in 1858, taking his seat February 15, 1859, and serving in that capacity for a period of only seventeen days, and was succeeded by Lansing Stout, who had been elected as his successor. Senator Grover succeeded James K. Kelly March 4, 1877, and his term as senator expired March 3, 1883. He was succeeded by Joseph N. Dolph. Governor Grover and ex-Senator Nesmith were rival candidates for the senate in 1876. Senator Grover was at the time governor of the state and had been for more than six years. He was also the recognized candidate of the organized democratic party. He had been active in its leadership for many years; was himself a man of large executive ability; loyal to party organization; a man of the purest character in public and private life; faithful, politic, and courageous. He was, however, bitterly opposed by Senator Nesmith and his ardent friends, and the bitterness of the contest and its results made a profound impression upon the history of the democratic party in this state. It is now well understood by those conversant with the political history of the state that the mismanagement of Senator Nesmith's friends led to his defeat in the democratic senatorial caucus in 1876, and paved the way for the election of Senator Slater in 1878. Since his retirement from the United States senate, Governor Grover has lived a quiet and simple life at Portland, Oregon, devoting himself to his private interests. He has been a conspicuous and important figure in this state.

The sessions of the legislative assembly during the period reflect the political opinions and discussions of the time, and may be profitably reviewed. The fourth

regular session of the legislative assembly convened at Salem on Monday, September 10, 1866, and adjourned on Saturday, October 20, 1866. The senate consisted of twenty-two members and the house of forty-seven. Joseph N. Dolph was then a state senator from Multnomah County, and Gen. Joel Palmer, afterwards republican candidate for governor, was state senator from Yamhill County. In the house Binger Hermann, now commissioner of the general land office and for several years member of congress from this state, was representative from the County of Douglas. W. W. Upton, afterwards elected justice of the supreme court, was a member of the house from Multnomah County. John Whiteaker, the first governor of the state and a member of congress at one time, was a representative from the County of Lane. George R. Helm, who acquired considerable prominence as a leading democratic politician and a public speaker of some force, was one of the five representatives from the County of Linn; and T. R. Cornelius, of Washington County, was elected president of the senate. F. A. Chenowith, of Corvallis, was elected speaker of the house. The vote for governor was canvassed upon September 12, 1866, and it was ascertained that George L. Woods had received ten thousand three hundred and sixteen votes and James K. Kelly ten thousand and thirty-nine votes. The returns showed that Woods carried Benton, Clackamas, Clatsop, Coos, Curry, Douglas, Grant, Marion, Multnomah, Tillamook, Washington, and Yamhill, and Kelly the remainder. Woods carried Multnomah by one hundred and eighty majority. On September 12, 1866, Senator Dolph offered Senate Joint Resolution No. 3 to ratify the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. The resolution was referred to the committee on federal relations, and reported favorably September 13. A mo-

tion was made that it lie on the table, the democrats voting in the affirmative and the republicans in the negative, but the motion was lost by a vote of eight to fourteen. It was made the special order for Friday, September 14, and Mr. Crawford, of Linn, a democrat, moved to amend the resolution by referring the same to the people of Oregon, to be voted on at the next general election, and upon this motion eight of the nine democratic senators voted for the amendment, and the thirteen republicans voted, with one democrat, against the same. The resolution passed the senate on the same day. Thirteen senators voted in the affirmative and nine against; all the democrats voting in the negative. The action of the senate was communicated to the house on Monday, September 17, and the joint resolution referred to the judiciary committee. Cyrus Olney was chairman of the judiciary committee, and on Wednesday, September 19, he reported the same back to the house with the recommendation that the house concur in the same, and moved that the house concur. A motion to lie on the table was defeated by a vote of twenty-one to twenty-six; the republicans voting nay and the democrats in the affirmative. The minority moved to postpone further consideration, and this was defeated. Thereupon, and at the evening session of Wednesday, September 19, Mr. Worth and seventeen other democrats made a written protest, which was spread upon the journal, solemnly protesting against the passage of the resolution upon the grounds, — first, that the resolution had been hurriedly reported to the house by the chairman of the judiciary committee without consulting two members thereof; second, because there were seats held by persons in the house who were not entitled to the same, and that, therefore, the will of the people could not be expressed; and, third, that the resolution had come before the house without

due consideration by the committee to which it had been referred. At the evening session Messrs. G. R. Helm and H. A. Gehr also presented their written protest against the passage of the resolution, they being the minority members of the judiciary committee. In the light of subsequent events this language, found in the protest, is interesting: "This resolution proposes to adopt certain amendments to the Constitution of the United States, which amendment if adopted will change, if not entirely destroy, the republican form of government under which we live, and crush American liberty." The previous question was ordered, however, notwithstanding these protests, by a vote of twenty-seven to nineteen, and the main question being put, the resolution passed the house by a vote of twenty-five in the affirmative to twenty-one in the negative. This amendment was proposed by congress June 16, 1866, and declared ratified July 28, 1868. Governor Woods at this session sent a special message to the legislative assembly, calling its attention to the depredations committed by hostile bands of Indians in the counties of Wasco, Baker, Grant, Union, and Umatilla, and noted the fact that more than \$100,000 of property in horses and cattle had been driven off annually for the past three years, and that families had been compelled to abandon their homes, mails robbed, and life and property rendered unsafe.

On September 25, 1866, Addison C. Gibbs received in the senate thirteen votes for United States Senator; J. S. Smith, four votes; James K. Kelly, four votes; John Kelsay, one. In the house Governor Gibbs received twenty votes; Mr. Smith, eleven; Mr. Kelly, seven; Mr. Nesmith, five; Benjamin Simpson, one; Jesse Applegate, one; Henry W. Corbett, one; David Logan, one. A joint convention was held September 26, in which, upon the first ballot, Governor Gibbs received

thirty-three votes; Smith, twenty-one; Nesmith, nine; Simpson, three; Kelsay, one; Corbett, one; Logan, one; and, upon the second ballot, Gibbs received thirty-three; Smith, thirty-one; Simpson, two; Kelsay, one; Corbett one; Logan, one. Eight ballots were taken without material change. On Saturday, September 29, on the fifteenth ballot, John Whiteaker received thirty votes; A. C. Gibbs, thirty-three; H. W. Corbett, five; Kelly, one; and a motion to adjourn being made and lost, W. Carey Johnson withdrew the name of Governor Gibbs, and placed in nomination the name of H. W. Corbett. Mr. Corbett on the sixteenth ballot received thirty-eight votes; Mr. Smith, fourteen; Mr. Nesmith, four; Judge Prim, seven; Judge Kelly, five; John Whiteaker, one; total number of votes cast sixty-nine, of which Mr. Corbett having received thirty-eight votes, was declared duly elected. The oath of office to Governor Woods was administered by E. D. Shattuck, then chief justice of the supreme court, who still survives,* and who retired from a long and honorable career upon the bench on July 1, 1898. The inaugural address was delivered at the Methodist Episcopal Church at Salem; Rev. Davis Leslie offered the opening prayer, and the governor-elect was introduced by Governor Gibbs. Mr. Upton on Saturday, October 6, 1866, offered House Joint Resolution No. 13, to designate the Oregon Central Railroad Company as the company entitled to receive the land and all of the benefits of the act of congress, approved July 25, 1866, entitled "An act granting lands to aid in the construction of a railroad and telegraph line from the Central Pacific Railroad in California to Portland, in Oregon." A special message to the legislative assembly was communicated October 8, urging favorable legislation in behalf of the construction

* E. D. Shattuck died July 26, 1900.

of railways, and particularly a line of railroad connecting with the Central Pacific in California, and with the same road at Salt Lake City.

House Joint Resolution No. 13, above-mentioned, was referred to a select committee of five, appointed by the speaker, consisting of W. W. Upton, E. D. Foudray, of Jackson ; James Gingles, of Benton ; Binger Hermann, of Douglas ; and John Whiteaker, of Lane. The resolution was ultimately passed by the house and senate October 10, 1866, and thus began the contest in the legislature which did not end until the adoption of Senate Joint Resolution No. 16, relating to the same grant, which passed the next legislative assembly October 20, 1868 ; the result of which was to give to the Oregon Central Railroad Company of Salem an equitable title to the land grant, and to take from the Oregon Central Railroad Company of Portland, known as the West Side Road, any right which this company claimed to the same. The governor in his special message urged upon the legislature the great importance of railroad connection with the Central Pacific by way of Salt Lake City and San Francisco. In his message he recommended that provision be made by immediate enactment by which the Oregon Central Railroad Company should be able to reap the benefit of the liberal donation made by congress, and also by which provision should be made for the payment of the interest on the bonds of the company, necessary to construct and put in operation the first section of twenty miles of the road. There was a marked division in the legislative assembly ; the delegations from Multnomah and Jackson strongly supporting these measures, while the delegations from Linn and other counties strongly opposed. Upon the invitation of the house, Senator Corbett, Mr. W. S. Ladd, Governor Woods, and I. R. Moores addressed the house upon the

object and design of the proposed corporation, and the previous question being ordered, the resolution passed by a vote of forty-four ayes and one nay; Mr. J. E. P. Withers, of Lane County, casting the negative vote. The resolution was transmitted to the senate on October 10, and upon motion of Senator Palmér the senate concurred, nineteen voting in the affirmative; Senator T. R. Cornelius voting in the negative; and Senators Caldwell and Pyle being absent. On October 12, 1866, an elaborate report was presented from the select committee, to whom was referred the governor's special message, and to whom was referred House Joint Resolution No. 13, and with the report was House Bill No. 78, entitled "A bill to aid in the construction of the Oregon Central Railroad." This bill afterwards passed the legislative assembly, and was approved October 24, 1866, and by its terms the state undertook to pay interest on \$1,000,000 of bonds to be issued by the corporation; and in return therefor was to receive transportation of all persons and property which otherwise would be conveyed at the expense of the state, and all articles on their way to the fairs of the state, and upon their return; and also to transmit free of charge all telegraphic dispatches to and from the officers of the state. It is sufficient to know that this act was clearly unconstitutional, and that no money was ever appropriated or paid under its terms. The report of Mr. Foudray, of Jackson, which accompanied the bill, is interesting in this, that it states the fact that in 1864, while wheat was selling readily for \$2.00 per bushel in San Francisco, it would bring the farmer but seventy-five cents per bushel in the Willamette Valley, and that at the time the legislature was then in session, while it was \$1.00 per bushel in San Francisco, it was dull sale at half that price in the Willamette Valley. It appeared also from the books of commission

merchants of Crescent City, California, that the inhabitants of Josephine and Jackson Counties had in a single year paid out as freight money alone on one thousand eight hundred tons of merchandise imported the sum of \$179,700. The report mentions the fact that among the principal incorporators were a number of representative citizens of the state, and that the proposed measure would give comparatively small, but necessary, aid to the new corporation. It was urged in argument that the increase in value of the assessable property by reason of the construction of the road would more than offset the annual sum of \$60,000 proposed to be paid. The bill passed the house with thirty-three votes in its favor, and eight votes in the negative. These negative votes were cast by J. J. Dempsey, of Polk; W. C. Hindman, of Baker and Union; J. D. Garrett and J. D. Locey, of Clackamas; G. R. Helm and J. R. South, of Linn; John Whiteaker and J. E. P. Withers, of Lane. In the senate, thirteen senators voted in the affirmative and four in the negative. Those voting nay were: Donnell, of Wasco; Ford, of Umatilla; Stearns, of Grant; and Cornelius, of Washington. The act as framed proposed to loan the credit of the state to the Oregon Central Railroad Company by requiring the state treasurer to pay the annual coupons upon the bonds issued by the company at the rate of seven per cent. per annum, and bonds at the rate of \$10,000 per mile for each mile of road completed, until the whole number of bonds upon which the state was to pay interest should not exceed one thousand, of the aggregate nominal value of \$1,000,000.

On October 17, 1868, Senator Miller, of Jackson County, offered Senate Joint Resolution No. 16, reciting the passage of House Joint Resolution No. 13, and reciting that at the time of its adoption no such company as the Oregon Central Railroad Company was organized or

in existence, and that the joint resolution was adopted under misapprehension of the facts, and that therefore there had been no legal designation of the company required by the act of congress of July 25, 1866. The resolution was urged in the interest of what afterwards was known as the Oregon Central of Salem, and the resolution passed the senate by a vote of fourteen in the affirmative and eight in the negative. The negative votes were cast by S. C. Adams, of Yamhill; T. R. Cornelius, of Washington; Binger Hermann, of Douglas; B. F. Holtzclaw, of Josephine; and H. C. Huston, of Lane; S. Ison, of Baker; C. M. Pershbaker, of Douglas, Coos and Curry; and B. F. Burch, of Polk. It is thus seen that the controversy became geographical, the west side senators voting as a unit, assisted by a scattering vote from other sections of the state. The action of the senate was communicated to the house on October 19; whereupon C. B. Bellinger, who, with Daniel Carlisle, of Benton, had contested the seats occupied by J. C. Alexander and R. A. Bensell, and who had been seated in place of Bensell, took active measures to secure the passage of the senate joint resolution. After a spirited contest, the house divided upon the same lines as the senate. The senate joint resolution finally passed, under which the Oregon Central Railroad Company incorporated April 22, 1867, became designated as the company entitled to the grant under the act of congress of July 25, 1866, and was the predecessor in interest of the present Oregon and California Railroad Company as to such grant. This controversy between these two rival railroads occupied the attention of the courts for several years, and was transferred from the legislative assembly to Washington, D. C. Mr. Joseph Gaston was one of the leading and moving spirits behind the Oregon Central Railroad Company, called the West Side Company.

After it had become an established fact that the Oregon Central of Salem was the designated beneficiary of the grant, special effort was made to give a grant to the Oregon Central West Side, and to that end the act of May 4, 1870, was passed, giving to the West Side Company a grant of land to aid in the construction of a railroad from Portland to McMinnville and Astoria, by way of Forest Grove.

The legislative assembly for the year 1868 convened September 14. B. F. Burch was elected president of the senate and John Whiteaker was elected speaker of the house. Among the members of the senate we notice the names of Lansing Stout, of Multnomah; D. P. Thompson, of Clackamas; Binger Hermann, of Douglas; and of the house John Whiteaker and H. H. Gilfrey, of Lane; T. W. Davenport and John Minto, of Marion; G. W. Burnett, of Yamhill. Victor Trevitt on Wednesday, September 16, 1868, introduced Senate Joint Resolution No. 4, rescinding resolution passed September 19, 1866, relative to amending the Constitution of the United States, and withdrew the assent of the State of Oregon to the proposed Fourteenth Amendment. It is recited in the resolution offered by Senator Trevitt that no amendment to the constitution is valid until ratified by three fourths of the states, and that until so ratified any state had a right to withdraw its assent, and that on July 28, 1868, Secretary Seward had issued a proclamation reciting, among other things, that the proposed amendment was ratified by the legislatures of Arkansas, Florida, Louisiana, Alabama, South Carolina, and Georgia, and that the same was adopted by more than three fourths of the states. It was further recited in the resolution that the newly-constituted and newly-established bodies avowing themselves to be and acting as legislatures of these

states, were created by military despotism against the will of the legal voters of said states under the unconstitutional reconstruction acts, which were revolutionary and void, and that such bodies could not legally ratify such amendment. It was further recited that the resolution of 1866, passed by a vote of twenty-five ayes and twenty-two nays, by means of the votes of Thomas H. Brentz and M. M. McKean, fraudulently seated as members of Grant County, whose seats were vacated September 22, 1866, and filled by J. M. McCoy and G. W. Knisely, who, on September 29, 1866, entered their protest on the journal of the house, and declared therein that if they had not been excluded, they would have voted against such ratifying resolution, thereby defeating the same; and further reciting that on October 6, 1866, the house had not legally concurred in the joint resolution. It was resolved, therefore, by Senator Trevitt's resolution, that the resolution adopted September 19, 1866, had been so adopted by fraud, and that the same should be and was thereby rescinded. The ratification was withdrawn and refused; and further resolved that any amendment should be proposed by a congress in which all the states should be represented, or by a convention of all the states.

On September 23, 1866, the committee on federal resolutions reported in favor of the adoption of this resolution, and declared in the report that the conduct of the dominant party in the last legislature with reference to the proposed amendment was one of the reasons of its overthrow in the late election. This rescinding resolution was passed by the senate on October 6, 1868, and the house thereafter concurred. House Joint Resolution No. 13 was passed, instructing and demanding that George H. Williams and H. W. Corbett should resign their seats in the senate because, as alleged, they had misrepresented the people and supported measures in violation of the

constitution, known as the reconstruction acts, declaring that they had been actuated by unworthy partisan motives in their efforts to impeach and remove the president, and declaring that Senator Williams had acted from improper and unworthy motives. Nothing ever came of this effort on the part of the legislative assembly of the year 1868 to rescind the joint resolution of the previous session in respect to the Fourteenth Amendment. This action upon the part of the democratic majority was in line with the intense feeling entertained by that party towards the reconstruction measures passed by congress and the bitter quarrel between President Johnson and the republican majority. At this session, also, J. C. Alexander, Daniel Simpson, G. W. Burnett, J. F. Gazley, John F. Denny, James Applegate, R. Pendegast, T. W. Davenport, J. G. Flook, D. P. Trullinger, W. D. Hoxter, J. W. Garret, W. W. Brown, John Minto, and John A. Taylor, being the republican minority, resigned their seats as members of the house on Saturday, October 24, 1868, leaving the general appropriation bill on the table, and other important legislation not passed. The house consisted of forty-seven members, thirty-two being a quorum. There were twenty-seven present and six absent, as stated by the governor in his message in response to notice. The house replied, declaring that there were twenty-seven members present and sixteen vacancies. The report of the committee, of which W. W. Chapman was chairman, impugned the good faith of the governor, charging him with falsehood and misrepresentation.

The legislative assembly for the year 1870 convened September 12, of that year. James D. Fay was elected president of the senate, and Ben Hayden, of Polk, elected speaker. Among the prominent members of the senate for that session were: A. H. Brown, of Baker; Fay, of Jackson; Enoch Hoult, of Linn; D. P. Thompson, of

Clackamas ; R. B. Cochran, of Lane ; Lansing Stout, of Multnomah, and T. R. Cornelius, of Washington ; R. S. Strahan contested the seat of A. M. Witham from Benton. The seat of Binger Hermann, sitting member elected from Douglas, 1868, was contested by L. F. Mosher. It was claimed that Mr. Hermann held the office of deputy collector of internal revenue, and thereby the office of senator had become vacated. The seat of J. W. Watts, senator from Yamhill, was contested by W. T. Newby. On Wednesday, October 26, 1870, Victor Trevitt offered in the senate Joint Resolution No. 30, declaring that the so-called Fifteenth Amendment is an infringement of popular right and a direct falsification of the pledges made to the State of Oregon by the federal government, and that the same be rejected. This resolution was adopted by a vote of sixteen to five ; Brown, Cornelius, Moores, Powell, and Thompson voting in the negative. The house concurred by a party vote on the same day. On October 26, Trevitt introduced Senate Joint Resolution No. 32, consisting of nine sections, professing unswerving fidelity to the Union and the constitution, and declaring that each state is an independent sovereign political community, except in certain particulars, declaring that the dominant party had repeatedly ignored and violated the constitution. This resolution was also adopted by a vote of twelve to five ; four being absent. The minority candidate for speaker of the house against Mr. Hayden was W. D. Hare, of Washington. Governor Woods, in his message of September 13, 1870, called the attention of the legislisative assembly to the fact that the session of 1868 had failed to pass the general appropriation bill, in consequence of which the business of the state had been done upon credit, while the money of the state was accumulating in the vaults of the treasury. It will be remembered that L. F. Grover was elected governor

at the regular election for the year 1870, and was about to succeed Governor Woods. A joint committee was appointed for the purpose of making arrangements for the inaugural ceremonies, and the governor-elect was inaugurated in Reed's Opera House. At this session Andrew Shuck and William M. Townsend successfully contested the seats of L. Laughlin and A. Hussey, of Yamhill; Carlisle and Galloway contested successfully the seats of Kelly and Dunn, of Benton County. The seats of the sitting members, Starkweather, Apperson, and Paquet, of Clackamas, were unsuccessfully contested. On September 20, 1870, in the house, James K. Kelly received twenty-eight votes; George H. Williams, nineteen votes for United States Senator; and in the senate Kelly received fourteen votes, and Williams seven. In joint convention Wednesday, September 21, 1870, Kelly received forty-two votes and Williams twenty-six, and Judge Kelly was thereupon declared elected United States Senator for the term beginning the first Monday in March, 1871. On September 21, 1870, Mr. T. W. Davenport offered House Joint Resolution No. 14, as follows: "Whereas, Lieutenant-General Sherman, the hero of Atlanta, is expected soon to arrive in this state; therefore, be it resolved by the legislative assembly of the State of Oregon, that in remembrance of his great services in the cause of republican liberty and for the preservation of the American Union, we do hereby extend to him a most cordial welcome, and respectfully invite him to visit the capitol at his earliest convenience, some time during the present session of the legislative assembly." Mr. Olney moved to amend, by inserting in its proper place in the preamble, the words: "William T. Sherman, General of the Army of the United States." Mr. Amos moved to amend by inserting after Lieutenant-General Sherman the words: "Who destroyed indiscriminately the people of a

large portion of our country against every usage of civil warfare during the late civil war." The resolution was referred to the committee on military affairs upon motion of Mr. Whiteaker, and a substitute for the original resolution was reported, as follows: "Resolved by the house, the senate concurring, that we welcome William T. Sherman, General of the Army of the United States, to our state, and invite him and his staff to visit the capitol at this session."

At the election held on Monday, June 6, 1870, for state officers, L. F. Grover received eleven thousand seven hundred and twenty-six votes, Joel Palmer eleven thousand and ninety-five votes, for the office of governor; S. F. Chadwick eleven thousand six hundred and fifty-five votes, James Elkins eleven thousand one hundred and forty-two votes, for the office of secretary of state; L. Fleischner eleven thousand five hundred and ninety-three votes, M. Hirsch ten thousand nine hundred and sixty-nine votes, for the office of state treasurer; Thomas Patterson eleven thousand six hundred and fifty-one votes and H. R. Kincaid eleven thousand five hundred and fifty-eight votes, for the office of state printer; James H. Slater eleven thousand five hundred and eighty-eight votes and Joseph G. Wilson eleven thousand two hundred and forty-five votes, for the office of congressman. It is thus seen that the entire state ticket of the democratic party was elected by a small majority. A. J. Thayer was elected judge of the second judicial district by a vote of two thousand four hundred and twenty-two to two thousand three hundred and thirty-six in favor of John Kelsay; R. P. Boise was elected judge of the third judicial district by a vote of three thousand four hundred and ninety-two to three thousand four hundred and seventy-four for B. F. Bonham; L. L. McArthur was elected judge of the fifth judicial district by a vote of two thousand

one hundred and fifty-seven to one thousand four hundred and seventy-nine in favor of B. Whitten. At the presidential election held November 3, 1868, the democratic electors, S. F. Chadwick, John Burnett, and James H. Slater, received an average vote of eleven thousand one hundred and twenty-five to ten thousand nine hundred and sixty polled for A. B. Meacham, Wilson Bowlby, and Orange Jacobs, the republican electors. It will be remembered that the republican candidates were Ulysses S. Grant and Schuyler Colfax, and the democratic candidates were Horatio Seymour and Frank P. Blair. At this election the second judicial district was composed of the counties of Benton, Coos, Curry, Douglas and Lane. The third judicial district of the counties of Linn, Marion, Polk and Yamhill, and the fifth judicial district of Baker, Grant, Umatilla, Union and Wasco. The population of the state, according to the ninth census, taken in the year 1870, was ninety thousand seven hundred and seventy-six. The legal voters were twenty-four thousand and forty-eight. The population of Multnomah at that time was eleven thousand five hundred and thirteen; of Marion nine thousand nine hundred and sixty-four, and Linn eight thousand seven hundred and seventeen. There were then twenty-two counties.

Governor Woods in his message to the legislature in September, 1870, strongly urged state aid for the construction of railroads. Governor Grover, in his inaugural address, speaking of the Fifteenth Amendment, said: "Since your last meeting, by the promulgation of the so-called Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, Oregon has been deprived *de facto* of the first element of its constitution, guaranteed by her admission into the Union—the right to regulate suffrage. In the farewell address of Washington we have the following remarkable and prophetic admoni-

tion: 'Toward the preservation of your government and the permanency of your present happy state it is requisite not only that you speedily discountenance irregular opposition to its acknowledged authority, but also that you resist with care the spirit of invasion upon its principles, however specious the pretexts. One method of assault may be to effect, in the forms of the constitution, alterations which impair the energy of the system, and thus undermine what can not be directly overthrown.' The spirit of invasion upon the principles of the Constitution of the United States, of which we have been forewarned, has already been abroad, and it has adopted the very method of assault specifically pointed out. It has struck at the vital forces of our system and sought to implant therein the essential elements of tyranny. It has attacked the principle of local self-government in the states, which is the chief corner stone of our whole political fabric. While discountenancing irregular opposition to even assumed authority on the part of the general government in this respect, I shall not forbear placing on record my settled conviction that the two propositions last promulgated as amendments to the Constitution of the United States, effecting, as they do, such violence to the inherent and reserved rights of the several states, have never been legally sanctioned; and while we yield to superior force, exercised in the forms of law, let our constitution stand, sustained by the will of her people as a living monument of the former dignity of the states of the Union and as a landmark of American liberty. In order to cure the numerous complications and inconsistencies into which the late distracted condition of the country has thrown our fundamental laws, both state and national, at the proper time I would recommend that Oregon join with her sister states in proposing a call for a convention of all the states to frame amend-

ments to the Constitution of the United States, to which, when fairly ratified by the legislatures or conventions of three fourths of the states, elected upon the issues submitted, all the states would cheerfully acquiesce and conform their local constitutions thereto. This course will probably become necessary in order that the co-ordinate branches of the general government be better intrenched in their rights, and that the rights of the states be redefined and acknowledged."

It is thus seen that the issues growing out of the war were sharply defined, and that the successful party in the elections in 1870 in the State of Oregon read in the results of that election condemnation of the reconstruction measures and of the adoption of the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments. At this distance, and divested of the feelings of bitterness which inflamed so many good men, it is seen that the gloomy anticipation in respect to these amendments have not been realized.

The legislative assembly, seventh biennial session, convened September 9, 1872, and concluded October 23, 1872. James D. Fay was elected president of the senate by the unanimous vote of that body. Syl. C. Simpson was elected chief clerk upon the sixty-third ballot. Rufus Mallory was elected speaker of the house. L. F. Mosher contested a seat in the senate from Douglas County, and Z. F. Moody contested the seat of W. F. Monroe from Wasco County. The joint convention for the election of United States Senator convened on Wednesday, September 25, 1872, and on that day John H. Mitchell received thirty-two votes; H. W. Corbett, eleven; John Whiteaker, four; P. P. Prim, eight; J. H. Slater, eleven; J. W. Nesmith, four; N. Gates, one; and on September 28, 1872, Mr. Corbett addressed a letter to W. W. Bristow, in which he withdrew his name as a candidate for United States Senator, and on the fifth ballot Mr. Mitchell re-

ceived forty-one votes ; Corbett, twelve ; Prim, fourteen ; Blank, four ; and Mr. Mitchell was declared elected. This was Senator Mitchell's first election to the United States Senate for the term commencing March 4, 1873. Among the members of the senate we notice the familiar names of Enoch Hoult, of Linn ; R. S. Strahan, of Benton ; Albert H. Brown, of Baker ; W. W. Bristow, of Lane ; J. F. Watson, of Douglas ; J. W. Cowles, of Yamhill ; T. R. Cornelius, of Washington ; J. N. Dolph, of Multnomah ; John Myers, of Clackamas ; and in the house the familiar names of Benjamin Simpson, of Benton ; L. T. Barrin, of Clackamas ; G. W. Riddle, of Douglas ; Nathaniel Langell, of Jackson ; Rufus Mallory, of Marion ; T. McF. Patton, of Marion ; J. F. Caples, and Sol Hirsch of Multnomah ; Robert Clow, of Polk ; A. R. Burbank and T. R. Harrison, of Yamhill. On Wednesday, October 23, 1872, the democrats of the house withdrew in a body, thereby breaking the quorum, and on that day the house adjourned without passing the general appropriation bill. The presidential electors for 1872 on the republican ticket were A. B. Meacham, W. D. Hare, and J. F. Gazley, and they received an average vote of eleven thousand eight hundred and eighteen. The democratic electors—Horace Greeley for president—were N. H. Gates, E. D. Shattuck, and George R. Helm, receiving an average vote of seven thousand seven hundred and forty-two. On October 13, 1873, a special election was held for representative in the forty-third congress, at which J. W. Nesmith, democrat, received eight thousand one hundred and ninety-four votes ; Hiram Smith, republican, six thousand one hundred and twenty-three. At the state election held June 1, 1874, T. W. Davenport, independent, received six thousand three hundred and fifty votes ; R. Williams, republican, nine thousand three hundred and forty votes ; George A. LaDow, democrat,

nine thousand six hundred and forty-two votes, for congressman. J. H. Doughitt, independent, five thousand seven hundred and thirty-three votes; C. M. Foster, republican, eight thousand six hundred and three votes; S. F. Chadwick, democrat, ten thousand nine hundred and seventy-seven votes, for secretary of state. Demas Beach, independent, six thousand one hundred and thirty-two votes; D. G. Clark, republican, nine thousand and forty-three votes; A. H. Brown, democrat, ten thousand two hundred and twenty-eight votes, for state treasurer. William Hand, independent, five thousand seven hundred and twenty-one votes; E. M. Waite, republican, nine thousand and seventy-eight votes; M. V. Brown, democrat, ten thousand three hundred and one votes, for state printer. M. M. Ogelsby, independent, five thousand and fifty-seven votes; L. L. Rowland, republican, nine thousand seven hundred and thirty votes; E. J. Dawne, democrat, nine thousand six hundred and ninety votes, for superintendent of public instruction. At this election, L. F. Mosher, democrat, received one thousand nine hundred and twenty-nine votes; John Burnett, independent, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-eight votes; John Kelsay, republican, one thousand five hundred and thirty votes, for judge of the second judicial district. W. C. Johnson, republican, two thousand three hundred; E. D. Shattuck, democrat, three thousand six hundred and seventy-three votes, for judge of the fourth judicial district. H. Kelly, republican, seven hundred and thirty-two votes; H. K. Hanna, democrat, nine hundred and eleven votes, for prosecuting attorney first judicial district. J. J. Walton, independent, one thousand six hundred and nineteen votes; F. A. Chenoweth, republican, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-one votes; C. W. Fitch, democrat, two thousand and thirty-eight votes, for prosecuting attorney for the second judicial

district. T. Ford, independent, two thousand one hundred and eighty-one votes; N. B. Humphrey, republican, two thousand three hundred and eighty-eight votes; J. J. Whitney, democrat, two thousand seven hundred and fifty-five votes, for prosecuting attorney third judicial district. J. C. Moreland, republican, two thousand six hundred and seventeen votes; H. Y. Thompson, independent, three thousand two hundred and seventy-nine votes, for prosecuting attorney fourth judicial district. O. Humason, independent, nine hundred and forty-five votes; J. C. Cartwright, republican, one thousand one hundred and thirty-two votes; W. B. Lazwell, democrat, two thousand and ninety-four votes, for prosecuting attorney for the fifth judicial district.

In the winter of 1872 and 1873 the Modoc Indians, then encamped on Lost River, were ordered returned to the Klamath Reservation. They refused to obey, and Maj. James Jackson of the United States Army, with thirty-five men, was detailed to execute the order. The force being insufficient, John E. Ross, Brigadier General, First Brigade, Oregon Militia, with several companies, was ordered to his assistance, which resulted in what is called the Modoc War. On January 17, 1873, an engagement took place with the Indians under command of Captain Jack, in which there were three hundred and ten United States soldiers, one hundred and fifteen Oregon militia, and twenty-five California volunteers. The attack was unsuccessful, resulting in the loss of thirty-seven killed and wounded United States troops, two killed and five wounded Oregon militia, and four California volunteers wounded, two of whom afterwards died. The Indians were well fortified and had an estimated force of one hundred and fifty to two hundred. This was known as the battle of the Lava Beds. The president appointed a peace commission, who, on April 11, 1873, while attempt-

ing to negotiate with the Modocs, were attacked and massacred. The Indians, of course, finally surrendered, their leaders were banished, and the rest removed to various reservations.

INCIDENTS IN THE ORGANIZATION OF THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT.

The great historic event whose fifty-eighth anniversary we meet on this occasion to commemorate was of greater importance and has been more far-reaching in its consequences than could have been supposed by any of those who took part in its proceedings. When, upon this exact spot fifty-eight years ago to-day, Joe Meek, in his impulsively patriotic manner, called for a "division," and, taking his stand apart from the others, asked all those who were in favor of an organization to follow him, he could not have foreseen, neither could his compatriots, the future great commonwealth to be reared upon an enduring foundation, the corner stone of which was that day so dramatically provided; but all governments have their beginnings, and where they are not the result of a revolutionary overthrow of some former one, but spring from the necessities of pioneer settlers, they are usually the offspring of an unselfish endeavor and a purpose to protect life, liberty, and property impartially and effectually.

A truthful recital of the circumstances surrounding the early occupation and settlement of Oregon reads like a well-prepared romance. The situation was wholly unlike that pertaining to the early occupancy of any other portion of our entire country. When the early American immigrants began to come here in considerable numbers, the "Oregon country" was not a part of any nation, but was resting under a not well defined claim of both the

NOTE.—This was the opening address in the ceremonies dedicating the monument erected on the ground where the vote for organization was taken.

United States and of Great Britain. It was, indeed, an independent community, really owing allegiance to no higher power, and was, in fact, for some years after its inception, a pure democracy. The early settlers referred to the United States as a foreign country. The early archives are full of such references, and as late as the seventeenth of December, 1847, the legislature passed an act appropriating \$500 "to defray the expenses of J. L. Meek as special messenger to the United States."

It is both interesting and profitable to note that the early efforts towards establishing a civil government were marked by that simplicity and sturdy economy that characterized the pioneers in their daily lives. It was the ground work for that predominating feature in our present state constitution, inserted by the successors of these men in a later decade, which limits the number of state officers performing the principal duties of the state government below that prevailing in any other state in the Union.

The meeting held on this spot fifty-eight years ago has passed into history as the "Wolf meeting," but was really an adjourned meeting from a prior one held on the second of February of the same year, at the Oregon Institute, and another held on the first Monday of March at the house of Joseph Gervais, both of which were held for the purpose of "taking into consideration the propriety of adopting some measures for protecting our herds," etc.

In view of recent legislation in our state it is interesting to note that the meeting held at the residence of Joseph Gervais on March 1, 1843, passed a full-fledged scalp bounty law. I will quote the report of the committee, which had been appointed at the February meeting for the purpose of taking the initiative in the matter of subduing the predatory wolves:

“Your committee beg leave to report as follows :

“It being admitted by all, that bears, wolves, panthers, etc., are destructive to the useful animals owned by the settlers of this colony, your committee would respectfully submit the following resolution, as the sense of this meeting, by which the community may be governed in carrying on a defensive and destructive war against all such animals :

“Resolved, 1. That we deem it expedient for this community to take immediate measures for the destruction of all wolves, bears, and panthers, and such other animals as are known to be destructive to cattle, horses, sheep, and hogs.

“2. That a treasurer be appointed who shall receive all funds and dispense the same, in accordance with drafts drawn on him, by the committee appointed to receive the evidences of the destruction of the above-named animals ; and that he report the state of the treasury by posting up public notices once in three months in the vicinity of each of the committee.

“3. That a standing committee of eight be appointed, whose duty it shall be, together with the treasurer, to receive the proofs of evidences of the animals for which a bounty is claimed, having been killed in the Willamette Valley.

“4. That a bounty of fifty cents be paid for the destruction of a small wolf ; \$3.00 for a large wolf ; \$1.50 for a lynx ; \$2.00 for a bear, and \$5.00 for the panther.

“5. That no bounty be paid unless the individual claiming said bounty give satisfactory evidence, or by presenting the skin of the head, with the ears, of all animals for which he claims a bounty.

“6. That the committee and treasurer form a board of advice to call public meetings, whenever they may

deem expedient, to promote and encourage all persons to use their vigilance in destroying all the animals named in the fourth resolution.

“7. That the bounties named in the fourth resolution be limited to whites and their descendants.

“On motion it was—

“Resolved, That no one receive a bounty (except Indians) unless he pay a subscription of \$5.00.

“It was moved and seconded that the Indians receive one half as much as the whites.

“It was moved and seconded that all claims for bounties be presented within ten days from the time of becoming entitled to said bounties, and, if there should be any doubts, the individual claiming the bounty shall give his oath to the various circumstances, which was carried.”

In the mean time, however, it was becoming apparent to the settlers of the Willamette Valley that the protection of their own lives and rights, as well as their herds, could not be longer safely postponed. There can be no doubt that the Champoege meeting had this end chiefly in view, although the intention had evidently been largely confined to the knowledge of those who sympathized with an American government.

An incident which emphasized this necessity was the death of Ewing Young on February 15, 1841. Mr. Young was the wealthiest American citizen in the country, and, leaving no will or heirs, as far as was known, and there being no probate officer, the distribution of his property was a question of great importance. His property finally went to the territorial government, but it required some years to effect this result. On December 11, 1845, Mr. Garrison presented a petition to the provisional legislature “from Daniel Waldo and Thomas Jeffries, in rela-

tion to the estate of Ewing Young." Reference is made to the same matter in the Oregon archives on December 17, 1845, on December 4, 1846, and again on the eighth. The matter was finally disposed of by an act passed December 24, 1846, and which reads as follows :

"Section 1. Be it enacted by the legislative committee of Oregon, that the executive power shall appoint an administrator to close up and collect the debts due the estate of Ewing Young, deceased, and such administrator shall proceed as soon as possible to wind up the business of said estate.

"Section 2. That the executive power shall cause to be let out to the lowest bidder the building of a substantial log jail at Oregon City, to be finished in such time and manner as they may think proper, and shall take such bond and security as may be sufficient to secure its completion.

"Section 3. That said administrator shall pay all moneys collected by him belonging to the estate of said Young, deceased, to the treasurer of Oregon, whose duty it shall be to give the said administrator a receipt for the same.

"Section 4. That the sum of \$1,500 be and the same is hereby appropriated for the building of said jail, to be paid out of the first moneys received from said administrator of said estate, and in the event there is not so much received, then the balance to be paid out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated.

"Section 5. That the faith of this government is hereby pledged for the payment of all moneys hereafter received from the administrator of the estate of said Young, whenever the same shall be lawfully claimed, and said claim established by the heirs or creditors of said Young.

"Section 6. That the executive power shall be author-

ized to receive a lot donated by John McLoughlin for the purpose of erecting said jail, which lot shall be conveyed to Oregon agreeably to a communication of said John McLoughlin, addressed to a committee of this house appointed to wait upon him.

“Section 7. That said jail shall be used alike for the imprisonment of all criminals in Oregon.

“Passed December 24, 1846.

“(Signed)

M. M. McCARVER,
Speaker.”

The intention of our sturdy fathers to do absolutely the right thing at all times is well illustrated in the seventh section of this act, in its comprehensive provision for “the imprisonment of all criminals in Oregon,” in this proposed jail. Whether the jail was ever built in accordance with the requirements of this act is somewhat doubtful, since it is recorded that on December 13, 1847, a year later, “Mr. Nesmith, from the committee on judiciary, to whom was referred that portion of the governor’s message relating to the erection of a jail, reported they deemed it inexpedient in the present embarrassed condition of finance, to incur the expense of a jail.”

Although the estate of Mr. Young was collected into the treasury, it was never regarded as the absolute property of the territory. In the territorial liabilities, the amount of \$2,615 is given as “collected from the estate of Ewing Young.” In after years, when Oregon had become a state, the value of his property was refunded to his son, Joaquin Young, in New Mexico.

The government organized here fifty-eight years ago “by the inhabitants of the Willamette settlements,” consisted of a legislative committee composed of the following honored pioneers, to wit: Messrs. Hill, Dougherty, Shortness, Hewell, Hubbard, Gray, O’Neil, Moore, and Beers. Other civil officers were chosen, a major and

captains were selected and instructed to enlist men for companies of mounted riflemen. The per diem of the members of the legislative committee was fixed at \$1.25, the money to be raised by subscription, and the meeting adjourned to convene again on the fifth of the following July. For the purpose of protecting the public treasury, however, it was provided that the legislative committee should not sit over six days.

In pursuance of the duties imposed upon it, the committee met upon the sixteenth of the same month, and was in session on the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth, and the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth of June. The meeting was held at "Willamette," presumably Oregon City, and, having occupied the entire six days at their disposal (a precedent, by the way, which has been followed religiously by their descendants) adjourned to meet at "Champooick," on the following fifth of July, in order to report their proceedings to "the people." The official title of this gathering is "Public meeting, held on the fifth of July, 1843," and the opening statement is to the effect that "the inhabitants of Oregon territory met, pursuant to adjournment, to hear the report of the legislative committee, and to do such other business as might come before them." No credentials were necessary to entitle one to a legal participation in the proceedings of this meeting. It was composed of the "inhabitants of Oregon territory," and as such they were laying the foundations of one of the best systems of state government to be found to-day in the entire Union.

This was a period when the people met and enacted their own laws, and may be said to have been the halcyon days of the initiative and referendum, in its fullest simplicity, but it could not last long with that comprehensive exercise of public privileges. Its universality is well

illustrated, however, by this quotation from the official record of June 28, 1844, when Mr. Garrison introduced the following resolution, which was referred to the committee of the whole, but which was never acted upon, so far as the records show :

“Resolved, That whereas the people of Oregon, assembled *en masse*, did on the second day of May, A. D. 1843, resolve that no tax should be levied upon this people, confirming the same by the adoption of the report of the committee of ways and means, adopted by the legislative committee and referred to the people *en masse*, and by them enacted on the fifth day of July, 1843 ; therefore

“Resolved, That this house has no right to levy a tax of any kind without the consent of the free voters of this territory previously obtained.

“Resolved, That all acts and parts of acts on that subject, passed by the legislative committee, were contrary to the express resolution and action of the people.”

The preserved record of that meeting held at this place fifty-eight years ago makes no mention of the passage of the resolution here referred to, but such action must have been taken, which seems to indicate that the vision of our fathers did not reach far into the future if they expected to maintain a government without levying taxes upon the people. By following the official records it will be seen that eighteen months later than this, to wit, on the nineteenth of December, 1845, this law was approved by Governor Abernethy :

“Section 2. The governor of Oregon is hereby authorized to give public notice throughout Oregon, either by publishing the same in the newspaper, or otherwise, that he will receive sealed proposals from all who may desire to give donations to the government for the purpose of erecting public buildings and locating the seat of government—said proposal to state the amount to be given

and the kind of property in which it is to be paid. It might be said, in connection with this proposition, that the manner in which our assessments are disregarded at present in many cases amounts to little more than a voluntary contribution on the part of some of our counties towards the support of the state government."

In this connection it is interesting to recall that when the territorial legislature met in Oregon City on the seventh of December, 1847, during the afternoon session the record says that Mr. Hembree, from the committee appointed to procure a room, reported that the room now occupied by Stephen Meek could be obtained for \$1.25 per day, "which report was adopted;" but the next day the record says the report, on motion of Mr. Nesmith, was rejected. No reason whatever is assigned for this very disrespectful treatment of Mr. Meek, but the house adjourned to "meet at the Methodist Church in thirty minutes!"

At the beginning of the session of 1846, Mr. Meek reported as follows:

"Mr. Speaker, the committee appointed to procure a room for the use of the legislature beg leave to report that they have discharged their duty by examining a room proposed by Mr. Knighton, at \$2.00 a day, and one proposed by Mr. Card at — a day. Taking everything into consideration, we recommend the former." And at the opening of the session as late as 1848, Mr. Crawford, of Marion County, reported: "Your committee, to whom was referred the procuring of a house in which to hold the present session of the legislature, beg leave to report that they have examined several houses, and have decided in favor of the one owned by G. W. Rice, which, together with wood for the session, can be had for \$5.00 per day, in scrip."

In connection with the other features of the early

troubles of our fathers, in the matter of proceeding with their legislative sessions, they at least seemed to be exempt from the speculative tendency to corner the wood supply for state institutions, although there are more trees growing in Oregon to-day than there were sixty years ago.

On the twentieth of July, 1849, although the territorial government was fully inaugurated, the following resolution was introduced and adopted :

“Resolved, That a committee of two be appointed on the part of the house to act in conjunction with a like number to be appointed by the council, to inquire into the expediency of the two houses adjourning until after harvest.” In accordance with the terms of this joint resolution, both houses adjourned on the twenty-eighth of July, and reconvened on the twentieth of August, which was “after harvest.”

The journal for the session of the legislative committee held on May 19, 1843, recites that “the house adjourned by uniting in prayer.” On June 30, 1845, Mr. Gray presented a communication from Rev. H. Clark, “resigning his appointment as chaplain of the house,” and Messrs. Garrison, Straight, and Gray were appointed a committee to procure another chaplain. On the following day, it is recorded that Mr. Garrison, from the committee to procure a chaplain, reported that “no person could be found to perform the duties of that office.”

It will be profitable for the younger generation of Oregonians, who are accustomed to behold costly and modern public buildings, and to read of general appropriation bills amounting to near \$1,000,000 per annum, to be reminded that the appropriation bill for the year 1845 was \$1,035, and that \$500 of it went to pay the members, \$40 to the clerk of the house, and \$20 to the engrossing clerk. My recollection is that the amount

paid for clerk hire during the last session was somewhat in excess of this sum.

The legislative committee, which was the direct successor of the one elected here on the second day of May, 1843, met in regular session at Oregon City on the sixteenth of December, 1844, at the house of J. E. Long. Two days later the report of the treasurer was presented, and is as follows :

“Received of collector of taxes, \$313.31 ; for license, two ferries, \$40 ; one fine, \$5.00 ; total receipts, \$358.21. Expended for stationery, \$20.38 ; Mr. Hathaway’s house, \$15 ; Judge Babcock’s salary, \$60 ; services of secretary in house, \$20 ; total, \$115.38 ; balance remaining in treasury, \$242.83.”

Marion County was known as Champoege County until the name was changed by the legislature on the third of September, 1849. On the twenty-eighth of August, 1849, it was “Resolved, that the county seat of Champoege County be and the same is hereby located at the Town of Salem, in said county.” In the early printed records the name is spelled “Champoege,” “Champoege,” and “Champoegeick.” It is a matter to be regretted that the name of this county was ever changed. It is an Indian name, signifying “the place of the camp,” is fully as euphonious as those other Indian names, Clatsop, Tillamook, Clackamas, and Multnomah, and should have been preserved along with them as a memento of the earliest patriotic efforts of our pioneer fathers.

But I must not trespass upon the material to be used by the distinguished speakers who are to follow me. The field for retrospective research is as unlimited as it is remarkably fascinating. It is not only fitting that these commemorative ceremonies should be held through the great respect we have for the fathers who builded here nearly sixty years ago, even better than they knew, but

for the additional reason that it will have a tendency to awaken a renewed interest in early Oregon history among those whose lives have begun since the events of those stirring times which have passed forever into the annals of our state. I have recently spent a few hours looking through the archives of our early history, now in the office of the secretary of state, and found it a very interesting and profitable pastime.

Of those who figured prominently in the history of our early affairs few are left. Our distinguished and honored fellow-citizen, Hon. F. X. Matthieu, is the only survivor of that immortal band, who, by their patriotic action here fifty-eight years ago, made this spot sacred for all time to every loyal Oregonian. He should be comforted by the assurance that he has the united hope of all the people of the state he so nobly served, when his attitude seemed to demand a special sacrifice, that he may live many years yet to enjoy the fruits of his early efforts in its behalf. Even of those who rendered valuable service to the budding commonwealth a decade later, none are in active life now that I recall, except our "Grand Old Man," Hon. George H. Williams, and Judge R. P. Boise. I believe Judge Boise has seen longer service in the public affairs of Oregon than any other man who has ever been one of its citizens. On the twelfth of December, 1853, Hon. J. D. Boon, who was the territorial treasurer, mentions in his report to the legislature that on the seventeenth of December, 1852, he "paid R. P. Boise, per order, No. 21, filed in this office, \$300." I think Mr. Boise was elected prosecuting attorney about 1853, and has been almost continuously in the judicial service of the state since, and now, at the age of eighty years, he is physically hale, strong mentally, has yet four years to his credit in his present term as circuit judge in the third district, and is rounding out

an active and creditable career in the state he helped to found, and is enjoying the esteem and confidence of all his fellow-citizens.

To these names should be added, however, those of Hon. H. W. Corbett, the pioneer merchant, banker, and philanthropist, and Hon. A. Bush, who for many years was the territorial printer and editor of the *Oregon Statesman*. Both of these distinguished gentlemen are still at the head of large business interests and are as strong mentally as fifty years ago.

After a life of great honor and usefulness to his adopted state, Nesmith sleeps on the banks of the Rickreall, near the old homestead he loved so well, and where all his active life was spent, when not in the service of the commonwealth. The older members of the Applegate family have long since gone to rest among the lovely hills of Southern Oregon, where they selected their homes more than a half century ago, and which they so bravely helped to wrest from the murderous Indians of that section. Waldo and Newell and the elder McBride, and Deady and Smith and Lane, and scores of others of equal eminence and usefulness have long since gone to that undiscovered country; but, although men may come and men may go, human responsibilities and duties never cease. It is a part of the history of the human race that younger generations have always proven themselves able to assume and to successfully discharge the duties falling upon them, and it is believed that the native sons and daughters of Oregon, assisted by those who have come among them, will prove no exception to this historical fact. Their devotion to the welfare and honor of their beloved state is unbounded and immeasurable, and their every effort should be given to its continued development along such lines as will contribute to the advancement and betterment of all its people.

So we come to-day to dedicate this monument, and the beautiful spot upon which it stands, to the people of Oregon for all time, in memory of the patriotic men whose names are thus recorded as being our oldest pioneer state builders. Sixty years ago there were less than thirty-six white male settlers within the entire boundary of what now constitutes the great State of Oregon. From this small beginning, and within a time that is comparatively short, has grown the magnificent state of which we are all so proud, and of whose possibilities, who can portend?

The panorama which met the sight of the first pioneers who came to the Willamette Valley must have been inspiring beyond description, and in contemplating the beauties of a great country like this, before it had been scarred by the hand of ambitious man—while it was still in that condition as when first made by

“Our fathers’ God, from out whose hand
The centuries fall, like grains of sand,”

it is doubtful whether, after all, real beauty is added to it by all the results of all the output of human energy. The encroaching forests and these adjacent hills, which to-day so gracefully lend their charm to the rapid march of maturing civilization, had never heard any sound save the occasional war whoop of the “untutored Indian.” The then mystic country, “Where rolled the Oregon,” was not far away, but the continuous woods adorned the banks of the near-by river even to the very spot where we are now assembled. Since a time when all calculation is lost in hopeless obscurity the wonderful falls, only a few miles below, had been engaged in a ceaseless round of majestic activity, and then the river moved on, as now, to join the great Columbia, which, we are told, “is sired by the eternal hills, and wedded to the sea”; and, for

ages to come, may the faithful history of Oregon be so unruffled by the jar of discordant civic or industrial elements that its counterpart will be found in the characteristic placidity of the "Beautiful Willamette," as, reflecting the luxuriant foliage which adorns its banks with inspiring pictures familiar to us since earliest childhood, it moves majestically onward to its home in the great Pacific.

T. T. GEER.

HALL J. KELLEY.

ONE OF THE FATHERS OF OREGON.

Teachers of history, who hold in their hands the scales of justice, should, above all others, strive to weigh carefully the claims of the individual men with whom they have to deal, and to place before their readers not only a few isolated facts, but the explanation of those facts, without which the student of history is but half educated, if educated at all.

That portion of the Northwest coast which was long known as the "Oregon territory" enjoys the distinction of having been fathered by more men with a greater variety of purposes and ambitions than any other of the family of commonwealths under the United States flag. First, there were the English and the American explorers, Gray and Vancouver, and Lewis and Clark, in the employ of their respective companies or governments, whose acts formed the foundation of opposing claims to the northwest, and particularly the region drained by the Columbia River. These form a class by themselves.

Then follows John Jacob Astor, pioneer of the fur trade—of commerce—on the River of the West.¹ His claim to be the father of Oregon was filched from him by his English partners, who paid him forty per cent. of the value of his stock in trade, and assumed the sovereignty of the country occupied by them.

¹To be exact, Captains Jonathan and Nathan Winship, who attempted a settlement for trade and colonization at Oak Point, in 1810, but were driven away by the summer flood, which destroyed their plantation and carried off their buildings, should be named first in designing an establishment on the Columbia. They were deterred from repeating their experiment by hearing of the Astor enterprise.

There was about that time—1815—a young New Englander, Hall J. Kelley, who resented the neglect of the United States to protect Oregon from seizure by a foreign commercial corporation, and who essayed to stir up a colonizing activity in the people. He was in spirit at least the father of the colonists. He was succeeded at a considerably later period by missionary colonizers, at whose head was Jason Lee, the father of the Methodist settlement in the Wallamet Valley, who, since he was successful, may be named one of the fathers of Oregon.

But Jason Lee, had he not himself, and all that came after him been fathered by Dr. John McLoughlin, must have failed in the settlement of the country by Americans. The great historical pioneering triumph of 1843, which a religious denomination has sought to fix upon one of its members, would have been, without McLoughlin, a grievous historical tragedy, and would have lost instead of gaining us this great Northwest.

Colonizers, unless of the Robinson Crusoe sort, must be enthusiasts in the first place, and men of resources afterwards. The mistakes which enthusiasm is liable to commit may be corrected by ample equipment and the necessity of learning from experience. But one of the most sadly pathetic spectacles in life is where the enthusiasm is present and the means, with the sympathy of one's fellows, are absent.

In such a case was Hall J. Kelley, the Boston school teacher, who aspired to be the promoter of colonization in Oregon, and indirectly was so. From 1815, when he was twenty-six years of age, to 1824, he studied the Oregon question, together with plans of educational work. He helped to found the Boston Young Men's Education Society, and the Penitent Female Refuge Society. The first Sunday-school in New England was chiefly due to his efforts, and the first Sunday-school book was his work.

With whatever disfavor some of us may remember this class of literature, there can be no doubt that it was the primer to the very general literary taste of American children. Kelley was also a scientist of no mean acquisitions, particularly in the direction of mathematics and engineering, submitting a system of geographical surveying for the approval of the government in 1829. With all this intellectual activity in other directions, the Boston schoolteacher gave his most serious thought from 1824 to 1828 to a scheme for settling the American claim to Oregon, by colonization. For his information, other than political, he depended upon fur traders and navigators.

Having, as he believed, educated congress and the American people up to an understanding of the value of the country, and the validity of the United States' claim, he was prepared to organize for action. From the similarity between some of the views put forth in his writings and the form of the first Oregon bills brought before congress by Floyd, of Virginia, in 1820, and later, it might be safely inferred that Kelley had been consulted. But although he petitioned congress, and interviewed cabinet members, he failed to obtain the co-operation and the means necessary to so stupendous an enterprise as the founding of a Pacific empire.

The first expedition taking form under his leadership was in 1828, and consisted of several hundred persons. They were to proceed by land, via Saint Louis, depending upon the pilotage of the fur companies. But if there was anything the fur traders were prepared to oppose, it was the irruption into the Indian country of bodies of men who were sure to disturb their trade relations with the natives. Therefore, they offered no encouragement to Kelley's enterprise. On the part of the press of the Eastern States, there was actual doubt and criticism. In short, this attempt ended in failure; but Kelley's faith in

final success was not lessened by the objections of others, however reasonable; and they were reasonable. The government was not prepared to go to war when, by simply renewing the convention of joint occupancy of 1818, it could enjoy peace and take time to gather means for the tug of war, should it ever come to that. Congress argued that there was not sufficient information of a favorable nature about the country to justify the outlay required to establish and maintain military posts across the continent. There were other matters more pressing than the Oregon question. The most farsighted statesmen joined the most shortsighted in opposing Kelley's scheme, though with a different motive. They were carefully but cautiously gathering up data from the annual reports of fur traders, the log books of mariners, and the statements of occasional visitors to the Northwest coast. The most that was promised by those in authority was that protection would be afforded any American settlement in Oregon. With this assurance Kelley was forced to content himself while continuing to set forth the excellencies of a region he had never seen, to argue the justice of the American claim, and to denounce the injustice to the people of the United States of surrendering its riches to a foreign power. Not only was this aspect of the argument impressed upon his readers, but also their duty as Christians, to look after the spiritual and temporal welfare of the native inhabitants of Oregon. Thus for two years more he labored with his pen before incorporating, in 1831, the American society for encouraging a settlement of the Oregon territory. It does not appear that any encouraging number of names was inscribed on its roll. His winters were spent in Washington, interviewing legislators and furnishing information to whoever would receive it.

Whatever interest was exhibited by congress at this

time in the Oregon question may be ascribed to Kelley as the promoter. The fact that it was not powerful enough to overcome the inertia of the East, or to arouse the migratory instincts of the West, should not detract from the service actually rendered in educating the American people and showing them their opportunity. That they were slow in availing themselves of it was a discredit neither to him nor to them. Prophets have always been without honor in their own country, because time alone can verify their predictions.

Impatient of delay and of irritating criticisms Kelley at length—in the autumn of 1832—set out for Oregon, to see with his own eyes what he had so often described to others. Furnished with a passport, he chose the route via Mexico and California. At New Orleans the small party which had accompanied him at the outset abandoned the enterprise. Shipping his goods intended for trade on the Columbia River to Vera Cruz, they were seized by the Mexican authorities for duties and confiscated. Hoping to recover in some measure his loss, he offered his services to teach pedagogy to Mexican schoolmasters, even to the college at Guadalajara. The Mexicans were not sufficiently impressed at this period of their history with the superiority of Yankee methods to appreciate Kelley's offer, who proceeded to California.

In this dependency of Mexico reigned Figueroa as governor, who was quite as jealous as other Mexicans of the citizens of United States. He rejected Kelley's proposal to make for him a survey and map of the Sacramento Valley, fearing, no doubt, that so much knowledge of the country might endanger the Mexican sovereignty—as afterwards it did. For Kelley made a surreptitious survey for himself, and a map which he published on returning to Boston.

It was while in California that Kelly fell in with a man who was destined to have a more immediate effect upon his fortunes, and upon the history of Oregon than all others of this period. This man was Ewing Young, an American trader from Taos, in New Mexico, whence he had led a small party, trading goods to the Californians for horses, and to the Indians for furs. Young was a man of intelligence and of an adventurous spirit. Kelley revealed to him his plan for a settlement on the Columbia, together with his views of the American claim, and his desire to see the Hudson's Bay Company's hold on the country loosened. With this sentiment Young was in full accord, and being quite willing at any time to have an adventure, was persuaded to accompany Kelley to Oregon.

If readers will take the trouble to look up the matter in Lee and Frost's "Oregon," they will find mention of seeing at their unfinished mission house on the Wallamet, in the autumn of 1834, "A party headed by Mr. Ewing Young, an American from one of the western United States, arrived in the Wallamet from California, embracing about a dozen persons, most of them from the United States. Some of them had been sailors, some hunters in the mountains and in the regions bordering on California to the south, and one, Mr. Kelley, was a traveler, a New England man, who entertained some very extravagant notions in regard to Oregon, which he published on his return."

Concerning the party, Young himself says: "When we set out from the last settlement I had seventy-seven horses and mules. Kelley and the other five men had twenty-one. The last nine men that joined the party had fifty-six." The inference from this account is that the party of Young and Kelley at the start consisted of seven persons with ninety-eight horses. They were joined

by nine men with fifty-six horses, making a herd of one hundred and fifty-four, and a joint company of seventeen men. Such a combination was sufficient to arouse suspicion, which indeed the characters of some of the recruits justified, and from which Kelley suffered on his arrival on the Columbia. Before they reached the mountains of Southern Oregon, however, these men had deserted, and the colonists were reduced to "about a dozen" as Lee relates.³

While Kelley and Young were yet among the mountains of Southern Oregon, the former was attacked with a malarial fever in camp, Young being absent looking for straying horses. In the midst of a severe ague Kelley received a visit from the leader of a Hudson's Bay party, Michael La Framboise, on his return from an expedition to San Francisco. The genial and humane Frenchman at once proceeded to administer both medicines and nourishment, remaining with his patient a couple of days, and finally sending him in a canoe to a rendezvous, whence he was conducted to a camp of the Hudson's Bay Company. Kelley continued to travel with La Framboise until overtaken by Young, suffering a relapse when deserted by his faithful nurse, who, when he had been too ill even to ride, had caused him to be carried upon the shoulders of one of his men for several miles.

After such treatment as this, Kelley must have modified his opinion of the company he had come so far to unseat. But what was his surprise to be met at the gate of Fort Vancouver with an edict of exclusion which embraced the whole of his own and Young's party. Kelley being very ill was placed in a house outside the fort,

³The party which came to Oregon at this time were named as follows: Hall J. Kelley, Ewing Young, Webley John Hauxhurst, Joseph Gale, John Howard, Lawrence Carmichael, John McCarty, — Brandywine, — Kilborne, Elisha Ezekiel, and George Winslow (colored), in all eleven men.

with a nurse, medicines, and food, but made to feel that he was an outcast from the society of gentlemen.

Young, being physically as well as mentally able for the conflict, insisted upon an explanation of the indignities put upon himself and Kelley, and learned that by a vessel up from San Francisco before their arrival, Doctor McLoughlin had received a letter from Governor Figueroa of California cautioning him against having anything to do with Kelley and Young, or their party, as they were horse thieves and men of bad character. To this charge Young, for himself, returned an indignant protest, although forced to admit that some of the men who started with him had stolen horses. On his side Doctor McLoughlin insisted that he could have nothing to do with him until the matter was cleared up, and a copy of Figueroa's letter was posted in the Wallamet, warning the French settlers and the missionaries against the California party.

This proscription by the head of the Hudson's Bay Company in Oregon was held by Young to be an act of tyranny by a British corporation, which, by the most liberal construction, had no more rights in the Wallamet than himself or any other American citizen.

The truth about Young seems to have been that he had been robbed of a large amount of furs in California, which loss had brought him in conflict with the Mexican government, ever too willing to wink at the spoilation of strangers. In retaliation of a complaint by Young against the California robbers, a charge of horse stealing was preferred against Young and his associates, which led to the confiscation of the property in question. Horse-stealing was a common vice of the Californians, as it always has been of their Indian progenitors. Branding animals was little protection to a purchaser, as it enabled the original owner from whom it had been stolen, or even

purchased, to reclaim it on the pretense that it was stolen. Young had lost \$18,000 or \$20,000 worth of furs in California, but he had taken away with him nearly a hundred horses. The first thought of a Californian would be that these were somewhat in the nature of a reprisal, since horses in Oregon were worth much more than in California. At all events Governor Figueroa thought proper to warn the chief of the Hudson's Bay Company against the Americans, and the Americans were only too ready to turn to political account this exhibition of authority by a "foreigner."

Doctor McLoughlin, on the other hand, always desiring to be just, and by nature generous, yet the representative of a corporation which did not feel bound to be either except from motives of policy, was moved by the indignant utterances of the Americans to inquire further of Figueroa, from whom he finally received information which caused him to offer Young the privilege of purchasing goods at the company's store. This offer was scornfully rejected, and the Tennessee trader, as imperious in his rags as the governor of the Hudson's Bay Company in his broadcloth, made himself felt as a power in the Wallamet, defying both fur companies and missionaries to deprive him of his rights as an American in Oregon, and setting an example of independence to others. Nor did any of Young's party prove to be unworthy pioneers. One of them, Webley J. Hauxhurst, a New Yorker from Long Island, built a grist-mill at Champoeg, the first one in the valley, and afterwards joined the Methodist mission church. Joseph Gale became an influential member of the colony from the American standpoint.

Young settled on the west side of the Wallamet, opposite Vancouver, but finding it difficult to fling off the odium resulting from the injurious poster, which although with-

drawn was not forgotten, resorted to the manufacture of whisky as a means of living. This business would have prospered without doubt, as the mountain men now coming into the country, with other waifs of civilization, found their chief pleasure in hard drinking; but Young found the odium attaching to whisky-making scarcely less than that of horse-stealing, the difference being that one was recognized as a crime against law while the other was only an offense against the best public sentiment.

As a matter of fact the opposition it aroused proved a fortunate circumstance to the whole community, including Young himself. Doctor McLoughlin, in his anxiety to prevent drunkenness among the old servants of the company and the Indians, as well as the miscellaneous population, added his influence to that of the missionaries in the formation of a temperance society, a majority of the Canadian settlers becoming members. To the remonstrances of the leaders in this movement, Young replied that he did not himself have anything to say in favor of his project except that he needed money, but since it was so abhorrent to the gentlemen at the head of affairs in the country, he would suspend his purpose until time was had to consider what might be done.

This respectful submission to the moral code of the upper class led the missionaries and chief at Vancouver to offer Young payment for his outlay if he would abandon his intention. This he finally consented to. But in all these transactions he steadily refused to have any communication, personally, with Doctor McLoughlin. While planning to erect a saw- and grist-mill on his claim there arrived in the territory a secret agent of the United States government to whom he related his grievances. This agent, W. A. Slacum, of the navy, offered to lend Young \$150 wherewith to purchase clothing at Van-

couver. To this proposal Young assented only upon Slacum's agreeing to make the purchase in his own name.

This obduracy in maintaining his self-respect compelled the admiration of Doctor McLoughlin, and when the cattle company of 1836-'37 went to California on Slacum's hired vessel, Young went as captain, and while there secured from Figueroa the retraction of his injurious charges, as well as a settlement of his pecuniary affairs.

It is doubtful if the cattle expedition would have been a success under any other man in Oregon. The financial agent and secretary was Philip L. Edwards, of the mission,⁴ who, in the diary kept upon his journey, continually complained and lamented over the hardships encountered. In the struggle with wild cattle, wild men, and wild mountain travel, Edwards was often ready to faint. On one occasion, when "Alp on Alp" seemed to close the trail before them, it is recorded in Edwards' diary that Young said to him, "Now, if you are a philosopher, show yourself one!" But poor Edwards was fain to leave philosophizing to the mountain men whom custom had hardened for their irritating tasks. The pen of the historian can hardly honor adequately the part played in commonwealth-building by this class of men. In every great emergency they accepted the post of danger or the heavy burden. They neither shrank from peril nor asked for rewards.

Young's share in the cattle company, which was considerable, put him in a position of independence once more, and the respect which his resolute character inspired was making him one of the foremost men in the colony,

⁴The other members, W. J. Bailey, Webley Hauxhurst, James O'Neill, Lawrence Carmichael, Calvin Tibbets, John Turner, George Gay, and two Canadians, De Puis and Ergnotte. Two of these, Carmichael and Hauxhurst, had come to Oregon with Kelley and Young.

when in 1841 he died, and his estate escheated to the first formed provisional government of Oregon. Ultimately it was recovered by his son and heir. Thus one of the results of Hall J. Kelley's colonizing scheme was the establishment of an American colony upon the dissolving foundation of a religious one; the organization of a temperance society; the importation of cattle, and the final adoption of a temporary form of government, with his associate's money in its treasury.⁵

To return to the fortunes of Kelley himself, he remained excluded from the fort while Doctor McLoughlin was in correspondence with Governor Figueroa, and, in fact, seems to have continued to reside in hospital quarters during his stay in Oregon, partly out of resentment, and partly because he had no clothing fit to be worn in the society of gentlemen punctilious as those at Vancouver. Roberts says of him that he was dressed in leather pantaloons with a red stripe down the seam, a blanket capote, and a white slouched hat, "rather outre even for Vancouver." In another place he is spoken of by Roberts as "penniless and ill-clad, and was considered rather too rough for close companionship, and was not invited to the mess. Our people did not know, or care for, the equality he had perhaps been accustomed to. It should be borne in mind that discipline in those days was rather severe, and a general commingling would not do." Kelley himself says that the cause of his exclusion was that Doctor McLoughlin was well informed of his colonization views and his writings thereon.

⁵The sum recovered by Joaquin, son of Young, twenty-two years after the estate was taken charge of by the missionary officers was only \$5,108.94. I am not aware what was the sum invested by Young in the cattle company. Jason Lee put in \$500 advanced by Slacum, the settlers \$1,100, and Doctor McLoughlin \$900, making \$2,500. D. Lee makes it \$2,880. The number of cattle that arrived was six hundred and thirty. Young had built a saw-mill on the Chehalem, which was destroyed by a flood a short time before his death.

That this was the true cause there can be no reasonable doubt. In defending himself from the charge by the London company, of encouraging American colonization, he discriminates wisely and well. What right had he to discourage Christian missionaries who were doing what the company had neglected to do for the Indians? This reproof caused the company to send out a missionary of the established church, whose insubordination and impertinence soon procured him his passage back to England.

As to American traders, he could not expel them from a territory held jointly by Great Britain and the United States; but he could and did beat them in a fair business deal. Courtesy was their due, and this they received. Scientists and travelers were also welcomed at the fort. Colonists, while they were not encouraged, could not be left to suffer from illness or hunger at the very gates of Vancouver. In short, while he desired to serve the company faithfully he could not neglect to perform his duty as a Christian and a gentleman. If they did not approve of that, he would step down and out. What else he said to the "old gentleman in Ten-church Street" is not known, but it is known that he returned from a visit to London in 1838, made to meet the accusations against his loyalty, with even more liberal sentiments than those laid to his charge; and it is well known in Oregon that when the existence of the colony was threatened on more than one occasion his humanity was its salvation. Yet it was not altogether Kelley's Mexican costume that excluded Kelley from Vancouver society. Other travelers who had arrived in unpresentable apparel had been made presentable by the loan of articles from the wardrobes of the factors and partisans resident there at that time. It could not be said either that Kelley was uninteresting or uneducated.

Quite the contrary, indeed. What he had to tell of his adventures in Mexico and California must have been just the sort of tales to while away winter evenings in Bachelors' Hall.

I fancy the situation was about this: McLoughlin was prepared to dislike Kelley even without Governor Figueroa's condemnation, on account of his published denunciation of the Hudson's Bay Company. He was under no obligation to admit him to the society of the fort, although he would not have him suffer sickness or hunger under the shadow of its walls. The fact that he was an American while giving him a patriotic excuse, if not motive, for ignoring Kelley's claims on his compassion, also, on the other hand, furnished a politic motive for indulging his natural humanity. For at that time there were several Americans being entertained at Vancouver—Nathaniel J. Wyeth, a trader from Boston, the missionary party of four, and two scientists, J. K. Townsend, naturalist, and Thomas Nuttall, botanist, who had traveled under the protection of Wyeth's company as far as the hunting grounds of the Hudson's Bay Company, which had then taken them in charge. The treaty-rights of Wyeth were not disputed, nor the scientific observations of the scholars opposed. It was Kelley, as colonizer and defamer of the company, who was unwelcome, even after it was evident that there was no stain on his character.

This was perfectly understood by Kelley, and it was not McLoughlin's disapproval of him which wounded his sensitive pride. It was the conduct of his own countrymen,—of Wyeth whose name was on his colonization company's roll; of the Harvard men, his neighbors, who had for years been familiar with his writings, and of the missionary Lees, who had been inspired, so he contended, by his labors to undertake theirs of Christian-

izing the Indians of Oregon. I think, myself, that the behavior of these men was cowardly, and I set the conduct of Young high above theirs.

Cyrus Shepard, that gentle Christian, whom everybody loved, and who was employed at the fort to teach the children of the company, was the only missionary who openly visited Kelley. Jason Lee, according to Kelley when at Vancouver, paid him clandestine visits in the night time, to learn his plans. At these interviews Kelley became satisfied that Lee, on account of pecuniary obligations to McLoughlin, feared to acknowledge his acquaintance with Kelley or his designs, and would by no means seem to favor them.

Nuttall, who was a Cambridge man, was well acquainted with Kelley's writings, owing to them, Kelley believed, his idea of studying the botany of Oregon. But Nuttall, as well as the Lees, thought too highly of his privileges at Vancouver to risk them by acknowledging this fact. And Wyeth, who was not like himself, an educated man, never having learned to spell correctly, or to introduce in his writings capitals and punctuation points where they belonged, and who had led as far as Vancouver as many free Americans as had Young and himself—Wyeth, who when in Massachusetts was one of his prospective colonists,—was on the Columbia River utterly indifferent to him.⁶

This treatment of Kelley by his countrymen must have been construed at Vancouver as condemnatory, although its shrewd and magnanimous chief may have guessed a little of its meaning and sought to make

⁶Some of Wyeth's men remained in Oregon as settlers. J. Ball died some years ago in Michigan. Solomon Smith died a few years ago, and his son, Silas B. Smith, is an active member of the Oregon Historical Society. Those who remained for a while were Abbott, Breck, Burdett, Sargent, St. Clair, Tibbets, Trumbull, and Whittier. C. M. Walker came as an assistant to the Lees, and remained.

amends by unremitting care of the sick and neglected man.

Kelley's experiences were not of a kind to inspire an ambition for colonization. Even Young in his wrath at having been induced to come to so inhospitable a country cursed him as the author of his misfortunes. That Kelley did not die under this accumulation of condemnation and disappointment shows him to have been of a tough and yielding rather than a highly tempered metal.

Notwithstanding his frequent relapses he found opportunities to explore the country in the neighborhood of Vancouver, and to survey the Columbia River to its mouth. He made maps, and wrote a very intelligent and correct account of the whole territory then known as "the Oregon," its topography, mountains, timber, harbors, climate, soil, and minerals, pointing out the facilities for shipbuilding, manufactures and commerce. This information was, on his return to the states, combined in a memoir to congress, from which members undoubtedly drew much of the information which was occasionally displayed in both houses. He renamed the Cascade Mountains, calling them the Presidents' Range; naming also the snow peaks, beginning with Saint Helen, and proceeding south, Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, J. Q. Adams, and Jackson—the last named being Shasta. Adams and Jefferson only have been retained by common consent.

As Kelley's quarters were outside the fort there was no hindrance to communication with the twenty or more Americans and others owing no allegiance to the British corporation. That Kelley was visited by these freemen, from whom he derived much assistance in his labors of exploration, is more than probable. An examination of the country showed him that the junction of the Walla-

met, at or near its upper mouth, with the Columbia was a proper site for a city. It would, by being within the Wallamet, possess a safe harbor. Being south of the Columbia, it would be on the American side in case the country north of the great river should go to Great Britain in any future treaty; and being at the mouth of the Wallamet would receive for distribution to the outside world the products of the valley above. Commerce with the valley would be impeded at the falls, to which shipping could not approach within several miles, and a town would be built up there which might become the capital of the future state. The land between would naturally fall into the hands of the commercial part of the population, and Kelley provided for that by tracts of from forty to sixty acres reserved for manufactures and large business plants.

Towns, which in modern times occupy carefully selected situations, were usually in the past located by accident or incident. Thus Portland became the commercial city of Oregon because one of the owners of the land on which it stands happened to observe after purchasing it signs that sailing vessels had made an anchorage there. Acting on the thought suggested, a townsite was laid out, which was unexpectedly fostered by the coming of vessels from California during the gold mining period for provisions and lumber.

But Kelley, although he was hoping for some such developments sometime, was proceeding on a perfectly original and independent plan to work towards it. The site selected for a seaport was on Gray's Bay, opposite and above Fort George, where five square miles would be laid out in a marine metropolis. Streets were to run from the river bisecting the others at right angles. At the distance of every two squares an area of ten acres was reserved for parade or pleasure grounds. The width

of the main street was one hundred feet, the middle of which was to be devoted to a public market. The land adjoining this and other towns was to be so subdivided as to give two hundred acres to each immigrant over fourteen years of age—married women excepted. Rectangular surveying of land and laying out of roads were recommended, while other details, extending even to missionary work among the natives, were attended to, many of which afterwards appeared in bills before congress.

One is reminded of Kelley's instrumentality in the settlement of Oregon by the improvements at present being made on "the peninsula," where stands the mill town of Saint John, the terminus of the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company's road, and the Portland (Catholic) University, as well as by the long line of warehouses between Saint John and East Portland proper. Kelley particularly honored the peninsula by adding to his writings a line plan of the town which he designed for that point. As a site for a city it has some excellent features, one of which is space to grow. Ultimately it will become a part of Greater Portland, but before it becomes absorbed in Portland, it would be a gracious suggestion to let it come in under the name of its intending colonizer, Hall J. Kelley.

It is impossible to show any other American at so early a period not only devoting himself to the intellectual labor of discussing the Oregon question, and to promoting colonization societies, but who undertook and overcame, without support, the cost and the perils of immigration with the sole object of verifying his teachings to the country. So completely was he sustained in his general views that we feel surprised at this day to notice how closely they agree with what is now known of this region. That he was later in life a victim of

nervous disorders which compelled him to mingle with his writings complaints of the neglect of government to a wearisome degree, is true; but for this a compassionate allowance should be made. The sufferings and disappointments he endured on his journey to, and his residence in, Oregon were very great, and few men of his slight physical endowments could have withstood them. It is only justice to agree with him that he set on foot by his writings the immigration movement to the shores of the Pacific in all its forms, whether missionary, commercial, or colonizing.

That his countrymen in Oregon acted a cowardly part may be agreed to, and also that Doctor McLoughlin appeared in the character of a tyrant to his American conception of the meaning of that word. For all this I have shown that there is an explanation, albeit it did not comfort poor Kelley. Only Doctor McLoughlin was in a position to show some magnanimity, which he did by giving Kelley a passage to the Sandwich Islands in the company's vessel in the spring of 1836. This might be construed as a "good riddance," had not the doctor sent with his pass a present of £7 sterling with which to procure necessary comforts. This, it would seem, should have been done by others.

If we compare the unprotected and unpaid services of Kelley with the paid and protected services of Lewis and Clark, we have to acknowledge that a debt of appreciation and public recognition, at least, is due to the Yankee schoolmaster who spent the best years of his life in teaching the United States government and people the value of the Oregon territory.

Kelley was born in Gilmantown, New Hampshire, in 1789, was graduated at Middlebury, Connecticut, received the degree of master of arts at Harvard, taught in the public schools of Boston, and at the age of thirty-one

published the *American Instructor*, valued at that time as an important contribution to the science of teaching. He was twenty-six when he began writing on the Oregon question, and forty-three when he set out to come to Oregon. The latter part of his life was spent in his hermitage at Three Rivers, Massachusetts, where he died aged eighty-five.

The titles to Kelley's writings would fill a page of this magazine. He was too enthusiastic not to be visionary, but passages out of his brochures might be suspected of having been written within the last decade, from the likeness of the descriptions and the prophecies for the future of the country. Yet these were in print more than three quarters of a century ago. Although scattered broadcast then, in the Eastern and Middle States, they are "rare" now, few libraries possessing copies.

FRANCES FULLER VICTOR.

AN OREGON LITERATURE.

How to develop an Oregon literature is one of the tasks now before the people of the north Pacific Coast.

By "Oregon" is meant, we hardly need say, the old historic Oregon, that stood for at least one great quarter of the western North American coast, back to the Rocky Mountain divide. I am quite aware that the people of Washington rather object to this large use of the name "Oregon," whether applied to pine or to literature; and are rather disposed to regard with disdain the effort to unite the two states under one term. But there are good reasons besides local pride in continuing the larger use of the old name. There is the historical analogy. Americans still speak "English," though they are much the loftier shoot of the old stock. A large number of the trees and plants of America are named "Canadense" out of regard to the place where their habitat was first discovered; as also many of the Oregon trees and birds bear the name "Californica." There are other good reasons besides. Geographically, the basin of the Columbia and its sea coast is a unit. Commercially, it must also be so. Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and Montana will flourish in a business way as they co-operate for mutual interest. There is a solidarity here much greater than that of New England. Local rivalries will continue, but general union must be effected before our states take the part they should either in local development or in the national destiny.

Besides this, Washington and Idaho can not develop their own historical and traditional origins without going into Oregon territory; a broader and truer local spirit

will enable them to see that it is a source of congratulation and even of pride for them to trace their descent through Oregon and the Oregon Trail. While not doubting that a certain contraction of aim adds to the intensity of energy, it is still important that local ambition and enterprise should not be allowed to efface historical truthfulness, or limit breadth of mind. The versatility and progressiveness of the people of Washington must be conceded, and their rapid increase in numbers, wealth, and commerce is leaving Oregon behind. This is due largely to the influx of eastern people and eastern capital who have seen opportunities open in the undeveloped resources of Washington which they could not so easily find in the older and slower Oregon. They have brought the latest methods, abundance of money, and the daring of youth, and their growth is both an astonishment and warning to Oregonians who have been content with old-fashioned ways and the conservatism of age. Nevertheless, we believe that nothing would be more for the permanent advantage and culture of the people of Washington than a definite, intelligent, sympathetic study of our historical descent. While giving so much as they have done, there is yet much, perhaps quite as much, for them to gain.

This applies as much, and perhaps even more, to the people of Oregon. We are comparatively torpid; we have but the faintest conception of our historical wealth. A superficial familiarity only adds to our real density on the subject. Only until recently have the best of us been catching the true historical perspective, in which both reason and imagination can play, and disclose truthful proportions; or have realized that right here, in our own midst, has been re-enacted an epitome of all history within an hundred years. Nor is it at all probable that any of us have as yet caught the real meaning and spirit of the

events that transpired in Oregon during that time, much less what they shall mean when they stand in the perspective of a thousand years. However, not to amplify this point or justify the fine old name of Oregon, whose origin and meaning we do not know, but wait for the future to discover, there are several things that we already have which point to the growth of a native Oregon literature, which will fill out and complete American literature,—and American literature just at present seems trailing her Psyche wings in the dust.

We have—to make a brief catalogue :

1. The scenic conditions. Ours is a highland and a sunland. Extent and sublimity are combined. Our plateaux are crumpled up at selected intervals into mountain chains, with peaks overlooking all. The boundlessness of the prairie must yield to the boundlessness of the mountains as seen from above ; and besides that we have the sea. Yet with so many points, of mountains, sea, and sky, where our scenery merges with the unseen and coalesces with the infinite, ours is after all a land of cosy nooks and sheltered valleys ; of tiny streams and busy brooks, as well as of majestic rivers. Here life, at least to the altitude of a thousand feet, may be entirely Acadian. At the two thousand or five thousand foot level it becomes sylvan and pastoral, as at the ten thousand foot level it becomes universal. We can extend our vision and unfold our sympathies almost anywhere here by simply going up—for we have the mountain peaks to go upon. Then we see two and perhaps four states, and belong no more to one part or valley. These impressions of sublimity and beauty, which touch us everywhere here, and are influential in forming early character, yield to older minds the invitations of science, as at every fissure and erosion the earth's history is disclosed ; it is im-

printed here in multifold chapters, and these same uplifted strata offer to industry the incentive to examination.

2. We have an interesting meteorology. A Californian, commenting on our state, said that we seemed to have more weather than climate. The reverse would be dubious — that California has more climate than weather. Here, undoubtedly, the seasonal changes are much more marked; but who would forego the influences of cloud-land? At least in a literary point of view the changes of the sky, its winds and storms, and the music of the sea, have no compensation in perpetual serenity. Our climate, moreover, is of such extensive diversification, and offers such wide range of study and choice, that it would be a truculent author indeed who could not find somewhere the meteorological moods that touched his fancy or waked his genius. Indeed, it is not too much to say that in both of the above the student of science not only will find herein ample field, but that no science can be completed without recourse to northwestern states. Already the science of the age, in the person of Professor Huxley, has been indebted to Oregon, in the person of Professor Condon, for the most complete demonstration yet made in paleontology of the law of evolution; a debt, however, not yet acknowledged. If literature is to be the mirror of nature, in the field of either poetry or science our states are the place for it.

3. Characteristics of native races have nowhere been better developed, or more accurately and sympathetically recorded. We have already hundreds of well defined Indian characters within reach of literary development; we have a considerable collection of their myths and legends; and what is more to the point, we have a very considerable remnant of the Indians themselves. Certainly they are not now in their original exteriors; but their characters remain, and they are in many respects

the most interesting people on the globe. It is a singular and foolish mistake to suppose that the Indians lose their traits upon acquiring the customs and education of white men. Such a man as Simon Pokagon shows how erroneous is the supposition. The Indians are now in a state of lapse, and even, in some respects, of degradation; but this is not the end. Our literature as it reaches its larger development will realize the high conceptions and reflect the intense consciousness of the native races.

4. The history of our old Oregon is the history of freemen. Our soil has never been stained with slavery. Upon close examination it will be seen that not one important act of pioneer history was not determined at last by the consciousness of personal liberty — freedom of the body as well as of the mind. How much of this came from the boundless country; how much from the liberty-loving native tribes; and how much from the bold spirits that arrived from the older states is one of the problems to be worked out later. But it was here.

5. Our history is also the history of benevolence. Owing to what causes it need not now be inquired, the hundred years of white man's occupancy of the valley of the Columbia has been one of almost uninterrupted peace. Not only has this been a condition of passive good will, but of active beneficence. Some time since a lecturer recently from the east began by telling his Oregon audience that this state had been settled on a selfish plan. Nothing could be more mistaken. The brains of the men who came to Oregon were teeming with ideas of social and religious improvements for the race, and so far from being selfish in their aim were rather open to the charge of Utopianism. The chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company was so distinguished by his humanity as to offend his employers. The leading spirits of the American settlers were Chris-

tian missionaries, who not only established churches of their respective denominations, but founded so many educational and humane enterprises out of their personal means as to almost interfere with each others' operations. They had, if anything, a zeal that outran discretion. The mass of the people supported these leaders and were so industrious and temperate that from the first destitution has been practically unknown. No people has been distinguished by a higher level of purpose from the beginning than have we. The famous history of the Atlantic States is dark with contention and superstition compared with our own. Our people of the present day have fallen to a lower level of aspiration, and we are morally degenerate sons; but it is to be remembered that in their intent and true purpose trade and production are also benevolent. Freed from the personal rewards that obscure their true nature these great utilities of industrial life, which we are now seeking to establish here, will also yield peace and good will. The pæans of peace are yet to be composed. Nowhere is there a soil more consecrated to such literature than here. We have the historical setting and illustrations.

6. We also have here already the beginnings of a literature. It has been fitful, provincial in some respects, and like all true literature in its beginnings, little recognized or rewarded; but at any rate it has not been produced by purchase of money kings, or any other sort of kings, or by imperial fiat. It has been free. Nevertheless, Oregon has been the land of authors. We have poets whose verses have gone around the world. We have singers and artists whose work is at the top, as our apples bear off the prize at the expositions. Our literature, so far as it has been developed, is characterized by purity, ideality, depth of emotion, and versatility. Its basis is so broad and vigorous, not to say indiscriminately

erratic, that any sort of form or style may be built upon it. Yet Simpson, Miller, Markham, Balch, and many others yield suggestions and inspiration that well invite others to succeed them.

7. Still further, and without this all the above would be vain, we have the quality of young minds here that may be impressed with such an heritage. Our Oregon youth are sometimes hastily spoken of as vapid and vicious. There is too often a disconcerting unconventionality about them, and a disappointing fondness for trifling amusements. A precocious development giving place all too speedily to premature decrepitude, is a still more disagreeable symptom. But with all that may be said, we have our proportion of steady boys and serious girls, whose ambitions are high and whose strength is sufficient. In every school there are boys and girls who can already compose a letter or an article that would do credit to their elders. Not every one indeed with a literary penchant will choose this for his life work. The rewards of industry and commerce and the professions are now too great for that. Literature as a vocation, provided one really writes his heart and tells the truth, is too nearly a whole burnt offering to claim any but the elect; but out of the many who are called some will be chosen. We already have as hopeful author material as can be found anywhere.

After the above seven items, a word should follow as to the need of an Oregon literature. Without its literature a people is lost; they can not think; they lose power to feel. Sympathy is withered. There is no civic consciousness. No vital or manly people have been without their literature. Atlantic States' literature can not take the place of our own, any more than the last year's leaves can nourish this year's fruit. New leaves for the new fruit; new bottles for the new wine. A vehicle of ex-

pression as new as the new feelings and new lives that come with every generation. The disaccordance between the expressions used by the writers of the past or of other regions and their own observations, makes old or distant literature not a vehicle for expression to our own people. With this only they become inexpressive, and from that point their mental and moral decline commences. Give our people a language and history that does not quite fit them to think in, and they do not think. They prefer the stimulus of sensation, and return to the basilar elements. I do not hesitate to refer much of the moral decadence of our Oregon people to this fact alone.

But once more, literature makes the future. Homer made Alexander; Vergil made the Roman papacy; Bryant and Whittier made the emancipators; Milton made modern England—or, at least, the modern liberal England of Gladstone, “mewing her mighty youth.” To whom imperial England of Joseph Chamberlain is indebted, I could not say; but an England of Browning is due before long—all energy, all chivalry, all gentleness. If Oregon is to have a worthy future, it will first appear as a literary consciousness, uniting all elements of society that we have here, and charging the youth with an ideal to which they shall devote their lives. No one is going to make this for us; others are too busy in their own lot. It is for us to do, if it is done. Certainly we are not to depreciate what we have, nor overlook what is now progressing. We have not a few earnest writers and many earnest teachers. Our journalism is eminent and progressive; but what is made for the day passes with the day. We want something that will last at least a generation, as a vehicle of popular thought.

How to meet the want is the problem. We are accustomed to look upon truly vital literature as an inspiration, and not to be produced except by the chances of

genius. That may, in a measure, be true. Nevertheless, if the conditions are created, the result will follow. As a means of creating the conditions, I will only suggest here that I hope in some way the stories and records of our hundred years on this coast may be placed in an available and interesting form before the youth of the state. I hope this may be one outcome of our centennial celebration. Our youth will then know what old Oregon was, and what their Oregon—or Washington—may be. They will find the “footprints on the sands of time ;” not in some dreamy Acadie, or holy land, but around their own towns and farms. Then their imagination and judgment can make the meaning out for themselves.

H. S. LYMAN.

THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDITION IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

The origin of the Lewis and Clark expedition gives strong support to the great man theory of history. Exploration of a route to the Pacific in the latitude of the United States was a long-cherished project, promoted by Jefferson alone, just as the sale of Louisiana to the United States resulted from the sudden impulse of one man—Napoleon Bonaparte. There was an interval of twenty years between Jefferson's first efforts for such an expedition and his success in sending out Lewis and Clark. As early as December 4, 1783, he wrote as follows to Gen. George Rogers Clark, the virtual savior of the old Northwest to the United States, and a brother of the William Clark who afterwards was associated with Meriwether Lewis in the exploration :

“I find they have subscribed a very large sum of money in England for exploring the country from the Mississippi to California. They pretend it is only to promote knowledge. I am afraid they have thoughts of colonizing into that quarter. Some of us have been talking here in a feeble way of making the attempt to search that country ; but I doubt whether we have enough of that kind of spirit to raise the money. How would you like to lead such a party? Though I am afraid our prospect is not worth asking the question.”

Nothing seems to have come of this effort. But only about two years later Jefferson was enlisting other services for the accomplishment of this pet project of his. In his memoir of Meriwether Lewis he says :

“While I resided in Paris (1786), John Ledyard of

Connecticut, arrived there, well-known in the United States for energy of body and mind. He had accompanied Captain Cook on his voyage to the Pacific Ocean, and distinguished himself on that voyage by his intrepidity. Being of a roaming disposition, he was now panting for some new enterprise. His immediate object at Paris was to engage a mercantile company in the trade of the western coast of America, in which, however, he failed. I then proposed to him to go by land to Kamchatka, cross in some of the Russian vessels to Nootka Sound, fall down into the latitude of the Missouri, and penetrate to and through that to the United States. He eagerly seized the idea, and only asked to be assured of the permission of the Russian government.'

Ledyard set out by way of Saint Petersburg, and penetrated to within two hundred miles of Kamchatka, where he was obliged to take up his winter quarters. He was preparing to resume his journey in the spring when he was arrested by an officer of the Empress, put into a close carriage and conveyed back to Poland. There he was set down and left to himself. The Empress had never given her consent to the project. Jefferson soon had Ledyard under another promise to make the trip across the American continent. July 19, 1788, he wrote Madison that Ledyard had left Paris a few days before, en route to Alexandria in Egypt, "thence to explore the Nile to its source; cross to the head of the Niger and descend that to its mouth. He promises me, if he escapes through his journey, he will go to Kentucky and endeavor to penetrate westwardly to the South Sea." But Ledyard perished in the very beginning of his African exploration.

A few years later, in 1792, Jefferson was again promoting a scheme to achieve this end. Funds were raised by subscription, as he had proposed to the American

Philosophical Society of Philadelphia. Two men were to be equipped to ascend the Missouri, cross the Rocky Mountains, and descend the nearest river to the Pacific. Meriwether Lewis and the French botanist, Andre Michaux, were selected to execute this project. But the Frenchman became involved in Genet's plottings to precipitate the West in an attack upon Louisiana, then a Spanish possession. So the expedition of exploration failed to materialize.

Jefferson's repeated efforts as a private citizen in the promotion of westward exploration had resulted only in failure. But the exploration of the water courses affording a route to the Pacific could be regarded as a matter of national concern, and we might expect that Jefferson as president would point this out and urge the organization of an expedition under national auspices. A government exploring expedition, however, was, in Jefferson's time, an innovation. His political principles did not admit of such; but political scruples were brushed aside when his heart was set on a project as a patriotic measure. The confidential message sent to congress January 18, 1803, proposing a transcontinental exploration, betrays a lurking sense of inconsistency with his political professions. The Louisiana purchase, however, a few months later revealed a startling boldness in cutting free from political professions. This latter step, since it involved the payment of millions of dollars and the immediate doubling of our national area, would naturally be challenged in congress, when an expedition costing only a few thousand and promising nothing revolutionary would be indorsed without question. That confidential message, asking for an appropriation by congress for the equipment of this expedition, exhibits wonderful adroitness.

The government was then maintaining trading houses

among the Northwestern Indians. Through these agencies goods were sold to the Indians on terms as liberal as possible without diminishing the capital stock employed. The good will of the Indians was thus secured and undesirable private traders were eliminated. As the act under which these public trading houses were established was about to expire and the question of the continuance of the system would come up before congress, Jefferson naturally took occasion to explain his policy in the administration of the law, and to point out how, through these government establishments, the Indians could be induced to provide themselves with the implements of husbandry and gradually be brought to a state of civilization. The substitution of agriculture for hunting would also relieve a feeling becoming intense among them that their lands were too restricted for their needs ; but private traders would, by such a system, be debarred from former opportunities. To make amends for this, Jefferson proposed that the tribes on the Upper Missouri should be visited for the purpose of getting our traders admitted among them. Thus most cautiously and ingeniously did he lead up to his real designs in proposing this expedition. Almost at the close of his message he comes out with them :

“ While other civilized nations have encountered great expense to enlarge the boundaries of knowledge, by undertaking voyages of discovery, and for other literary purposes, in various parts and directions, our nation seems to owe to its own interests to explore this the only line of easy communication across the continent, and so directly traversing our own part of it. The interests of commerce place the principal object within the constitutional power of congress, and that it should incidentally advance geographical knowledge of our continent can not but be an additional gratification.”

That permission might be the more readily gained to

traverse the Louisiana territory, the expedition was presented under the guise of a literary project to the nation then claiming that region. Congress responded with an appropriation of \$2,500 "for the purpose of extending the external commerce of the United States." That the expedition was to be primarily in the interests of science and world commerce, rather than trade with the Indian tribes, is further confirmed by the fact that Jefferson had Captain Lewis go to Philadelphia immediately upon his appointment as leader of the expedition, that he might improve his knowledge of "botany, zoology, and Indian history." On November 16, 1803, after the expedition had started, Jefferson wrote to Lewis:

"The object of your mission is single, the direct water communication from sea to sea formed by the bed of the Missouri, and, perhaps, the Oregon."

This is a reiteration of the object of the expedition as given in the formal instructions drawn up for it. The aims of the Lewis and Clark expedition were scientific and commercial, rather than political and imperial. Jefferson did not have it in mind to establish a claim for the United States to the Oregon country; neither, for that matter, did Columbus set out to discover a new continent, nor was his vessel the first to touch the mainland. Nevertheless, Columbus is accounted the discoverer of America, and his voyage is held to have initiated that mighty train of consequences involved in the opening of a new continent to civilization. So the expedition of Lewis and Clark, the realization of Jefferson's idea, set in motion a series of events that has brought this nation into a position of advantage in the commerce and international politics of the Pacific. The voyage of Columbus at first led only to other voyages of exploration, and not until three centuries later, in the independence of the United States, did something of its tremendous signifi-

cance for humanity dawn upon the world. America, with her new role in the world's affairs, political and industrial, has during the last five years added immensely to the revelation of what was involved in the voyage of Columbus. So, on a lesser scale, but yet with grand import, is the Lewis and Clark exploration working out its train of consequences. Its first effect is shown in a series of noteworthy government explorations under Long, Pike, Dunbar, Freeman, and others. These traced the courses of the main western streams from the Red River of the South to the Red River of the North. By them the map of Louisiana territory was completed. Most naturally were these the sequel to the complete success of Lewis and Clark. Cones thus characterizes their work of exploration :

“The continental divide was surmounted in three different places, many miles apart. The actual travel by land and water, including various side trips, amounted to about one third the circumference of the globe. This cost but one life, and was done without another serious casualty, though often with great hardship, sometimes much suffering and occasional imminent peril. * * * The story of this adventure stands easily first and alone. This is our national epic of exploration.”

While our title to the Oregon region was in question and our claim to the Pacific Northwest was disputed by England, it was customary to name the Lewis and Clark expedition as one of four or five links in the chain of our right. The list comprised generally the following: The discovery of the Columbia River by Capt. Robert Gray; the Lewis and Clark expedition; the founding of Astoria; the restitution of Astoria in 1818, involving an acknowledgment of our possession of the region; the transfer to us of the rights of Spain to the Northwest coast in the treaty of 1819. But were these events equally and inde-

pendently decisive? The naval battle in Manila Bay is recognized by all as the decisive event leading to our possession of the Philippines. It gave us a foothold and brought on a train of events that called forth the desire to possess those islands. Much the same relation did the Lewis and Clark exploration bear to the subsequent events that furnished the basis of our claim to Oregon. Lewis and Clark's report on the Columbia region was necessary, along with that of Capt. Robert Gray, to lead John Jacob Astor to plan the occupation of that country with a system of trading posts. The capture of what had been Astor's post, where now is Astoria, led, as a sequel, to the act of restitution in fulfillment of the first article of the treaty of Ghent. In the treaty with Spain in 1819 the parallel of forty-two degrees was insisted upon by our secretary of state as the northern limit of the Spanish possessions from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Coast. That boundary line left us in possession of the country of the Upper Missouri and of the Columbia. This possession was the result of the work of Lewis and Clark. Thus the Lewis and Clark expedition was not merely one of a series of events forming the basis of our claim to Oregon, but it was the event that carried the others in its train. From it emerged gradually the conscious desire to claim that territory. This pregnant relation to subsequent events can be claimed for the Lewis and Clark exploration rather than for Gray's prior discovery of the Columbia, as no trace of any influence on Jefferson in his promotion of the exploration can be ascribed to Gray's achievement.

Until the railway locomotive and the ocean steamship in the '30s gave promise of the virtual annihilation of distance for the future, our claim to Oregon could hardly have had in view the making of this region an integral part of the United States. Up to that time we looked upon

it as ours to exploit in the fur trade and to hold in trust as a home for the adventurous and for the fugitives from oppression, who might here rear institutions of freedom and independence. On November 19, 1813, Jefferson wrote to John Jacob Astor as follows :

“I learn with great pleasure the progress you have made towards an establishment on the Columbia River. I view it as the germ of a great, free, and independent empire on that side of our continent, and that liberty and self-government, spreading from that as well as this side, will insure their complete establishment over the whole. It must be still more gratifying to yourself to foresee that your name will be handed down with that of Columbus and Raleigh, as the father of the establishment and founder of such an empire.”

Hall J. Kelley, who so persistently for twenty years, from 1815 on, advocated the occupation of Oregon “by an enlightened people,” thus spoke of the settlement he proposed to make in 1832 :

“From the plenitude of its own resources it will soon be enabled to sustain its own operations, and will hasten on to its own majesty, to a proud rank on the earth.”

The provisions pertaining to this region in our treaty with Spain in 1819, and with Russia in 1824, and in the declaration of the Monroe doctrine, were inspired by the desire to debar despotism rather than by a conscious purpose to incorporate Oregon within our national jurisdiction. In the discussions of the Oregon question in congress some declaimed against holding it for any purpose. Congress was slow in extending our laws over the region, even after a considerable body of our people had gone thither and were pleading for an organization under the national ægis.

These first settlers demonstrated what should be the

destiny of the Oregon region. They were scions of that stock that had, from the time of the earliest settlements on the Atlantic Coast, been pushing the frontier west, pressing on to the higher lands of the Atlantic slope, thence through the valleys of the Appalachian system, on by way of the Great Lakes into the Valley of the Mississippi, even to the river and across it, until the States of Missouri and Arkansas were formed beyond. This work had developed a people imbued with the pioneering spirit and restlessness. The Lewis and Clark narrative, as many of the pioneers profess; the discussions in congress based in considerable part on that narrative, and the reports of fur traders—these all helped to kindle the Oregon fever in this pioneer population, so susceptible to such influences. The route the greater majority took to Oregon was in principle the Lewis and Clark route, but better adapted to their purposes. Instead of taking the river connection made by the Missouri and northern tributaries of the Columbia, they took the virtual junction next to the south—formed by the Platte and the Lewis or Snake fork. Thus, the movement through which Oregon was firmly and finally ours followed, as it were, in the footsteps of Lewis and Clark.

As their explorations stand in as strong and comprehensive causal relation to the settlement of Oregon and the expansion of the United States to the Pacific as any single event can stand to a great historical outcome, then all that grows of the facts of our attainment of continental proportions in the temperate zone and of our facing both oceans, must also be arrayed as results, in a measure, of the work of these two explorers. The Oregon trail became the highway to California. Our national interests in Oregon first drew our attention to California and caused the presence there at the time of crisis in Mexican rule of our military and naval forces. The

Oregon pioneers comprised no small part of the organizers of the Commonwealth of California, and supplied her with her first governor. Our stake in Oregon, however, effectively furthered expansion to the southwest in yet another way. The democratic party in 1844 coupled its aggressive policy against Mexico with the radical attitude of "54-40 or fight" for Oregon. This Oregon plank won the support of the Northwest. Polk was elected. American armies marched on to the City of Mexico. The fruits of victory were the acquisition of the southwest. Without the Oregon claim on which to have based that party pledge of the democrats, consent to the extension to the Pacific on the southwest could hardly have been forthcoming. The intense rivalry between the North and the South made it inevitable that the expansion westward on the north and on the south should be abreast. The Lewis and Clark exploration led out on the north, and the South would of necessity find some way of following. Thus, as a necessary sequel to the Lewis and Clark projection westward, our nation grew to be four-square and continental.

As the only nation of the first rank bordering on the Pacific, widest opportunities are open to us in this "new Mediterranean." It gives us a position of advantage for controlling Pacific commerce and Pacific politics. This widening of national opportunity of necessity reacts upon our national character. American institutions will be more severely tested. Only methods that are effective and pure will suffice us. American talent and genius will be inspired by unlimited opportunities, not only for economic gain and political influence, but also by conditions that favor creations of beauty and the attainment of Greek poise of intellect. The Pacific Coast, philosophers say, furnishes the physical basis for the development of Grecian traits of civilization.

The Lewis and Clark exploration that was fraught with as much of this glorious outcome as any single event can be should have its centennial anniversary appropriately celebrated; and what will be the most appropriate commemoration of the event through which our national attention was first directed to this Oregon and in which national representatives first trod this soil? That Lewis and Clark Centennial will be the most appropriate, which is the means of the largest, highest, and, therefore, most permanent good. It should be planned so that its central aim appeals to the deepest patriotism of the people of the Pacific Northwest. The Pacific Northwest is unique in its natural wonders. Their charm for the people of the East should be most effectively utilized. Our industries and commerce should receive from the fair, and congresses held in conjunction with it, the best impetus that science can give. Our position as the gateway to the Orient should make the exposition the occasion of the meeting of the Occident and the Orient. That meeting should be so carefully planned that the largest measure of mutual good in the interchange of products and ideas will result. The centennial, too, should leave a monument from which there would perennially radiate for all the people of this region the best light of research, of history, and of patriotic love for the welfare of the Pacific Northwest.

Peculiarly fortunate is it that the Lewis and Clark Centennial is to commemorate the natal date of a natural division of our country. The alacrity and zeal with which the sister states of the Pacific Northwest respond to Oregon's move for a celebration arise largely, no doubt, from the sentiment that unites those that had a common origin in this exploration, and that for half a century were undivided parts of historic "Old Oregon." This common history more than justifies their union in

the proposed exposition. But, in a more profound sense, the people of the Columbia and Puget Sound basins are one, and with a natural development will not only remain united, but will have relations increasingly intimate. Nature has so ordained it.

This whole-souled co-operation in the proposed exposition is a glorious sign of the recognition of the community of interests that inheres in their physical unity. At any rate, let it be so interpreted and the exposition will have a mission and create an epoch. It will have a natural basis, address itself to natural problems, unite those in co-operation whom nature has joined, and result in increased strength and prosperity. The isolation of the Pacific Northwest from the rest of the world and the natural unity of the region create for it peculiar problems of transportation, markets, and manufacture.

Exhibits of their best products will be essential, but mere congeries of exhibits will not suffice. Investigation, carefully planned and assigned at once, to be carried through the intervening years and reported to congresses of industry, commerce, and transportation held in connection with the fair will accomplish these purposes. Every citizen whose experience and scientific method make him an authority in his line should be called on to contribute his part towards making this region serve man more richly. The scholarship of the country is available for help in solving these problems of ours. Such organizations as the Association for the Advancement of Science, the National Educational Association, the American Historical Association, and the American Economic Association can be brought here and their programmes adjusted to handle many of our peculiar problems.

Events are epochal as they are timely in opening the way for a natural and wider development of national life. Such was the work of Lewis and Clark. A region some

seven hundred and fifty miles long and five hundred miles wide lay a blank upon the map, except as rivers with imaginary courses were projected through it. The young nation situated on its eastern border in its vigor, enterprise, and spirit had a natural claim to it that could be perfected by just such an expedition as that of Lewis and Clark and such migrations as those of the Oregon pioneers in the early '40s. Lewis and Clark had their opportunity and seized it as heroes and benefactors of the nation. The heritage of their glorious achievement is an inspiration uniting the people of the Pacific Northwest in a project aiming at the largest and most far-reaching good that their resources will suffice for. It lies with them to choose what they ought to do, and can do—what is befitting their stage of development and in harmony with the best spirit of the times. The occasion, with its inspiration, is our richest heritage as the Pacific Northwest, and should not be sold for a mess of pottage.

Victory goes to-day to those who can combine and apply the principles of science. Those win who get the largest margins through application of the principles of the division of labor, who drive in harness the strongest forces, and who market the largest annual product. The fair should be planned to gain the most valuable secrets along these lines. That this work of pointing out the way of progress may be kept up after the short summer is over, that there may be a bureau of research for this region, and that the spirit of reverence for our traditions and benefactors may have an object towards which to direct itself, a building for history, monumental in design, the future home of the Oregon Historical Society, should be planned. Its activities inspired the idea of a centennial celebration.

F. G. YOUNG.

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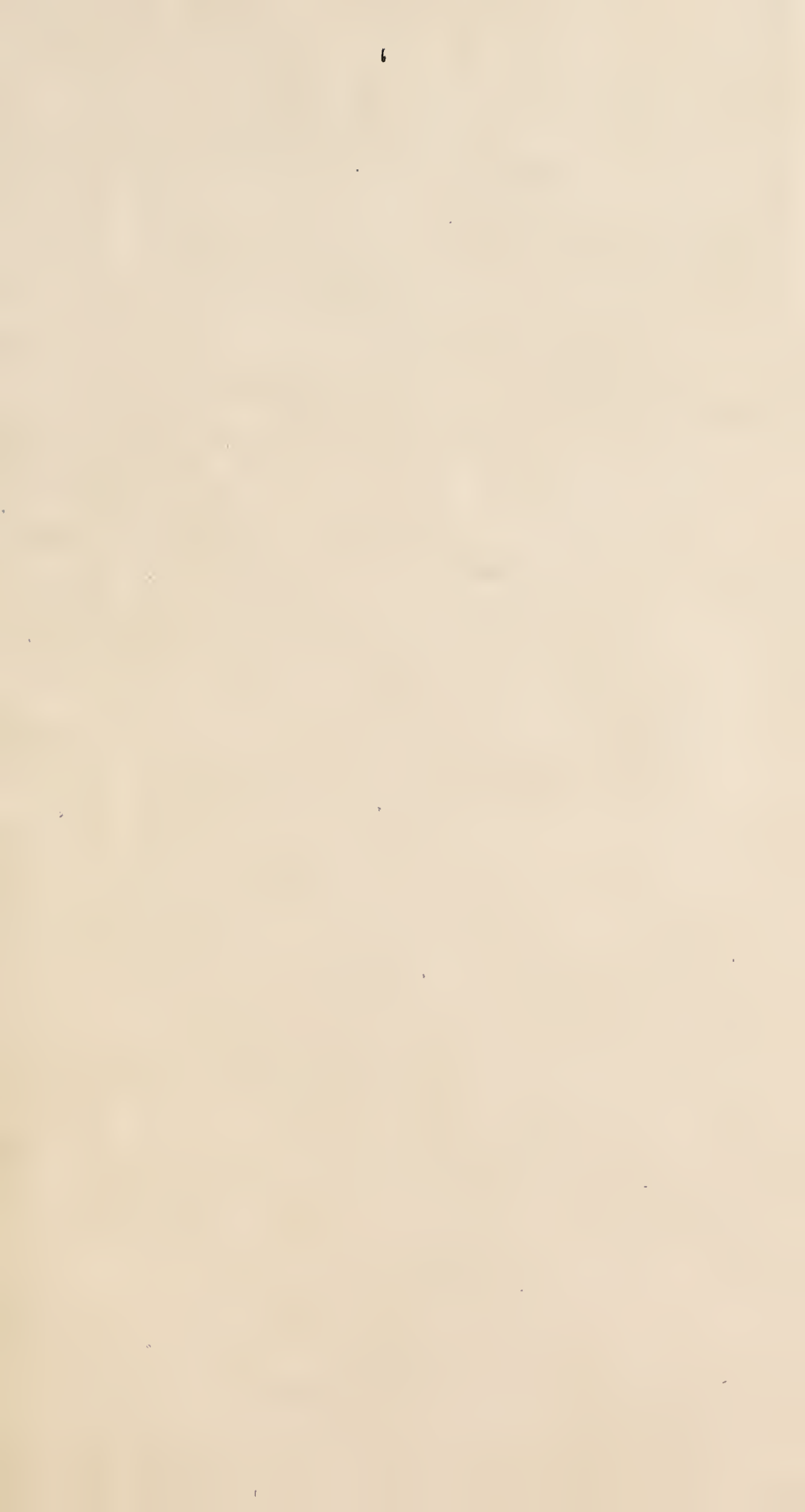
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